

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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*First in the Hearts
of their Countrymen*

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COMFORT'S EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Look for the First Symptoms of Pellagra in Spring and See to Your Diet

SAD to relate, that terrible scourge, pellagra, is still raging in certain sections of this country, although it is wholly and absolutely preventable, as has been proved beyond doubt by the investigations and tests made by the U. S. Public Health Service in conjunction with the Health Departments of certain States. Eight thousand people died of pellagra in the United States during the year 1915 besides the many thousands of sufferers from this disease who are dragging out a miserable existence and slowly sinking to fill an untimely grave—all needlessly.

Although we have twice before explained what causes, and how to prevent and cure pellagra, we are still receiving from our readers many requests for a remedy for this disease; therefore we are again giving space to this subject in the hope that the information given here may be the means of saving life and of restoring the health of many who are afflicted as well as contributing to prevent the spread of this malady, which can be nipped in the bud if these directions are faithfully followed.

First let it be understood that drugs and medicines are of no value in the treatment of pellagra; also that it is not a contagious disease.

The cause of pellagra is lack of proper nourishment resulting from an improper diet. Now this does not mean insufficient food or unwholesome food. You may eat an abundance of wholesome food but if your diet as a whole lacks certain necessary elements of nutriment you are likely to develop pellagra. The agricultural writers are teaching the farmers the importance of a "balanced ration" in the feeding of cattle, hogs and poultry and it is pretty thoroughly understood that these animals will not thrive unless they have a mixed diet containing the various necessary kinds of nutrients in about the right proportions.

The same rule applies in the feeding of human beings. They require a properly balanced ration and if they do not have it for any great length of time they get sick.

Foods are divided into two principal classes. One comprises the heat and energy producers such as sugar, starch and fats, and they include corn, potatoes, certain other vegetables, oils and fats and various forms of sugar; these serve as fuel, producing the animal heat, and are necessary as such, but they are not muscle builders and do not repair the waste and wear and tear of the body. The other class comprises the nitrogenous or proteid foods, as they are called, which are muscle builders and flesh producers and repair the wear and waste of the body, and they include lean meat, fish, eggs, milk, cheese, beans and peas. This explains why both these classes of food are necessary to health, and the lack of either causes trouble. Clover and alfalfa are rich in protein and are excellent nitrogenous foods for animals but human stomachs cannot digest them. The cow will turn alfalfa into milk, the hen into eggs, the growing pig into flesh and bone and when he is grown you feed him corn and he makes that into fat.

Pellagra is caused by a diet which consists mainly of starchy foods and lacks sufficient nitrogenous food. Pellagra is prevalent in southern Italy and in certain sections of our Southern States where the people live largely on corn. For this reason it was at first erroneously supposed that eating corn induced pellagra. Corn is wholesome but, being a starchy food, it is not a complete ration and needs a nitrogenous food such as fresh meat, eggs, or milk to go with it to make a balanced ration. No part of the country is exempt from this disease.

Many of our Southern farmers live too largely on corn, sweet potatoes and bacon and the consequence is pellagra. They should keep at least

one good cow for each family and a good-sized flock of hens, and should raise enough peas and beans to last them through the year. With their tables abundantly supplied through the year with milk, eggs, poultry and dried peas and beans cooked in various ways to go with fruits and other vegetables there would be no more pellagra in the rural sections of this country. Where cows do not thrive, as in certain parts of Florida, condensed milk, as nourishing as the fresh article, can be bought at a moderate price.

A bulletin issued by the U. S. Public Health Service warns that, although the outbreak of pellagra in most cases does not appear until June or July, the condition invariably dates from a faulty diet of earlier months, and therefore urges the need of exercising due precautions through the winter and spring. This does not mean that the diet can safely be neglected at other seasons but rather that special care should be taken in early spring and a close watch kept for the first danger signals such as extreme nervousness, change of mental characteristics, weakness, debility, disinclination to undertake the ordinary daily work, or unaccountable digestive disturbance, likely to occur in the spring as premonitory signs of incipient pellagra. These symptoms do not necessarily mean the development of pellagra, but if they occur in connection with a one-sided, monotonous diet they serve as a definite warning of its possible onset which, even then, may be warded off in most cases by immediate change to a properly varied and balanced diet.

As a spring diet for those threatened with pellagra the bulletin recommends: for breakfast, oranges or grapefruit, oatmeal mush and cream (milk will do), without sugar, with ham or breakfast bacon and two eggs and not more than two slices of whole wheat bread and butter, and a glass of milk; for dinner, soup made from dried peas or beans with soup stock, also fresh meat of some kind and boiled or baked potatoes, some seasonable vegetable and lettuce, and for dessert some stewed fruit, fresh or dried; with the dinner a glass of buttermilk (sour milk will answer) and not more than two slices of whole wheat bread and butter, for supper, pork and beans or baked beans. It is desirable to vary this diet from day to day in order to keep up the appetite, and for this purpose eggs cooked in various ways, or fish may be substituted occasionally for the meat.

Do not expect that a week or ten days of this diet will cure pellagra, but if you keep to it persistently and continuously it will surely protect you from the development of the disease. The bulletin also explains that this particular bill of fare need not be rigidly adhered to. It is given as a sample or standard of a mixed diet containing the two classes of food in the proper relative proportions. It may be varied according to circumstances by using the fruits and vegetables in season at different times of year, but the main point is to avoid excessive use of starchy and sweet foods, and to be sure to eat a plenty of fresh meat, fish, eggs, milk, cheese, beans and peas. At present high prices an anti-pellagra diet may be somewhat of a problem for the small wage earner in the city but, as everything necessary for the prevention and cure of this disease can be grown on the farm, if the farmer suffers from this affliction it is his own fault.

Mighty Significance of Recent Purchase of Danish West Indies by U. S.

UNCLE Sam is still extending his dominions. His latest, though very small, is a very important expansion consisting of the annexation of the group of three little islands, Saint Thomas, Saint Croix and Saint John, which constitute the Danish West Indies. We have just bought them of Denmark for twenty-five million dollars, which seems a pretty steep price; but they are worth it to us because of their strategic

importance to our plan of national defense although, as a holding proposition, they were worse than valueless to Denmark.

The entire area of these islands is only 138 square miles, about the size of four townships, and their total population numbers 33,000, mostly negroes employed on the sugar plantations. They have little value commercially, and as the maintenance of their government was a continual bill of expense to Denmark she has wanted for the last fifty years to dispose of them.

Because of their commanding position at the entrance of the Caribbean Sea, 50 miles east of Porto Rico, 1,200 from Panama and 1,600 from New York, they would be a menace to our commerce, our out-lying territorial possessions and our national safety if they passed into the control of one of the great European powers which have cast longing eyes on them for the establishment of a naval station at the spacious harbor of Saint Thomas which is perfectly adapted to the purpose. But with this harbor fortified and equipped as a base of operations for our navy the defense of our coast, of our interests in the West Indies and of the Panama Canal will be immensely facilitated and strengthened.

We are responsible for the protection of Cuba, Hayti and San Domingo; the rich island of Porto Rico with 1,200,000 inhabitants is ours and we own the Panama Canal worth \$500,000,000 or more. Therefore these little Danish Islands are well worth the price to us because of their inestimable strategic importance. Our only mistake is that we did not buy them long ago when they were offered to us at one fifth the price. General Grant, with keen foresight of the destined growth of the United States to the magnitude of a world power, appreciated the necessity of our owning these islands and, when President, negotiated a treaty whereby Denmark agreed to let us have them for \$5,000,000, but the trade fell through because Congress refused to pay the price. President Roosevelt made another effort to buy them, but the price had gone up; the conditions which President Grant foresaw as making them necessary to our safety had arrived and at the same time a great European power was intriguing to obtain possession of them. It is probable that we should have had trouble over the present trade if Europe was not engaged in war.

The Secretary of the Navy is arranging for a grand naval demonstration at Saint Thomas to add to the dignity of the ceremony of taking over these islands which are to be a stronghold for the defense not only of the United States but of all North, Central and South America under the protecting shield of the Monroe Doctrine which we are bound to maintain.

Another Temperance Victory

THE bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia has been given a passage by the U. S. Senate and if, as is confidently predicted, it meets with like favorable action in the House of Representatives, Washington will be dry after the last day of next October. Years ago the grog ration was abolished in the navy, later malt liquors were banished from the army canteen and recently our naval officers were forbidden the privilege of keeping liquors for their personal use, but to the disgrace of the country Congress still encourages the liquor traffic by licensing it in the national capital and in the territories. There is a bill before Congress to prohibit liquor selling in Alaska and another to make Hawaii dry. If, as is hoped, these three temperance measures are adopted by the present Congress it will give a strong impetus to the movement for nation-wide prohibition.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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THE MASKED BRIDAL

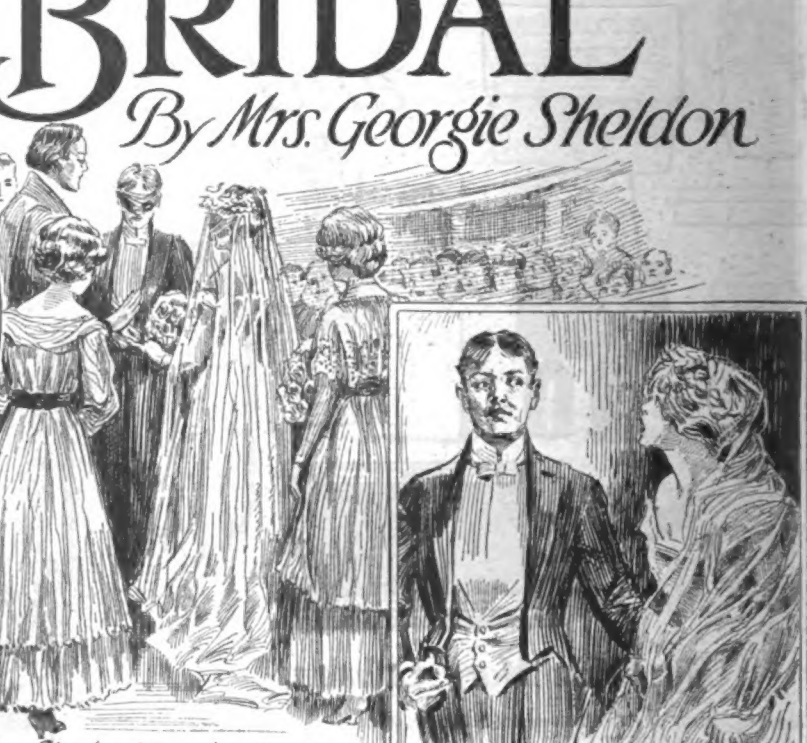
By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



She threw her arm around the girl's slender waist and almost compelled her to accompany her.



Here they found a tall elderly gentleman, in full evening dress.



She had involuntarily tried to withdraw her hand from the clasp of the man who was holding it.



"Forgive me—I loved you so," he stammered and—

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edith Allandale, the only support of an invalid mother pawns a valuable watch. To redeem it she offers a five-dollar gold piece, paid to her by Royal Bryant, to the broker who, dropping it into the drawer declares it a counterfeit and returns it. Going home her mother suggests it may be genuine and again Edith goes out to buy food and coal. While eating supper an officer enters, followed by the crozier who insists upon Edith's arrest for passing counterfeit money. She is hurried to the station house, leaving her mother in the care of Kate O'Brien. Edith writes to Royal Bryant explaining the situation. He redeems the watch, secures Edith's release and sends her home, where she finds her mother dying. After her death in reading letters, Edith learns she is an adopted daughter, the child of a dear friend, who believes she is legally a wife, until the father of her child admits his perjury and deserts her. Edith writes Mr. Bryant, giving no address and goes to Boston, securing a position as companion with Mrs. Gerald Goddard. Edith discovers there is a skeleton in the family, when Mrs. Goddard accuses her of attempting to steal her husband's affections. Emil Correlli, Mrs. Goddard's brother is persistent in his attentions to Edith; she tries to avoid him and decides to leave. Mrs. Goddard begs her to stay. Edith, going to seek renders assistance to Mrs. Stewart, who is attracted to her and shows agitation when she learns she is a companion to Mrs. Goddard, and if she needs a friend to come to her. Edith is overtaken by Emil Correlli. Nearing Mrs. Goddard's house, a woman, unknown to Edith addresses Emil in a foreign tongue. Realizing that Edith thinks there is something mysterious in his relation to this woman he endeavors to set it right, renews his protestations of love, offers marriage and is staggered by her refusal. Mrs. Goddard unfolds a scheme which cannot fail to make Edith Allen his wife, but Emil must go away. Mrs. Goddard plans with Edith for a "mid-winter frolic," at their country home. The housekeeper, Mrs. Weld, overhears Mr. Goddard's entrance and for a certain document. Mrs. Goddard proposes a theatrical performance entitled "The Masked Bridal." The guests arrive. Mrs. Weld takes a folded paper from Mrs. Goddard's jewel case; it vindicates her. Mrs. Goddard, having sent for Edith and seeing Mr. Weld in an adjoining room devises a scheme to get her from meeting Edith.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MASKED BRIDAL.

"O H. Mrs. Weld!" Mrs. Goddard exclaimed, in tones of well assumed eagerness. "I am so glad you are here! I fear I have taken cold and am going to have a chill; will you be so good as to go down and mix me a hot lemonade and send it out behind the stage to me? for I must go back directly, and I will drink it there."

The housekeeper arose at once and went out into the hall, where she saw that madam appeared excited and trembling, while her face was very pale, although her eyes were unusually bright.

Somewhat, she did not believe her to be ill; but she cheerfully acceded to her request, and went directly below to attend to her commission.

As she passed down the back stairs, Edith came hurrying up the front way.

"What has happened?" she inquired.

"The most unfortunate thing that could occur," she nervously replied. "Miss Kerby and her brother, who had the leading parts in the play, have just been summoned home, by telegraph, on account of sickness in the family, and that leaves us without our hero and heroine."

"That is unfortunate, surely; the plan will have to be given up, I suppose?" Edith remarked.

"No, indeed! I should die of mortification!"

"But what can you do?" innocently inquired Edith.

"The only thing to be done is to supply their places with others," was the ready answer. "I have a gentleman friend who will take Mr. Kerby's place, and I want you, Edith, to assume the part of the bride; you are just about the size of Alice Kerby, and the costume will fit you to perfection."

"But I am afraid I cannot—I never took part in a play in my life," objected Edith.

"Nonsense! there is but very little for you to do," said madam, "you have simply to walk into the church, upon the arm of the supposed bride's father. You will be masked, and no one will see your face until after all is over, and you have not a word to say, except to repeat the marriage service after the clergyman."

Edith shivered, and her face had grown very pale. She did not like the idea at all; it was exceedingly repugnant to her.

"I wish you could find someone else," she said.

"There is no time," said madam.

"Oh! but it seems almost like sacrilege to me, to stand before such an audience and repeat words so solemn and significant, when they will mean nothing, when the whole thing will be but a farce," Edith remarked.

"You are absurdly conscientious, Edith," madam coldly observed. "There is not another girl in the house upon whom I can call—they are all too large or too small, and the bridal costume would not fit one of them. Pray, pray, Miss Allen, pocket your scruples, for once, and help me out of this terrible predicament—the whole affair will be ruined by this awkward contretemps if you do not, and I, who have promised so much

to my friends, shall become the laughing-stock of every one present."

Still the fair girl hesitated.

Some unaccountable influence seemed to be holding her back.

"Oh, Edith! say you will!" cried the woman, appealingly. "You must!" she added, imperatively. "Come to my room—the costume is there all ready, and we will soon have you dressed."

She threw her arm around the girl's slender waist and almost compelled her to accompany her.

The moment they were within Mrs. Goddard's chamber, the woman nervously began to unfasten the young girl's dress, but her fingers trembled so with excitement, showing how wrought up she was, that Edith yielded without further demur, and assisted in removing her clothing.

"That is good of you, dear," said madam, smiling upon her, "for we must work very rapidly while the scenery is being changed; we have just fifteen minutes"—glancing at the clock. "How fortunate it is that I asked you to wear white this evening!" the crafty woman remarked, as Edith's dress was removed, thus revealing her dainty under garments, "for you are all ready for the wedding costume without any other change. Here, dear, just help me, please, with this skirt, for the train is so long it needs to be handled with care."

She lifted the beautiful satin skirt from the bed as she spoke, and together they carefully slipped it over the young girl's head.

The next moment it was fastened about her waist, and the lustrous material fell around her slender form in graceful and artistic folds.

The corsage was then put on and—wonderful to relate—it fitted her to perfection.

"How strange! one would almost think it was made for me!" she remarked, all unsuspecting that her measure had been accurately taken from a dress that had been left in the city.

"Ha! ha!" laughed madam, in musical exultation. "I should say that it was a very fortunate coincidence, and it shows that I made a wise choice when I selected you to take Miss Kerby's place. I did not know who else to call upon—of course I could not go out into the audience to find someone, and thus betray my predicament to everybody; neither could I take one of the housemaids, because she would have been sure to blunder and be so awkward. Oh! isn't this dress just lovely?"

Thus madam chattered, while she worked, wholly unlike herself, nervous, anxious, and covertly watching every expression of Edith's sensitive face.

When everything was done, madam stood back to look at her work, and uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Oh! you are simply perfect, Edith!" she said. "You are just too lovely for anything! Miss Kerby would not have made nearly so beautiful a bride, and—and I could almost wish that you were really going to be married."

"Oh, no!" cried the fair girl, shrinking back from the strange gleam that shone from the woman's eyes, as she made this remark, while her thoughts flew, with the speed of light and with a yearning so intense that it turned her white as snow, to Royal Bryant, the man to whom, all unmasked, she had given her heart.

"Ha! ha! not if you could marry the man of your choice?" queried madam.

"Oh! please do not jest about it in this light way—marriage is too sacred to be treated with levity," said Edith in a tremulous tone. "But where is the mask?" she added, glancing anxiously toward the bed. "You know you said the face of the bride was not to be seen."

"Here it is," responded madam, snatching the dainty thing from the bed. "See! it goes on under the veil, like this"—and she dextrously slipped the silver-fringed piece of gauze beneath the edge of the veil and fastened the chain under the orange-wreath behind.

The fringe fell just to Edith's chin, thus effectually concealing her features, while it was not thick enough to prevent her seeing, distinctly, everything about her.

A few other details were attended to, and then Mrs. Goddard hurriedly said:

"Come, now, we must hasten," and she gathered over Edith's arm. "We shall have to go the back way, through the billiard-room, because no one must see you until you appear upon the stage."

The carriage-house adjoined the mansion, and was connected with it by a door, at the end of a hall, that opened into a large room over it which had been devoted to billiards.

In the rear of this there was a stairway, which led down to the first floor and behind the stage; thus madam and Edith were enabled to reach the dressing-room without being seen by anyone, and just as the orchestra were playing the closing bars of the last selection before the raising of the curtain.

Here they found a tall, elderly gentleman, in full evening dress, who was to represent the supposed bride's father in giving his child away to the groom.

All the other actors were already grouped upon the stage or in their respective places behind the scenes awaiting the coming of the bride.

Outside, the audience were all upon the qui vive, for not only was the closing act of the very clever play looked forward to with much interest, for its own sake, but the genuine sur-

prise promised them was a matter for much curious conjecture and eager anticipation.

As Edith stepped upon the stage, leaning upon the arm of her escort, the bridesmaids and maid of honor filed into place before them from the wings, and all were ready for the grand finale just as the signal was given for the curtain to go up.

A shiver ran over Edith, shaking her from head to foot as that sharp, incisive sound from the silver bell went ringing through the room.

For, as she had stepped upon the stage and Mrs. Goddard laid her hand upon the arm of the elderly gentleman, she had observed the two exchange meaning smiles, while the maids and ushers, as they had filed into place, had regarded her with marked and admiring curiosity.

The curtain was raised, revealing to the appreciative audience the interior of a beautiful little church.

It was perfect and complete in all its appointments, even to the stained glass windows, the altar, the chancel, the organ, and the exquisite floral decorations suitable for a wedding ceremony.

Simultaneously with this revelation there broke upon the ear and the breathless hush that prevailed throughout the rooms the sound of an organ playing the customary wedding-march.

Presently, at the rear of the church a door opened, and four ushers entered, "with stately tread and slow," followed by as many bridesmaids, dressed in exquisite costumes.

Then came the maid of honor, clad in pale blue satin, and carrying a huge bunch of pink roses that contrasted beautifully with her dainty toilet.

Next the veiled and masked bride appeared, leaning upon the arm of her attendant and clasping a costly bouquet of white orchids, which Mrs. Goddard had produced from some mysterious source, and thrust into her hands at the last moment.

A thrill of awe, mingled with intensest curiosity, pervaded the audience as the graceful figure of the beautiful girl came slowly into view.

The whole affair was so vividly real and impressive that every one watched the scene with breathless interest.

And now, at one side of the chancel another door was seen to open, when a spotlessly gowned clergyman, followed by the groom and best man, entered and proceeded slowly toward the altar.

The two men behind the minister were in full evening dress, the only peculiar thing noticeable being the mask of black gauze edged with silver fringe which the groom wore over his face.

They reached the altar at the same moment that the rest of the bridal party paused before it.

Then, as the clergyman turned his face toward the audience and the light from the chandelier above him fell full upon him, a flutter of excitement ran throughout the room, while many persons were seen to exchange glances of undisguised astonishment, for they had recognized a popular young divine—the pastor of a church, which many of those present, together with their hostess, were in the habit of attending.

What could it mean?

Suddenly, like a flash, it had seemed to burst upon every mind that there was to be a *bona fide* marriage—that this was to be the "Genuine Surprise" that had been promised them!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DASTARDLY PLOT IS REVEALED.

Every thought and feeling was now merged in intense interest and curiosity regarding the participants in the strange union, which was being consummated before them. Who was the beautiful bride, so perfect in form, so graceful in bearing, so elegantly and richly adorned?

Who the strange groom?

The parts of the plotting lovers of the play had hitherto been taken by the brother and sister—Walter and Alice Kerby, who were well known in society.

But of course every one reasoned that they could not both officiate as principals in the scene now being enacted before them.

The ceremony proceeded, according to the Episcopal form, although the young minister was known to be of another denomination, and when he reached the charge, calling for anyone "who could show just cause why the two before him should not be joined in lawful wedlock, to speak or forever hold his peace," those sitting nearest the stage were startled to see the bride shiver, from head to foot, while a deadly pallor seemed to settle over that portion of her face that was visible, and to even extend over her neck.

The service went on without any interruption, the groom making the responses in clear, unfaltering tones, although those of his companion were scarcely audible.

When the symbol of their union was called for, it was also noticed that Edith shrank from having the ring placed upon her finger, but it was only a momentary hesitation, and the service was soon completed with all due solemnity.

After the blessing, when the couple arose from their knees, the maid of honor stepped forward, and, lifting the mask of the bride, adjusted it above her forehead with the jeweled pin, while the audience sat spellbound, awaiting with breathless suspense the revelation that would ensue.

At the same moment the groom also removed the covering from his face, when those who could see him instantly recognized him as Emil Correlli, the handsome and wealthy brother of the hostess of the evening.

His countenance was white to ghastliness, betraying that he was laboring under great excitement and mental strain.

But the fair young bride! who was she?

Not one in that great company recognized her for the moment, for scarcely anyone had ever seen her before—excepting those, of course, who had been guests in the house during the week, and these failed to identify her in the exquisite costume which was so different from the simple black dresses which she had always worn, and enveloped, as she was, in that voluminous, mist-like veil.

The clergyman omitted nothing, and immediately, upon the lifting of the masks, greeted and congratulated the young couple with every appearance of cordiality and sincerity.

To poor, reluctant Edith the whole affair had been utterly distasteful and repulsive.

Indeed, she had felt as if she was almost guilty of a crime in allowing herself to participate lightly in anything of so sacred a nature, and, throughout the entire ceremony, she had shivered and trembled with mingled nervousness and repugnance.

When the ring—an unusually massive circlet of gold—had been slipped upon her finger, she had involuntarily tried to withdraw her hand from the clasp of the man who was holding it, a sensation of deadly faintness almost overpowering her for the moment.

But feeling that she must not fall madam and spoil everything at this last moment, she braced herself to go on with the farce (?) to the end.

She was so relieved when it was ended, so eager to get away from the place and have the dread ordeal over, that she scarcely heard a word the clergyman uttered while congratulating her. She was dimly conscious of the clasp of his hand and the sound of his voice, but did not even notice the hated name by which he addressed her.

Neither had she once glanced at the groom, though as he took her hand and laid it upon his arm, when they turned to go out, she wondered vaguely why he should continue to hold it clasped in his, and what made his clinging fingers tremble so.

But Emil Correlli, now that his scheme was accomplished, led her, with an air of mingled triumph and joy which sat well upon him, directly up to the ladies' dressing-room, where they found madam alone awaiting them.

She could not have been whiter if she had been dead, and her teeth were actually chattering with nervousness as the two came toward her. Edith still with bowed head and downcast eyes—her brother beaming with the exultation he could not conceal.

But she braced herself to meet them with a brave front.

"Dear child, you went through it beautifully," she said, in a caressing voice as she took Edith into her arms and kissed her upon the forehead. "Let me thank and congratulate you—and you also, Emil."

At the sound of this name, Edith uttered a cry of dismay and turned her glance, for the first time, upon the man at her side.

"You!" she gasped, starting away from him with a gesture of horror, and marble could not have been whiter, nor a statue more frozen than she for a moment after making this amazing discovery.

"Hush!" imperatively exclaimed Mrs. Goddard, who quickly arose to the emergency. "Do not make a scene. It could not be helped—some one had to take Mr. Kerby's place, and Emil, arriving at the last moment, was pressed into the service the same as yourself."

"How could you? It was cruel! It was wicked! I never would have consented had I suspected," cried the girl in a voice resonant with indignation.

"Hush!" again commanded madam, "you must not—you shall not spoil everything now. The actors are all to hold an informal reception in the parlors while this room is being cleared for dancing, and you two must take your places with them."

"I will not! I will not lend myself to such a wretched farce for another moment!" Edith exclaimed, and never for an instant suspecting that it was anything but a farce.

The face of Mrs. Goddard was a study, as was also her brother's, as these resolute words fell upon her ears; but she had no intention of undeceiving the girl at present, for she knew that if she threw up the character which she had thus far been impersonating, their plot would be ruined and a fearful scandal follow.

If they could only trick her into standing with the others to receive the congratulations of her guests—to be publicly addressed as, and appear to assent to the name of Mrs. Correlli, she believed it would be comparatively easy later on to convince her of the truth and compel her to yield to the inevitable.

But just at this instant the bridesmaids came trooping into the room and created a blessed diversion.

"Here we are, dear Mrs. Goddard," a gay girl exclaimed. "Didn't it all go off beautifully, and

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MY LADY O' CRINOLINE

by Joseph F. Novak



Holding gently by their wrists the old Colonel commenced the story of

From all appearance he had captured them for he had them by the coat sleeves and was dragging them into my presence

"I staggered through the smoke to the window"

HIS VALENTINE

"On paper curiously shaped Scribbles today of every sort, in verse Valentines y'clep'd, To Venus chime their annual court, And greet the all auspicious day, Whose privilege permits my song, My love thus secret to convey."

—Bohn.

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It was a beautiful tableau that the old Colonel gazed upon, old in theme but always new and beautiful when the participants are youthful and have the eagerness of life in their souls.

The man was young, tall and broad-shouldered, with features glorified by his honest love, the young woman was slender, petite and trustfully lovely in her girlish beauty. She leaned against him, his heart her haven.

The soft radiance of the electrolux fell upon them, and upon the tiny table on which lay a red, heart-shaped box of dainty sweets and a cluster of brilliant pansies.

The young couple were garbed in fashion of times long ago—the style of the Sixties.

The whole spoke mutely the two greatest words: Love and Romance.

The Colonel smiled, and sighed too, for this dainty bit of femininity, his only grandchild, was very dear to him. He and his beautiful old wife, who still abode with him, thanks to a gracious Providence, had been both parents and grandparents to this living reminder of their departed son and daughter-in-law.

He stood for a moment or two, lost in the shadows of the silken drapes which hung before the drawing-room entrance, then as the young man's lips met those of his sweetheart, he waited a moment or two longer, then hemmed a little, and came into the room.

At his entrance, young Farnsworth flustered, then drew the girl more closely to his side, as she, with maiden modesty tried to draw from him, and stood in a proud, possessory manner, waiting for the Colonel to speak.

Colonel Dare looked upon him with kindly indulgence.

"As this is St. Valentine's Day, and this is your Valentine," he touched the heart-shaped box of bon-bons. "I am going to ask you what kind of Valentine Virginia has given in return. The truth now, for I may have eavesdropped," and he smiled encouragingly.

"She has given me herself, Colonel, the very dearest and best Valentine I could want—that is, provided you consent."

"Why should I object?" he queried. "It is meet that Virginia should sometime find a mate, and go to a nest of her own, and I could not select a more fitting partner for her than she has done herself. Farnsworth, my boy, I admire and love you above all young men I know, and my blessing goes with Virginia—and latterly, my purse."

Young Farnsworth glowed at the praise of his words.

"I thank you sir. It is but a poor tribute to your words, but I can think of no other. I realize that I am almost a trespasser in coming and taking from you the joy of your life, but, believe me, I shall endeavor to show that you have not lost a granddaughter, but have gained a son, and a son's love and respect."

"I know that; that is why I welcome you. And whenever you are ready to wed, let me know in time, so that grandma and I may fashion our wedding clothes," and he kissed Virginia.

"Where are you young people going tonight?" he questioned, changing the subject.

"To the Clarendons' Fancy Dress Ball. I am representing a belle of the crinoline days, and Stewart is a beau of the times."

"You are quite in fashion, then, my dear. Those crinoline gowns! How I have always admired them, and how sorry I am that they are no longer in style. How many a beautiful belle did I see garbed in that kind of gown, and how my heart quickened at the sight of one. Somehow, they seemed to make even plain faces pretty! Oh, I was quite a romancer in those old war days! I wonder if you'd care to hear the story of a little romance in which I participated?"

"Indeed, grandfather, yes. We have plenty of time before we need go."

"All right," the old Colonel responded, and seating himself on a davenport near the fire which sparkled and snapped, and with Virginia on one side and Stewart Farnsworth on the other, and holding each gently by the wrist in such a manner that after a little it seemed quite proper for the small feminine hand to be lost in the bold, strong grasp of the masculine, the old Colonel commenced his story.

"Naturally all this happened during the war. I had been with Sherman on his march through Georgia, from Atlanta to the Sea, and now we wended our way northward, our destination being Columbia, the capital of South Carolina.

"We had our orders. They were to forage freely, horses and mules were to be snatched up, but private dwellings were not to be entered unless there was any suspicion that Confederate soldiers might be concealed therein. But how easy a suspicion!

"Our march through the Carolinas was dreadful. The country was low and swampy, intersected by rivers; sometimes the swamps were almost impassable. It was in winter time, as a matter of fact it was two days after St. Valentine's Day, Feb. 16, when we reached the city of Columbia.

"As a recent historian so aptly put it, 'the feeling was that South Carolina had taken lead in

the Rebellion; she should, therefore, be made to feel the scourge of the war' was uppermost during that march, and so whenever there was a chance for foraging, we weren't any too lenient. I, like most of the boys, from the first had been full of patriotic enthusiasm, and nothing would satisfy me but that I answer Lincoln's call for volunteers, and being ambitious, I worked hard, and received several promotions, so that at the time of the march on Columbia, I was a captain.

"We continued our march, and it happened that on February 14, we camped for the night on the outskirts of a small town. It was a pretty, pastoral sort of a place, with residences few and far between, each surrounded by a large, imposing estate. Not far from where we camped, perhaps half a mile, there stood one grand old mansion, one of those picturesque affairs which we now tenderly remark always brings back memories of the South before the War. It was a red brick affair, with a huge white colonnade and veranda.

"While encamped news came to us that in this fine old house, a Valentine party was to be held, and that many of the Southern belles expected their soldier sweethearts. On hearing of our approach, however, warning was sent to their soldier friends not to come near. The place it seemed, was a gathering place for them, and their hatred of the North was of the kind that has become proverbial.

"The news in hand, I was ordered to take a squad of men and keep guard at the house and capture any Rebels I might and bring them to headquarters. I thought it hardly possible that the Rebels would attempt to see their sweethearts, with our army in such close proximity, but love is a scorner of all things, you know, and when I recall the beauty of those young women, I wouldn't have been surprised had some of those hot-blooded chaps taken a chance.

"Well, I summoned a squad of privates, the best lads I could find, and we marched up to the house. Through the windows, we saw dainty feminine forms moving about, and light girlish laughter rippled like a faint breeze.

"I had to disturb the house and the innocent joys of these much-harassed little Southerners, but duty was paramount always so I could do nothing less than go to the door and knock."

"It was opened by a black mammy who held a candle high above her head, and whose eyes popped forth looks of terror."

"Hello, Auntie," I greeted, "I guess I'll have to disturb the party."

"As I spoke, I noted the slender form of a girl behind her, a girl, whom, for want of a better phrase, I must use the much hackneyed one, a Southern beauty. She was dressed in a crinoline of some silky material, the many ruffles of which were embroidered with dainty pink roses and rose-buds. The bodice was sharp pointed, as was the fashion, and embroidered with the same dainty roses. About her shoulders she wore a fissure of soft white silk and lace, but she was utterly without jeweled ornament of any sort. Her eyes were perfect, her skin angel white, and set off with a tiny patch or two. Her hair, glorious, glistening brown which in the light of the candle threw off a vague halo, she wore in curls and several of these rested on her white shoulder.

"Her eyes dilated when she saw who her callers were, but instantly the momentary fear vanished. She held her candle a little distance from her face, which brought out the distracting beauty of her tender lips. I had seen many a Southern beauty, but at the sight of this girl, so dainty, so small, yet so determined in her inherent bravery, my heart quickened, my head seemed to spin, and for a moment I lost all command of myself. I could not understand the sensation that came upon me; then it dawned upon me! In a flash, at a glance, I had fallen in love with a daughter of the enemy!

"As I stood there gazing, I hardly knew what to say; I could see her dainty throat and breast heaving with the tumult she had difficulty in quenching, and which so rankled her heart."

"I stepped upon the threshold, and motioned the men to enter. They were kindly fellows, fellows whom I trusted, and who had, I knew, beloved womenfolk at home, and who, while loyal to the core, would do their utmost ere they would, unnecessarily, frighten a woman, or destroy things out of sheer malice."

"My squad entered, and stood awaiting my orders. I, too, stood, very loath to begin. We were in a big, hospitable room, wherein a fire burned cheerfully in the grate. Everywhere about there was the appearance of recent depletion of wealth, yet there was still a maintenance of dignity about the house."

"Besides the beautiful young hostess, there were nine other young beauties, all clad in the fashion of my Lady o' Crinoline, and upon our entrance, they gathered into several little groups. In the center of one of these was a stately old woman whom I had no difficulty in recognizing as the mother of the object of my sudden adoration."

"I noted that the young ladies had been busy writing, and their epistles lay upon various small tables, stands and window-sills, while upon a writing desk lay a box of water colors, brushes and the like. I wondered what they were doing, but at the moment did not guess."

"The quiet of death came upon the room, while all the young women eyed us with varying degrees of terror, distrust, and only a faint sign of hope."

"Madame," I at length began, addressing the older woman, but with my eyes for the most part upon the young lady, "we have been informed that the young ladies gathered here had planned a party and were expecting gentlemen of the Southern army. Much as we dislike to intrude, I fear we shall be obliged to search the house for any soldiers which you may have hidden here, if indeed you have."

"The beautiful girl raised her eyes, and with cold formality responded:

"Search. We have no voice in the matter."

"I am very sorry, my dear young lady—but with proud scorn, she interrupted:

"It is one of the privileges of war. Proceed."

"We will be as quick and quiet as possible," I answered. "Believe me, I am very sorry we must disturb you. If we find no one, my men will camp outside, though I fear you will be obliged to endure my presence. But you may go on with your party. I must keep the house watched, for, and I had to smile for I couldn't help it any more than the compliment that was coming, 'knowing your soldiers as I do, appreciating their bravery, and seeing you young ladies, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some of your lovers didn't risk meeting us just to see you.'"

"She could not quell her pride, I saw, when I praised the Rebels. I bade the men proceed with the search, and seated myself as far from the young women as possible. I felt all those pairs of eyes upon me, and, if you will pardon the conceit, I was a rather handsome chap, so even in spite of the fact that I was a villainous Yankee, I may have interested the young ladies nevertheless."

"Suddenly I heard a commotion up-stairs, a considerable stamping of feet, then a roar of laughter from my men. In a few moments, two of them, Sterling and Richards came down with their 'Rebel.' From all appearances, he had captured them, for he had them by their coat-sleeves and was dragging them into my presence. The lad was in his night-clothes, and his fair, curling hair was tousled. His eyes burned with indignation."

"Say," he began, addressing me, "are you a Yank Captain?"

"I believe I am, young sir," I responded.

"Well, your men here are looking for Rebels. And I'm a Rebel, sir!"

"Are you?"

"I reckon I am, and when I grow up, I'm going to fight you. I hope the war lasts long enough."

"Thank you, sonny. With your valiant spirit, I'm quite certain you'd kill me dead beyond a doubt, and I patted his head, or rather, I attempted to, for in trying to draw the lovable little fellow to me, he jerked away."

"I know I would," he returned coolly. Then: "Are you going to take me prisoner?" he continued.

"Shall I? I questioned. 'I believe I shall for we Yankees need a few little Rebel boys to black our boots. We'll set you to doing that.'"

"I'd never do it, no, I wouldn't, not even if you'd kill me!"

"Well, sonny," I answered him, "I hardly think I'd take particular pleasure in killing so fine spirited a lad as you. Come, shake hands, and let's be friends. For we were once brothers. Do you realize that?"

"I'll not touch your hand. It has killed too many Southerners."

"It has never killed a man outside of battle, my boy. In battle, by the dictates of stern duty, it has done many a thing which it would not otherwise do. Some day, little fellow, I hope I'll see you and be able to call you 'brother.'"

I forgot, for a moment, the tender years of my young auditor, then recalling myself, I laughed off the whole matter and continued: "But after all, why shouldn't you shake? You tell me I've killed Southerners, but didn't you say just now you'd like to fight me, and I've no doubt, kill me?"

"This rather took him aback, but undaunted however, he continued:

"Anyhow, I hate and despise you, and mother hates and despises you, and all these young ladies hate and despise you, and my sister hates—"

"It was more than I could stand. To be told that I was hated by that glorious young woman, hurt I gently put my hand upon his lips.

"Don't say that, boy. God knows that I do not hate you at all, as you hate me."

"During this time, the young women had remained mute. Several times, indeed, the stately mother had intended stopping the prattle of the lad, but seeing that it amused me she said nothing. These last words of the boy, however, roused

her fine sense of breeding.

"Come, Hal," she said quietly, "you must not say that. Go with Aunt Dinah. She will put you to bed."

"I'll not go with that Yank in the house," he objected.

"The Yankee is a gentleman, Hal. Go."

"The lad went off with Aunt Dinah, after making a cautious wry face at me, his eyes glowering in the light of the candle with which fat Dinah lighted the way."

"After the lad's departure, quiet fell upon the room."

"Please do not mind me," I spoke up. "I do not want to interrupt your party. Pray go on as if I were not present."

"They took me at my word. And gracious, how they knew how to ignore! Immediately they went to their unfinished work, and a girlish buzz hung over the room punctuated with merry laughs and scandalized little shrieks at something my Lady o' Crinoline was writing. I felt it had some reference to me though I pretended to be absorbed in my own thoughts, though in reality I was watching the bright faces, though enshrined in my mind was only the face of the young hostess."

"At length they finished their epistles which were, I now discovered, valentines and love-tokens to their lovers. The little verses, though obviously the products of amateurs, nevertheless held the strain of that undying love which they bore for the boys who were far away where the fighting was. They read them aloud, laughing now and then at some bright and humorous couplet, or with eyes dimming as some reference was made to the uncertainty of the future."

"The verses were embellished by the young lady of artistic ability, and finally were put up and sealed tenderly. Would they all reach their destination, I wondered? Perhaps some of the intended recipients were even then lying low."

"Nothing could induce the hostess to read her verses, however. She would read them latterly, she said, and just then, an old mammy announced supper."

"She threw open the large doors in the west wall of the room, revealing a table neatly, but plainly set. Where hospitality had once scintillated, now only glimmers of it remained. The young ladies went into the dining room, the doors were closed, and I was left to myself."

"Well tired of sitting, I was glad to get up and walk about the room. I crossed to where the young hostess had sat while writing, and having previously noted that she slipped her verses under a pad of paper, I raised the pad and secured the poem."

"I snatched it up, then listened. But all I heard was the soft clatter of knives upon plates, and rippling laughter, and I could not help but admire the nonchalance these young women displayed in the face of what would have scared present-day young ladies into fits."

"Then I read the 'Valentine,' for it was mine! Mine, though I was not supposed to have it. In these days we would call it a 'comical' one, I expect. The verses as I remember them, were something like this:

"If all the men I knew were Yanks,
And wore the Northern blue,
I'd rather rest 'neath mossy banks,
Than pay them homage true."

"A vile and wretched set are they
Their hearts are all of flint,
They interrupt our parties gay,
And cannot take a hint."

"There's one within our precincts now,
Who wears a suit of blue,
Come, girls we'll oust him now, I vow,
For he disgusts our view."

"I conned over the verses, written on the spur of the moment, then I stuck the paper into my bosom. Even though the 'valentine' caricatured me, still it was dear for the awful words had been penned by the woman I loved."

"Suddenly I became aware of steps approaching, and I hurried back to my seat and sat down. The young hostess entered."

"She did not even glance at me, but crossed the room to her writing, while I watched her in amused silence. Her hands fluttered through the papers, a provoked little expression came to her eyes, then with a sudden raising of her brows, she looked at me. I gave forth no sign."

"Feeling obliged to say something because of her sudden, penetrating gaze, I suppose, she said in a cold, yet courteous voice:

"If you are hungry, we shall be willing to share our meagre supplies with you."

"Thank you, my lady," I replied, "you have need of all you have, and I am not hungry. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, however, and appreciate your thoughtfulness."

"She said nothing, but went again to looking among her papers, then finding her efforts to find what she sought fruitless, she turned away."

"Stay a moment," I said, rising, and going to her side. "What were you looking for?"

"Jove, what a look she gave me! But paying no attention to it, I continued: 'Is it this? This valentine you left for me?'"

"She laughed scornfully. That finished me, I crushed my hands, one in the other, lest they should catch those of the glorious woman laughing at me."

"Ah, Lady o' Crinoline!" I cried, "Am I so disagreeable? Do you hate and despise me? Can't you even respect me for honoring a cause which I believe is right though you do not?"

"I did not understand her look of terror, but

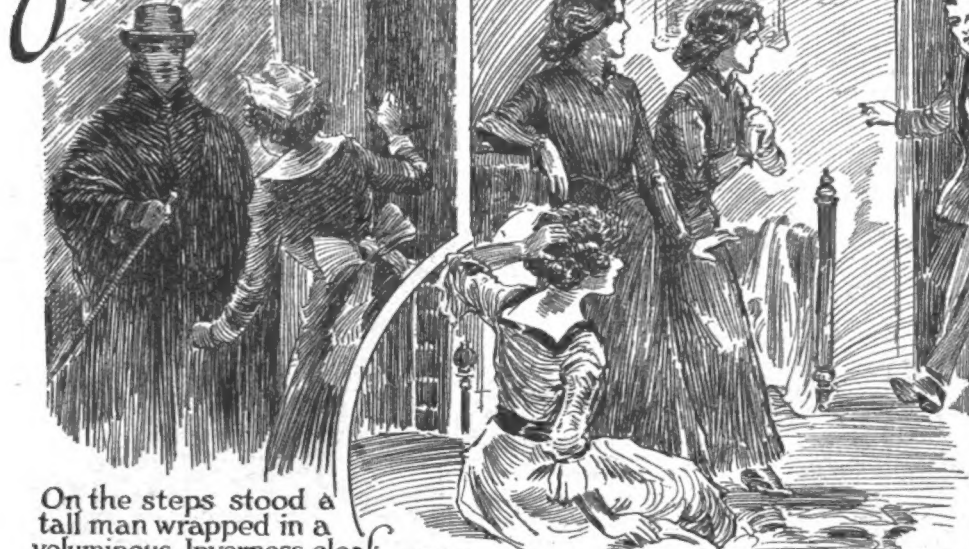
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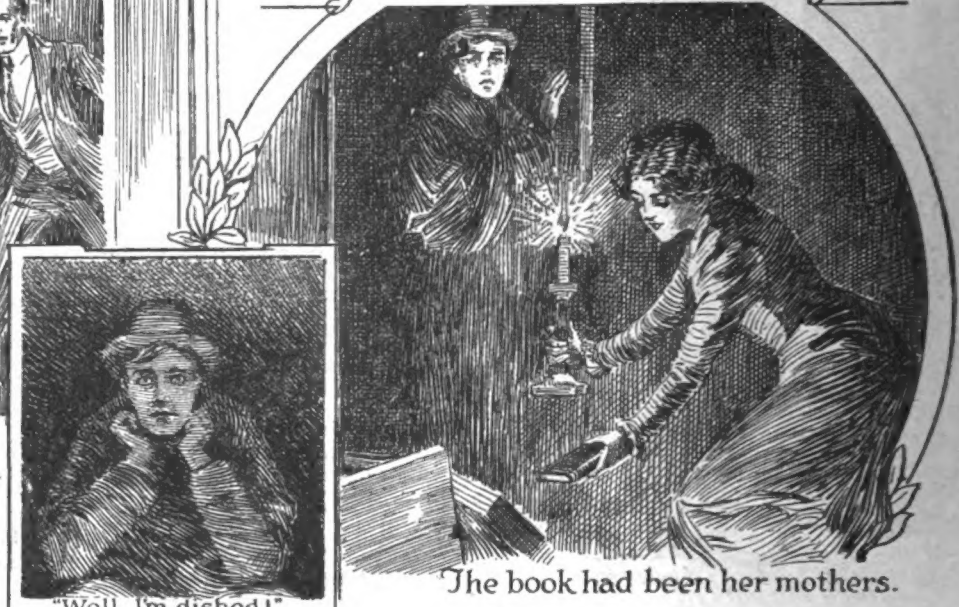
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Nerine's Second Choice

by Adelaide Stirling



On the steps stood a tall man wrapped in a voluminous Inverness cloak. "What? Aren't any of you down stairs? Then where on earth is Satterlee?"



The book had been her mother's.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Lispenard, cousin to Kit Belton's mother, marries a Canadian girl. Dying he leaves a widow, two girls, Agatha and Nerine, and one son Maurice. Mrs. Lispenard marries Clarence Mayne, an interloper. At her decease she leaves Clarence Mayne an income until the girls are of age. Lispenard house and money go to the male heir in the direct line. Clarence Mayne goes on a trip to Monte Carlo. Kit Belton comes on a visit, while Maurice Lispenard, denied the education which is his by right, walks from Liverpool, where he is learning to be a mechanical engineer, to be with Kit Belton.

CHAPTER III.

"NO OTHER MAN SHALL HAVE YOU!"

THE three girls and Maurice sat at breakfast; Kit radiant in her fur-trimmed dress, once more dry and wearable; Agatha and Nerine in the plainest of serges, which were their outdoor wear and only put on in honor of their brother.

"Maurice," said Agatha, "what are we going to do today?"

Out of doors the winter sun shone gloriously; the air was sharp but not frosty, though all the shrubs and flower beds in the garden glittered with impalpable atoms like diamonds.

"We must do something," Maurice turned over the morning paper which Jane had been dispatched for with much grandeur. Mr. Mayne never had a local paper, and the London ones which he read were never seen by his stepchildren.

"There's a football match; we'll go to that," Maurice said, running his eyes down the columns. "It begins at three; that gives us just time to get there nicely after lunch."

"Where?" cried Agatha. "The Arlington ground?"

As Maurice nodded she added: "My good boy! It's five miles! Much too far for Kit to walk, though we might"—thoughtfully—"go in an omnibus."

"We'll drive," the line of Maurice's young mouth suddenly hardened. "There are horses in the stable."

"Mr. Mayne left orders," Nerine said, dryly, "about those horses. If you care to be snubbed by Jones, go and say we will take them out."

"Jones is here?"

"Of course. On board wages."

"Good!" said Maurice, enigmatically.

"Who is the match between?" Nerine asked.

Of course they would end by going in an omnibus—in which case she would stay at home.

"The county and the garrison."

He read over the lists of the two elevens. All the county names he knew; their visiting cards reposed on the Lispenard hall table. Once a year the girls, sulky and silent, accompanied Mr. Mayne to leave their written cards, which looked like plebeian beside Mayne's neat copperplate.

Maurice skimmed over the names of the garrison elevens.

"Hello! Satterlee!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know he was here. I thought he was abroad."

"Who is he?" Nerine pricked up her ears.

"The brother of a fellow I know in Liverpool, and a very good chap, too. We'll have to go and see him play. At a quarter past two we'll start, eh?" looking at Kit.

"Too late. The omnibus takes so long," Agatha said.

"We're going in the T cart," the boy returned, rising, tall and broad-shouldered, to leave the room.

Lighting his pipe, he strolled through the brisk morning air down the garden to the back door of the stables. There was no one there. The pair of bay horses which Mr. Mayne was obliged to keep stood peacefully in their stalls; the stable cat dozed in the sunlight in the harness-room window.

Jones had been there and gone, for the horses had been fed and their feeds cleared away. Maurice stood and cogitated outside the door till his smoke was finished. Then he rapped his pipe smartly on the window sill.

Steps sounded on the lane in front of the stable as he did so. Jones was letting himself in by the front way and Maurice shouted to him.

Mr. Mayne's man of all work was a broken-down jockey. Jones was a conveniently common name, and his own at one time had been inconveniently well known. The man's wizened face blanched as Maurice called him by it loudly.

"Mr. Lispenard!"

His voice croaked always, but it was terribly husky now. He had been taking advantage of Clarence Mayne's absence the night before, and he had not got his nerve back so early in the day.

He shuffled into the daylight, not old, but prematurely shriveled, shattered by a life of hard exercise and bad liquor.

"You're not looking well, Lister," Maurice said slowly, his piercing gaze full on him.

Jones put up his hand.

"For Heaven's sake, sir, don't call me that!"

"Why not?"—equally. "It's your name."

Jones swore volubly; it was not, never had been.

Maurice pulled him up with a stern word. "Did you ever hear of Lord Satterlee?" he said.

"Perhaps not. I am living at present with Mr. Vivian Satterlee, who gave me some valuable facts concerning you."

Jones was sober in one instant. The Satterlees could have him sentenced to penal servitude even now.

"Do they know where I am sir?" he asked, respectfully, with underlying cunning.

"That's neither here nor there," Maurice replied. "The point just now is that I will have the horses in the T cart at two o'clock. I am going to see Lord Satterlee play football. I shall not take you."

"Mr. Mayne's orders is that the horses is only to go for exercise," doggedly.

"Very well. My orders," Maurice seemed suddenly to tower over the man, the Lispenard "black look" on his grim young face—"are what I've said. If you don't like them perhaps Lord Satterlee will help you to—another situation," significantly.

"All right, sir, all right," the man rejoined, angrily. He would have given worlds to disobey, but he dared not. "Mr. Mayne shall know of this," he blustered, weakly.

"Mr. Mayne," Maurice said, abruptly, "is in France. Lord Satterlee is stationed five miles off."

Jones touched his cap in sulky silence.

His lips were dry as he harnessed the horses. This cursed young cock sparrow had the upper hand of him, and no mistake. Had he dared he would have lamed the horses, but a sharp fellow like Mr. Lispenard would have seen through that.

Presently, therefore, the trap was at the hall door; the horses shining in the sun, the brass-mounted harness glittering; the varnish on the seldom-used T cart was perhaps a little ancient, but otherwise the Lispenard turnout was unexceptionable.

Agatha could not believe her eyes. She and Nerine got in the back seat in a kind of dumb amazement. Maurice had taken their going as a matter of course—yet never before had she known him anything but routed by Jones.

"How on earth did he manage it?" she inquired of Nerine, who shrugged her shoulders indifferently.

It was a perfect day, and she had not been for a drive for two years. Those annual visitations of their neighbors she did not call drives, accompanied as they were with Mr. Mayne in the brougham. She would not trouble her head about anything so small as Jones.

Kit, perched up in front beside Maurice, warm in her seal skin coat, her hat of golden pheasant feathers set lightly on her yellow curls, looked like a small tropical bird. Agatha and Nerine in the humble blue serge, their felt hats with plain ribbons, were simple enough beside her. It was as well that their clear-cut faces and smooth Greek heads had small need of fripperies.

It was a good five miles from Lispenard House to the Arlington Club ground, through the town and past the barracks. Nerine did not remember ever having been there since they had been used to go with Maurice, all Lobladeboys together. This was a very different story.

They were early, and the twins occupied themselves in watching the gathering crowd. A few people bowed to them, with some surprise at seeing them anywhere but in church or rambling through the country lanes. Nerine's cheeks flushed rose pink as she returned those wondering recognitions with distant frigidity. The county rather approved of Clarence Mayne; it condemned unheeded the Lispenards.

Kit and Maurice were true football lovers. The blankets had hardly been put on the horses before they were lost in the game. Nerine and Agatha were less earnest.

"That's a good-looking man near the goal post. I wonder who he is," Nerine said, idly.

"Garrison," Agatha returned, looking at his jersey. "Perhaps he is Maurice's friend with the funny name."

"Too good-looking."

Nerine pointed to a square red-faced little man playing quarter back.

"That is much more likely to be he," she declared.

Agatha gazed at the strong slim figure of the handsome man as he ran like lightning across the field. How his bare head shone in the sun. It was more golden than Kit's.

"Maurice, who's that fair man playing for the garrison?" she asked, pinching his arm vigorously to call his attention. "The one rushing now with the ball. Oh, look, he was nearly down."

"Not he," said Maurice. "Well played, Satterlee!"

"I told you that was Satterlee," Agatha said, quietly. "I've seen him before, Nerine."

"Where?" Nerine asked, incredulously.

"Three or four times in church," she answered, rather weakly.

Every Sunday for the past three months would have been more to the point. Nerine never went to church except sometimes to the gorgeous ceremonial of a festival. Her feelings for Mr. Mayne did not accord with church-going.

She said nothing, and they watched the game in silence, till half time was called and the players trooped thirstily over to the pavilion.

"Maurice," Agatha said, "is he Captain Satterlee or Mr. Satterlee?"

"He's a lieutenant, but he's a viscount, too. Surely you know that."

"We are not on intimate terms with the aristocracy. We leave that to Mr. Mayne," Nerine observed, dryly.

Over at the pavilion a man who had hurried into his coat was scanning through a field glass the faces of the twins. One of them was the tall girl he had fallen into the way of going to St. Jude's to see; but which one? They were so exactly alike. At the moment Maurice turned his head to answer his sister.

"Lispenard, by all that's lucky! Why, they must be his sisters!"

Lord Satterlee relinquished his glass and went over. He shook hands with Maurice, then the sun glanced on his yellow hair as he acknowledged Miss Belton's bow and was introduced to the Lispenard sisters.

But in spite of his scrutinizing glance at them, Satterlee was none the wiser as to which of them he already knew by sight.

"Didn't Vivian tell you I was here, Lispenard?" he inquired, wondering desperately at which of those demure people he had been accustomed to gaze during the sermon.

"I haven't seen him lately; he's been with your mother and I've been busy. It's luck, my coming across you this morning," returned the boy, joyfully.

"Agatha," Kit turned round to whisper to her, "do you know that we are the observed of all observers? I think"—laughing—"that we are being much admired!"

Agatha's smile died away on her lips.

Maurice's voice was rising loud and cheery in her very ear as he asked Satterlee to dine with them the next day. Almost before she had found her breath again Maurice's speaking hand was on her shoulder, forcing her into seconding the invitation, feebly and with eyes anywhere but on the object of it. And Satterlee—oh, horror!—would be delighted!

Miss Lispenard sat stunned. Who would cook? Worse still, who would wait? Who was bold enough to burst into the china and glass closet—and the wine cellar?

"You've done it," Kit observed to Maurice, as they drove away, the match over. "Done it really—thoroughly!"

"Maurice, how could you?" Nerine broke in. "Fancy asking even a well-to-do eat to come and dine with us! And what are we to do for servants?"

"We'll get servants!" said Maurice, unabashed. "My dear girl, if you knew how friendly Satterlee and his mother have been to me you'd know I had to ask him."

"Maurice," exclaimed Agatha, "where are we going to have dinner? Not in the morning room!"

Nerine, at the prospect of having a dinner party and defying the absent Mr. Mayne, laughed aloud.

"We'll break open the dining-room—" she began.

Maurice turned round on her.

"Do you mean to tell me Mayne has had the impertinence to lock the door of any room in the house but his own?" he demanded.

"I mean that every one of the down-stairs rooms but ours is locked," Nerine returned, composedly. "I suppose he is afraid of our pawing the drawing-room ornaments or the best spoons!"

"Well, I'm blowed if he shan't find them unlocked when he gets back. Thank goodness, we've only ten months more of him!"

The horses were going at a good pace, and they were passing a heavy cart, so that the two girls in the back seat did not hear Kitty Belton speaking softly to Maurice.

"Are you sure," she said, "that you have ten months more before the girls come of age?"

"What?" Maurice stared. "Of course I'm sure."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen," he answered, gruffly, for he hated his youth, "but I dare say I look older."

"You do; much," thoughtfully.

"What do you mean, Kit?" the boy asked after a long pause. "Or do you mean anything?"

"I can't tell you here. Nothing, perhaps,"—her forehead clouded—"but I was wondering if mamma could be right and Mr. Mayne wrong. Well, don't bother now. I don't want to tell the girls till I tell you. Wait till we're alone."

It was not till very late that afternoon that they were alone. Agatha and Nerine having gone out for a stroll in the garden after tea. Up and down they walked and talked, as they did every evening. Tonight it was Nerine who had the floor, and she talked of nothing but Satterlee, a subject on which Agatha had not a word to say, though her tongue was wont to run nimbly.

Indoors, Kit and Maurice sat in more or less one-sided converse.

It had grown chilly with evening, and they had drawn their chairs on the hearth rug. In her yellow tea gown, with her small feet outstretched to the heat and a lovely fire-burned color glowing in her face, Kit was a sight to delight Maurice's eyes. He had not seen such for many a long day, and it put the thought of what she might have to say to him quite out of his head.

"What do you think I am usually doing at this hour?" he said, turning to her.

"I don't know," absently.

"Standing a grimy, sweltering object in the machine shop!" and he laughed merrily. "Rather different from this, eh? Kit," reproachfully, "you're not listening."

"No; I'm thinking," she returned, slowly, her sweet little face very thoughtful. "Maurice, your father died when you were a baby, didn't he?"

"Yes. Why?"

"And your mother married again when you were—how old?"

"Two. Seventeen years ago. Tell me, why are you asking me all these things that you knew as well as I do?"

"Because my mother says that you were four seventeen years ago. Hush; wait! You know how mother never destroys anything. Well the other day she found some old letters, and among them was one from your father, giving the date of his marriage with your mother, and one from your mother when she was going to be married to Mr. Mayne. In it she said it would be an advantage to her children now to have a father's care, for they were growing quite big, the twins being already five years old and Maurice a year younger."

"Did you bring the letter?" he eagerly asked.

"No, but mother has it quite safely. Listen, Maurice. You know mother scarcely saw you children before your mother died, and when she came to the funeral she thought you all wonderfully big and old looking for your ages, when Mr. Mayne said you were only four and three. But she did not pay much attention really and never thought of your mother's old letter till the other day, when she came across it by accident, Maurice?"

"Impatiently, 'why don't you say something? Don't you know that if mamma is right you are all two years older than you think?'" with desperate emphasis.

Maurice got up and stood with his back to her, looking into the fire.

"If I find out that is really true I believe I'll kill him," he said, with impressive emphasis.

"Kit, Kit, if it isn't, why have you told me?"

"It is—it must be true. Mamma is always accurate," she said, firmly. "And if that letter, dated seventeen years ago, says you were four at that time, and your father died when you were a little baby, why, don't you see that all you have to do is to get the exact date of his death or the registration of your birth to find out how old you really are. And then you could act at once!"

Maurice did not turn round.

"My darling Kit," he said, softly, "you forget that my father was killed in a mine and that his body was never found; and in Nova Scotia until the last five years there has not been any registration of births or deaths. I wrote once when I was sixteen or so to an address I found in a book of my mother's to ask if anything were known as to the death of my father, and I had an answer from the son of the man I wrote to—he himself was dead—saying that a Mr. Lispenard had been killed at the mines, but that he could not get any information regarding the date. Neither birth nor death were registered officially, and there was no one at the mines now who remembered any people called Lispenard. So that door is shut."

"You must have been baptized, and your mother must have had a copy of the baptismal certificate."

"Mr. Mayne has all her papers—if there are any. And as for the church I was christened in—why, Kit, it may have been anywhere from British Columbia to Nova Scotia. I don't know where I was born and neither do the girls! The only evidence we have to go on is that old letter of my mother's, and I don't know whether that is of any use or not."

"We have your looks—and the girls," said Kit, doggedly, in the midst of her disappointment. "And I believe them. Do you look only nineteen?" shrewdly.

But Maurice could not rise to the bait of his detested youth.

"I can't believe it," he said, sitting down beside her rather dreamily. "And if I did believe it, I can't go on a wild-goose chase to America trying to find out where I was born. It would use up all the ten months that are left, in any case," and he laughed rather grimly, "even if I had the money to go on."

Kit turned scarlet. She rose rather stiffly and stood looking at him.

"All right," she said. "I'm sorry I said anything, since you seem to care so little. I told you because I knew if you were of age and had your money, mamma would let us be engaged and everything would be right. As it is it may interest you to know that another man has proposed to me, though, of course, I shall never be forced to marry him!"

She moved toward the door with some dignity after that suggestive threat.

Maurice sprung after her.

"Kit, you torture me," he said as she pushed him away from her. "It would be bad for Mr. Mayne if I lost you through any work of his. Only I don't honestly see what we are to do."

Kit eyed him for one instant where he towered above her, but before speaking she had the grace to hide her head.

"Mr. Mayne is away," she remarked from the depths of Maurice's arms. "Let you and me go and rummage all through his papers. That is one of the things I came for."

"We can't," stoutly. "Here are the girls. Don't tell them, Kit. I couldn't bear to talk of it, and Agatha would never speak of anything else. Write to your mother for the letter."

He kissed her with sudden passion.

"I adore you!" he said. "And whether I am of age or not, I swear no other man shall have you. But I don't think I could bring myself to wade through the dirty wagers of Mayne's affairs in the way you suggest, even for you, my dearest."

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Crocheted Sweater

THIS handsome sweater is wholly crocheted in blocks of plain and crossed double crochet. The body of the sweater shown was of greenish blue wool trimmed with cuffs and collar of white.

Materials required. From five to seven, skeins of Germantown according to how one works, and the size of the garment made, one and one half skeins of white, one medium-size bone hook.

The work should be firm and close but not tight; however it is almost better to err in this direction, than to work too loosely. An even stitch or tension one should try to maintain throughout for if stitches here and there are large and loose the weight of the finished garment, will cause these loose stitches to pull out and become holes.

Directions for Sweater

For 36-inch sweater begin by making chain 95 stitches. This chain is the bottom of the back of the sweater.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 4th st. from hook, 1 d. c., in each of the next 3 sts., then 1 d. c. in second st. from last double, now holding the work down between thumb and finger, make 1 d. c. behind last d. c. in the chain st., which was skipped. These 2 doubles make 1 crossed double. Skip next st., 1 d. c. in next, then 1 d. c. behind this d. c. in the st. skipped. Now look at the work closely, for one block of 4 d. c. and 1 block of 2 crossed doubles have been completed and the whole garment is made of these two different blocks. In next 4 sts. work 4 d. c., then 2 crossed doubles, repeat to end of chain, making 30 blocks in all, ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—2 crossed doubles over the 4 d. c., work these through nearest loop of each st., next 4 d. c., worked through further loops of each st., next 1 x d. blk. worked as before then 1 d. c. blk. In making these blocks extreme care should be used in working each in the right 4 stitches or in placing each block directly over the one below it. Also notice that the x doubles are always worked on nearer loops and plain doubles on further loops. Finish each row with ch. 3, before turning.

A striped rather than a blocked effect may be obtained by working blocks of x ds. over x ds. and plain d. c. on plain d. c.; if one finds it confusing to place the blocks alternately or even a simpler and yet effective pattern may be worked out by blocks all of doubles, in this way; 4 d. c. on nearer loops, 4 d. c. on further loops, 4 d. c. on nearer etc., next row alternate the blocks, for instance if last 4 d. c. come on nearest loops make first block on next row on nearest loops, then 4 d. c. on further loops, 4 d. c. on nearer loops. Before beginning the sweater it would be well for one to make a small sample of these different patterns, then a choice can be made and by so doing one will also become familiar with the work. As the directions for this sweater are given in blocks,

without working over last 2 sts., either a x d. of 2 d. c. in the previous row, ch. 3, turn. (29½ blks.)

23rd row.—Drop one half blk. (29 blks.)

24th row.—Drop one half blk. (28½ blks.)

Now by dropping one half block at a time make the rows as follows:

25th row.—28 blks.

26th row.—27½

27th and 28th rows.—27 blks.

29th row.—26½ blks.

30th row.—26 blks.

31st row.—25½ blks.

32nd row.—25 blks.

33rd row.—24½ blks.

34th row.—24 blks.

35th row.—23½ blks.

36th and 37th rows.—23 blks.

38th row.—22½ blks.

39th row.—22 blks.

40th row.—Drop 1 blk. each end leaving 20 blks.



CROCHETED COAT SWEATER.

17 more rows of 20 blks. each. This completes the back, break wool.

For each front start at the bottom with 14 blocks.

20th row.—14 blks.

21st row.—13½ blks.

22nd to 30th rows.—13 blks.

31st row.—12½ blks.

32nd to 34th rows.—12 blks.

35th row.—11½ blks.

36th and 37th rows.—11 blks.

38th row.—10½ blks.

39th row.—10 blks.

Now tie a white thread into the edge of the work on which one has decreased or dropped stitches. Next 10 rows 10 blks each, next or

50th row.—Drop one half blk. on the edge opposite white thread. (9½ blks.)

51st row.—Drop one half blk. (9 blks.)

52nd row.—8½ blks.

53rd row.—8 blks.

54th row.—7½ blks.

55th, 56th, 57th rows.—7 blks. each. Break thread.

After both fronts are finished, join 7 blks. on each shoulder, to 7 blks. on the back, leaving 6 blks. in center back for neck. The seams are

stronger if done on the wrong side, slip stitching through each stitch. To do this hold edges even, right sides together, run

hook under both loops of a st. of each edge, draw a

loop through and through the loop on the hook also, in joining seams under the

arms slip st. in same way excepting where half blks. are dropped, by working a

few stitches of single crochets here, the line can be

evened up a little. Care should be taken on this

seam to join row to row as nearly as possible.

After joining shoulders, single crochet from end of

2nd row from seam on one front, across back of neck

to 3rd row on opposite front, turn s. c. back to 4th

row, turn s. c. back to 5th row. Break thread, and

s. c. from edge of one front where work begins to slant

off to opposite side. All

of these rows of singles should be done closely to

draw up and hold in the neck of the sweater. Now continue working down the front

edge as the border is of single crochet.

Border

In making the first row of the border work at least 3 singles in end of each row, more if

necessary, the work should not be at all tight or when the border is finished the body of the sweater will be puckered. One should also be careful not to work this first row simply over the end doubles of the rows, but into

different stitches, drawing in differ-

ent loops here and there to fill any

holes. S. c. completely around to the

opposite side, around the bottom

2 threads, 1 s. c. in each st., 3 s. c. in each corner st., ch. 1, turn

at top of opposite front.

2nd row.—Skip 2 s. c., 1 s. c. in each st., working through both loops, 3 s. c. in center

st. in corners, skip next to last st., 1 s. c. in last, ch. 1, turn.

3rd row.—Skip 2 s. c., 1 s. c. in each st. 3 s. c. in corners. The slant of the border on each

front should be a continuation of the line from the shoulder. To get this 1, 2 or 3 stitches may

have to be skipped in each row according to how

one works. Make 8 rows. In 9th row

mark places and number of button-

holes, for these simply ch. 7, skip 7

leaving the same number of stitches between each but-

ton. 9 more rows complete border.

Sleeves

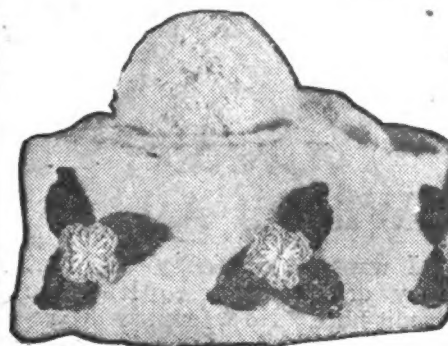
These should be made to fit a pattern

Pockets

Seven blocks wide or a good size is 5 x 6 inches, finished with 1½ border, s. c. all around these, before sewing in place.

Angora Muffler and Cap

Materials required. For muffler, 12 half ounce balls angora wool. Bone knitting needles No. 3. Cast on 50 stitches and knit in plain



EIDER-DOWN CAP TRIMMED WITH CROCHETED ROSES AND LEAVES.

garter stitch until scarf is yard and a half long. Finish the ends with a tied-in fringe of wool.

Skating Cap

For this one will need 9 half ounce balls angora wool, No. 3 needles cast on 160 stitches, knit plain until work is about 12 inches long. Sew the side edges of the knitting together to form cap, gather the top stitches up close and finish with a large full pom-pom of the wool.

The left side is trimmed with a crocheted wing of white zephyr edged with old rose wool and finished off at the base of the wing with a smaller pom-pom of the angora wool.

Directions for Wool Wing

The wool wing which decorates the side of the cap is shown in detail (Fig 1).

It can be made of either the double eider-down Germantown or heavier wool.

Begin with ch. 18, turn, 16 s. c., ch. 1, turn, 7 s. c., 3 s. c. in next st., 8 s. c., worked through only the further loop of each st. to give the

ribbed effect.

Ch. 7, turn. 6 s. c. on ch., 1 s. c. on each s. c., 3 s. c. in center, 7 s. c., ch. 8, turn, 7 s. c. on

ch., s. c. on s. c. always making 3 s. c. in center

st., ch. 8, turn, s. c. to end, ch. 7, turn, s. c. to

end, ch. 8, turn, s. c. to end, ch. 1, s. c. to end,

ch. 9, turn, s. c. to within 6 stitches of end, ch.

1, turn, s. c., ch. 6, turn, s. c. to within 5 stitches

of end. The two extreme points of the wing

now having been completed, continue to work

in this way, decreasing only a couple of stitches

on the short side of wing, on long side

graduate off by only working to within 5 or 6

sts. of previous row, every second row. Work

back and forth until about 24 rows are com-

plete. Then outline with colored wool by slip

stitch and making 1 s. c. into second row of

work every 5th st. Two wings of equal size

are also used on caps, for a front trimming

fastened in place with 3 crochet covered but-

tons to match edge of wings.

Crocheted Flowers

Wool flowers of the most brilliant hues, combined with foliage in natural colors, are the latest development in artificial flower making. Wool, velvet, felt and fur hats are all equally fascinating trimmed in this way. The work is not tedious, as wool works up quickly into the conventional designs, such as buckles, bands and rosettes, and even a running design of flowers and leaves such as is here shown can be fashioned very readily by any worker who is somewhat experienced.

Applique wool flowers such as decorate the



EIDER-DOWN SCARF TRIMMED TO MATCH CAP.

eider-down cap and scarf set are very effective. The flowers and leaves, if leaves are used, are made separately and then sewed in place.

In this set the roses were of dull pink and leaves a dark bottle green.

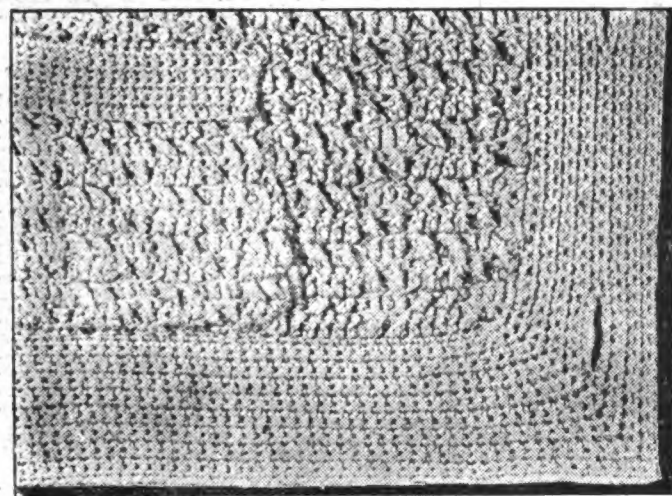
To Make Roses

Ch. 4, join in ring, 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 2 tr. c., 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 2 tr. c., 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 2 tr. c., 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., all in ring. Fasten off and break thread.

The leaves of green wool ch. 7, 1 d. c. in 6th st., 1 d. c. in each next 2 sts., 2 d. c. in next st., 2 d. c., ch. 3 for picot, 2 d. c. in the end st. of ch., 2 d. c. in next st., 3 d. c. in next 3 sts., 1 s. c., draw up closely and break thread.

Sew leaves in place, putting rose in center, then thread coarse needle with white wool and from the center out make three long stitches on each petal.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



DETAIL OF LOWER CORNER SHOWING POCKET AND BUTTONHOLES.

either of the patterns mentioned can be used in following them.

Back of Sweater

Of any pattern of stitches used make 21 rows of 30 blks. following directions for first two rows.

22nd row.—Drop one half blk., that is turn

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Lincoln As a Trial Lawyer

President Lincoln was very clever at catching an adversary. One time in court he asked gravely: "I want to know if I may ask the honorable gentleman a question?" Permission being given, he asked the attorney for the prosecution:

"If three chickens were sitting on a rail fence,



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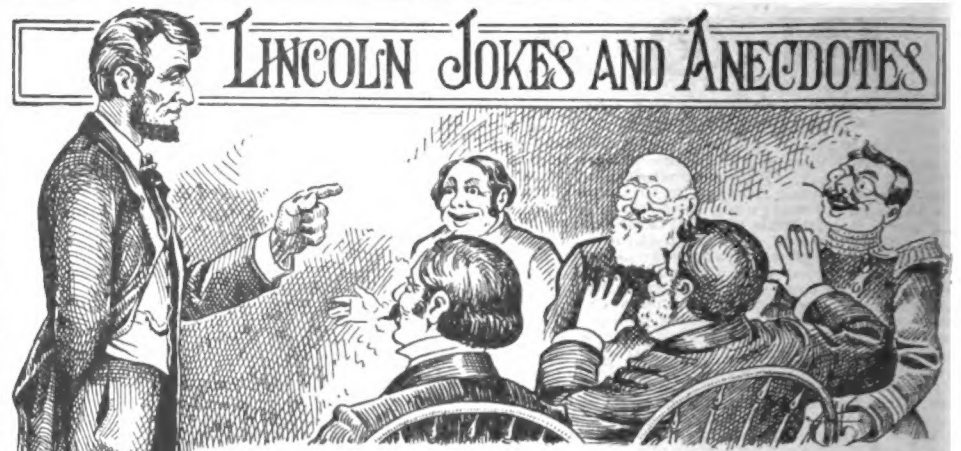
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and you shot one off that rail, how many would remain?"

The lawyer with a grin replied:

"Two of course."

"No, there wouldn't, for the noise made by your gun would frighten the other two away, and so it is with your case against my client. The noise of your argument has driven away all proof of his guilt," Mr. Lincoln's client was acquitted.



Tells of Making Lincoln's Wedding Shirts

A HISTORIC event occurred very recently for the woman who made Abraham Lincoln's wedding shirts celebrated her ninety-second birthday. And part of the celebration was the telling of this important episode of the shirts.

"Eighty years ago there were no sewing machines. We sewed by hand by the light of a sputtering candle," said Mrs. Anna Seaman. "My mother was Mrs. Elizabeth McDaniel. Abraham Lincoln called her Aunty McDaniel. One day he came to our house with a large bundle of muslin. He sat by the fireside and watched the log blaze. 'Aunty McDaniel,' he said, 'I want you to make me a half dozen day shirts and four night shirts.'"

"Why are you going to marry, Abe?" my mother inquired.

"Well, one can't tell what a young man might do," he said.

"So I helped my mother make the shirts. We sewed three weeks on the shirts and two weeks on the night shirts. Some of the shirts had as many as forty plaits down the bosom, but Abraham Lincoln was very plain. We charged a dollar apiece for making the shirts, which were for Lincoln's wedding to Miss Mary Todd."

Rescues a Mired Pig

Lincoln could not stand to see an animal in pain or distress. Once while riding along on the eighty circuit of Illinois, he and his companions were highly amused at the plight of a pig which was stuck in the mud and squealing loudly. Though they all were hilarious at its antics, Lincoln could not stand to go off and leave the animal helpless, and in spite of the jeers and protests of his companions he went to the pig's rescue and pulled

ed it out, saying:

"If that farmer lost his pig, the poor little children might have to go barefoot all winter."



Lincoln and His Stepmother

Uncle Joe Cannon's memories of Lincoln are replete with incidents. The last time he saw Mr. Lincoln was on a train just before his inauguration. He heard a man in the crowd ask the question:

"Abe be you going down to see your mother?"

The answer came quickly:

"I am going to spend a day visiting her before I go to Washington to take the oath of office."

Mr. Lincoln referred to his stepmother to whom he was devoted. This was the last time he ever saw her.

Only Cut Her Own Finger

General Horace Porter says of Lincoln he did not tell a story for the sake of anecdote, but to point a moral, or to drive home a fact. In discussing England's assistance to the South and how after the collapse of the Confederacy, England would find she had added but little and only injured herself, he said:

"That reminds me of a barber in Sangamon county. He had just gone to bed when a stranger roused him, announcing that he must be shaved, that he had a four-day-old beard, was going to a ball and that he must have it removed. Well, the barber got up reluctantly, dressed and fixed the man in his chair with a back so low that every time he bore down on him he came near dislocating his neck. He lathered the man's face, nose, eyes and ears, stropped his razor on his boot and dived at the man's face as if he were about to mow a stubble field. He made a bold swath across the right cheek, carrying away the beard, a pimple and two warts. The man's cheeks were so hollow that the barber conceived the idea of sticking his finger into the man's mouth to press out the cheeks. Finally he cut

through the cheek and into his own finger. He pulled out the finger, flipped off the blood and glared at his victim and said: 'There, you lantern-jawed cuss you've made me cut my finger.'

"Now," said Mr. Lincoln, "England will find that she got the South into a pretty bad scrape by trying to administer to her and in the end she will find she has only cut her own finger."



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Lincoln Autograph

In the Library of Congress there is a very small collection of Lincoln autographs but among them are two interesting papers in President Lincoln's own handwriting. One of them is part of his last message to Congress which was certified to by the late John Defrees, who was the

LINCOLN JOKES AND ANECDOTES

Public Printer at that time. It reads as follows: "If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an Executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another, not I must be their instrument."

"In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it."

Courtesy to an Old Woman

After his election to the Presidency, an old woman whom he called "Aunt Sally" came from New Salem to say good by to "Abe" before he started for Washington to be President.

He was standing in the room placed at his disposal in the old state capitol talking with a couple of men of national renown when the old woman entered, visibly embarrassed. He saw her at once and walked across the room to meet her. Taking both her hands in his he led her to the seat of honor and presented his distinguished visitors to her, putting her quite at ease by saying:

"Gentlemen this is a good old friend of mine. She can make the best flapjacks you ever tasted, for she has baked them for me many a time."

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A Lincoln Story

During the Civil War, Colonel Archibald Alexander of Kentucky, went on to Washington, to consult Lincoln, about getting up a regiment of Union soldiers from Kentucky. There had been none up to that time.

Reaching Washington, he went up to the President's office, and took his seat among the large crowd waiting in the ante-room, to be heard for one cause or another. When his turn came to go in to see the President, he said to Mr. Lincoln:

"I don't think you have as easy a job here, as some people might think. It reminds me of the story of an Irishman."

"The Irishman had moved into a new village, and soon made himself very obnoxious to the people, and they determined to get rid of him, and so rode him out of town on a rail."

"Some one meeting Tim, asked him how he liked his ride."

"He replied, 'Begorra, if it wasn't for the honor of the thing, I'd rather go a fut.'

Mr. Lincoln burst into a loud laugh, and said: "Come into the other room, and tell the story, to Stanton."

He retold the story, and Stanton seemed to enjoy it as much as Lincoln. The Colonel got his commission, returned to Kentucky, and raised a regiment, the first from that state, as the records show.

Misapplied Philanthropy

President Lincoln often went to Judiciary Square to visit the big hospital there. Upon one occasion he and his party noticed a lady just ahead of them going through the wards, passing out tracts from a large bundle which she carried.

She seemed to hand them out without looking at them. A wounded soldier received one and as he read its title he burst out laughing. The President mildly reproved him, saying:

"I wouldn't do that, when I was a boy, I received a tract that has helped me through life."

The soldier held up the leaflet and said, "But you would laugh at this one, Mr. Lincoln, it is called 'The Sin of Dancing,' and both my legs have been cut off at the knees."

The President then joined heartily in the soldier's laughter. "Mr. Johnson," the President remarked to his companion, "this is good evidence of misapplied philanthropy."

"I wouldn't do that, when I was a boy, I received a tract that has helped me through life."

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To the Mother of Five Soldier Boys

Cleveland boasts of a family that holds revered memories of the martyred President Lincoln. There were five brothers, all of them young men, in the Federal army during the war, and one of them, a youth of nineteen, after a particularly fierce campaign found himself laid up in a Washington military hospital.

As he was in a pretty bad way his mother came on from her home in Cleveland to look after him. After he had managed to pass the crisis of his illness and when he was able to be moved, his mother went to the White House to see the President to ask his discharge from the army. She had no letters of introduction, no one to use influence to aid her, but she did not need them. Her simple story was sufficient. She saw the President, and in his kindly way he questioned her. She told him all about her five soldier boys and when she had finished her story, Mr. Lincoln stepped to his desk and wrote an order for the young soldier's discharge.

"Take that madam," he said, "and get your boy. Then bring him here to me. I want to talk with him."

But Mr. Lincoln had not finished with his visitor. He gave an order to a secretary, the White House carriage was sent for and the young man's mother was driven to the hospital. Then she and the convalescent soldier rode back to the White House where they dined. Later on the President handed the mother two railroad tickets to Cleveland and a document stating that it was his (Abraham Lincoln's) wish that the young soldier be given a position in the government service whenever he desired it. Later on the young man got a position in the United States Treasury department at Washington which he held for more than a quarter of a century.

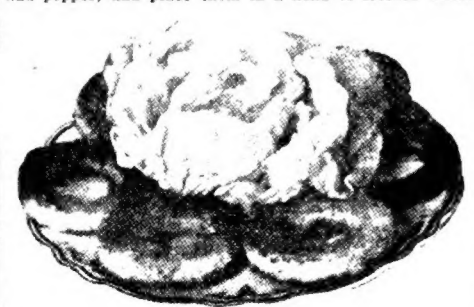


Comfort Sisters' Recipes

SO many times in the making of croquettes the mixture is not firm enough to handle and to remedy this and make it mold easily, soak a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in a little cold water and dissolve in boiling water, using as small a quantity of water as possible. Stir this into the croquette mixture and set in a cool place till the gelatine has had time to harden. Then shape and fry in the usual manner. The heat of frying melts the gelatine so that it cannot be detected, unless perhaps the croquettes are a little better than usual.—Ed.

SQUASH SOUP.—One half cup cooked squash, one pint milk, two slices of onion, one tablespoon of butter, two tablespoons of flour, salt and pepper to taste. Rub the squash through a sieve. Scald the milk with the onion and add to squash. Season and blend with flour and butter.—Ed.

HARLEQUIN SALAD.—Peel and chop fine cold boiled potatoes, add to them finely chopped boiled chicken, the proportions being equal. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and place them in a head of lettuce where



HARLEQUIN SALAD.

the heart has been taken out. Pour over them a salad dressing made of one teaspoon of mustard, a tiny pinch of salt, the beaten yolks of two eggs, melted butter the size of an egg, one can of condensed milk, two thirds of a cup of vinegar, adding lastly the beaten whites of the egg. Serve it with rings of toast arranged around the outside of the lettuce.

MARY H. NORTHEED, Salem, Mass.

TOMATO AND CELERY SALAD.—One can solid tomatoes, one cup chopped celery, one large chopped onion, two hard-boiled eggs, one half teaspoon mustard, salt, pepper, paprika and vinegar to taste. Mix the tomatoes, celery, onion, and chopped egg whites together. Rub the mustard and egg yolks until smooth with a little vinegar and add to the salad. Then add other ingredients to taste. This should be kept in a cold place for several hours before using, so the various flavors blend. It is better the next day after making.

MRS. S. Y. Z., Idaho.

HOMINY.—Shell a gallon of large grained, white corn, put in aenameled dinner pot, cover with water in which three tablespoons of baking soda has been dissolved. Let this soak over night: in the morning put on a hot fire and let boil two and one half or three hours, or until the husks are all loose and will slip easily from the grain. Now drain off all soda water. Put corn in a large dishpan and wash in several waters until the husks are all washed out. Then put back on the stove and boil a few minutes each in three or four waters. Drain all water from it, mix in a little salt and put away in a stone jar. Use when preferred.

MISS MARY BROWN, Brandon, Texas.

CREAMED TURNIPS.—Pare the turnips, cut in small pieces and boil in plenty of hot salted water. When done drain in a colander and put into a pan or dish. Add one teaspoon of butter in a small saucepan, and when hot add a level teaspoon of flour; stir till smooth, but not brown; add half a pint of milk and stir until it boils; add half a teaspoon of salt and pour over the turnips.

MISS MARY BROWN, Brandon, Texas.

BAKED SALMON.—Clean the fish, rinse it and wipe dry, rubbing well inside and out with pepper and salt and fill with a stuffing made of bread, a small amount of butter and season with sage or thyme: tie a thread around the fish to keep the stuffing from coming out and place in pan to bake. Sprinkle first with pieces of butter and dredge with flour, and put a pint of hot water in the pan to bake with. Bake one hour, or till the fish is done. This will depend on the size of the fish and the heat of the oven. Serve with mashed potatoes, with slices of lemon placed on fish.—Ed.

SALMON CUTLETS.—Mix leftover salmon with white sauce and set away to cool. When cool, cut into strips and shape into oval, choppepec and roll in cracker crumbs. Let dry and fry in hot fat till a golden brown. Serve with peas.—Ed.

SALMON FISH BALLS.—Use an equal amount of freshly steamed salmon and freshly boiled potatoes. If the salmon must be boiled, boil salmon and potatoes together in just enough water to cover and very slowly. Mash the potato and pick up the fish with a fork.



SALMON FISH BALLS.

Mix together with pepper; salt and butter enough to season, and hot milk or cream to shape into balls. Try out slices of salt fat pork and fry balls in the fat, using it very hot. Serve balls on lettuce leaves with the slices of salt pork.

agree with her and agree with Mrs. Clyde Jones that there are as many happy marriages contracted in youth as in middle age. I was married when but seventeen years old and there are few more happy unions than ours. I agree with Mrs. Clyde Jones in that a woman should never let a man know she is "a fool over him," but, on the other hand, I know a man who was married to a woman who did not believe in letting him know she loved him and consequently he neglected her in turn. They lived together but a few months and then were divorced. He is married now to a woman who believes in letting him know she married him for love and while he is not a demonstrative man he enjoys being petted, though married to No. 2 nearly ten years.

What do the sisters think about the difference in the age of husband and wife? I know of cases where there are as many as eighteen years' difference and they are perfectly happy though in one case I know of, the man cares only to stay at home and the wife likes to enjoy life among people, so often he goes just to please her. My husband is ten years my senior but as young in spirit as I am.

Sister Pearl Whitt, will you please send in "The Devil's Soliloquy" in full? I think it fine.

As for suffrage: I have lived the greater part of my life where many men are employed, men of the laboring and business class, and have known doctors, lawyers, teachers, etc., and among them are only two or three who thought "women were too good to vote." The majority of men are afraid to have women vote because they know they will have to give up much of their licentious pleasures, such as white slave dens, gambling and drinking and women will surely abolish them though it will take years and years because people in general are so corrupt. For instance, look at Oregon and Washington (I speak of them especially because I have lived there and know.) Adherents of

BAKED SQUASH.—Cut medium-sized squash through center, scrape out all seeds, then fill squash with fried sausage, seasoned. Fasten the two halves together with small pieces of wood and bake for two hours in hot oven, turning squash occasionally.

MRS. J. W. DIKEMAN, Ft. Morgan, Colo.

SOUP MILK BISCUIT.—Thoroughly sift one quart of flour and rub into it a piece of butter the size of an egg, add a teaspoon of salt and stir in a pint of sour-milk in which one teaspoon of soda has been dissolved. Get it in shape quickly, kneading as little as possible, roll about half an inch thick, cut with a biscuit cutter and bake in a quick oven.

MRS. WILLIAM GARDINER, Youngstown, Ohio.

CANNED PEACHES SERVED WITH RICE.—Cook a quarter of a pound of rice in three cups of milk, with a pinch of salt. When tender and while very moist add a tablespoon of Granulated Sparkling Gelatine dissolved in two tablespoons of boiling water, and three tablespoons of sugar. When cooked and beginning to stiffen, stir in a cup of whipped cream. Serve in ring form with peaches in center.

MRS. E. L. B., Norwich, N. Dak.

SPIDER CORN CAKE.—Stir one half teaspoon of soda into one half cup thick, sour cream; sift together three quarters cup of corn-meal, one quarter cup of white flour, two level teaspoons baking powder and one half teaspoon of salt. Beat one egg light, add one half cup sweet milk, then sour milk and soda and stir in all dry ingredients. Melt two tablespoons butter in a small frying pan, shaking it to get the butter distributed evenly over the surface, turn in the mixture, then pour in one half cup sweet milk but do not stir it in. Bake twenty-five minutes and cut in triangles.

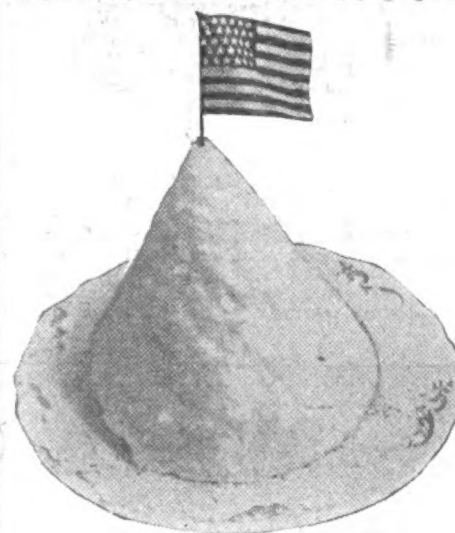
MISS BLANCHE LAWYER, Birmingham, Box 14, Ill.

APPLE RAISIN CAKE.—Mix one cup of bread sponge with one half cup of warm water, one quarter teaspoon salt, three tablespoons each of sugar and lard, one beaten egg and one cup of raisins. Stir in one and one half cups flour, let rise in a warm place and be it down. Turn into a deep pie pan, pare, core and cut three apples into eighths and press on the cake round side up. Sprinkle over a scant half cup of sugar mixed with one teaspoon cinnamon and dash of nutmeg. Dot with butter, let rise an hour and bake slowly in moderate oven. Take from oven and sprinkle with sugar. MRS. FRANCES MCGOY, Woodhull, N. Y.

BANANA CREAM.—Peel and mash six large bananas, add six teaspoons of sugar and rub to a smooth paste, then add one cup of cream, beaten to a stiff froth. Dissolve one package of lemon Granulated Sparkling Gelatine in three quarters pint of boiling water; when cold, stir in the cream and banana mixture. Pour into a mould and set in a cold place to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

EDNA DORRIMUS, Perth, Kans.

PYRAMID POTATO.—Peel, boil, mash and season, a few potatoes, put them into a colander, pressing them



MASHED POTATO PYRAMID.

through to make them smooth; form into a pyramid and top them with an American flag.

PORK CAKE.—One pound of fat salt pork, one pint boiling coffee, one cup molasses, two cups brown sugar, one teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves, allspice, ginger and one half teaspoon nutmeg; one pound of seeded raisins, one pound of currants and one tablespoon of soda sifted in with enough flour to make thick dough. Bake two hours.

SILVER CAKE.—Cream one quarter cup of butter with one cup white sugar; add one eighth cup of milk, one and one half cups flour sifted with one teaspoon baking powder. With flavoring extract add the beaten whites of four eggs.

MRS. MINNIE BLACKBURN, Friendship, Tenn.

CHOCOLATE MARBLE CAKE.—White part: One half cup of white sugar, one quarter cup of butter, whites of two eggs, one quarter cup of sweet milk, one large cup of flour, one half cup coconut and one heaping teaspoon baking powder. Dark Part: One half cup brown sugar, one quarter cup of molasses, one quarter cup of butter, yolks of two eggs, one quarter cup of sour milk, one scant teaspoon soda, one cup flour and one half cup grated chocolate. Vanilla. Put a layer of white batter in the pan, drop the chocolate batter in places and then pour on rest of white batter.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—One half cup of sugar, one cup of milk, one teaspoon butter; scald together; add two tablespoons grated chocolate, yolks of two eggs and three teaspoons corn-starch dissolved in a little cold milk. Stir into the hot milk and sugar until thick and smooth. Flavor with half a teaspoon of vanilla. Line a pie plate with a rich crust, fill with this mixture and bake. Whip the whites of the eggs with sugar, to a stiff froth. Spread on pie and put back in oven to brown lightly.

the "drys" and the "wets" had fought for years, but not until the women got the vote did the "drys" win and then liquor was gone. Of course there is bootlegging, but a woman can now pass along the street without flushing with shame at overhearing profane and vile remarks and insults cast in all directions by drunkards. A few years back she had to stand all these things and so did her children. Is it any wonder the present generation is degraded generally when it had to live in such an atmosphere? Who brought about this change? Women, of course, and where liquor is abolished the white slave dens and gambling dens cannot flourish so well and in their turn will also be abolished. Some women, I'll admit, would be as bad at grafting and greed as the present conditions show the men to be. But, dear Miss Whitt, there is one weak place in your argument: If you feel that women are so good and so far above the men, why need you a Universal Suffrage would abolish graft, greed, selfishness and the mighty evils that do indeed shake the foundations of our Nation, and cause so many to be non-patriotic? Though it is true that some women invite insults by their immodest dress, is that any reason why the laws protecting real women should be repealed? I am a firm advocate of Suffrage but not the militant kind and I agree with you when you say no real woman will countenance that. You quote Uncle Charlie so much. Allow me to suggest that you read some of his sermons in back numbers of COMFORT on the Suffrage question. Many women are moral cowards and therefore afraid to express their convictions by voting for fear of condemnation from those who do not believe as they do.

I also believe motherhood is a duty and a blessed privilege but I also believe in birth control as two, three or four children are all that the average working man can support, to say nothing of education, and where there are so many children the mother cannot



Won't Mamma be S'prised?

This isn't a fancy picture Mamma has gone down town shopping. Nan, Betty and Bobbie are afraid she will not be back in time to make the promised Jell-O dessert for dinner, so they are making it themselves.

As has already been explained in COMFORT, Jell-O is so easily made up that a child can do it.

JELL-O

makes up into the most delicious desserts and salads, and, as it costs only ten cents, is coming to be as generally used in small-town and farm homes as in the city, where it is immensely popular.

In every Jell-O package there is a little folder containing rules, suggestions and recipes for making up Jell-O in all possible forms.

There are seven flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each 10 cents at any grocer's or any general store.

The flavors are pure fruit flavors and the full strength of the flavors is preserved by the air-tight and moisture-proof waxed-paper Safety Bags enclosing the Jell-O inside the cartons.

The price has never changed. It is ten cents to-day just as it has been from the beginning.

The 1917 Jell-O Book is the most beautiful ever issued and it contains more useful information for housewives than any other. Send us your name and address and we will mail you one of the books.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and
Bridgeport, Ont.



This is the package

properly train them and educate them for some work, for work most of them must or starve. Another thing, two thirds of the half million women and girls in dens of vice in this country, and New York especially, are recruited from families of nine or more for the reason they either know no better or cannot support themselves because of the above reasons. Few of our great men of history came from large families. Women with small children cannot hold office and be fair to their children but those whose children are grown or who have not been blessed with any, are as capable as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



Fashion's final word

—Mandel's Magazine for Spring is ready

Send for your free copy. Direct from State Street's distinctive store of style comes this book of style information. It shows the pretty things to wear you so desire.

Sent Tell us now—today—to forward your copy. It offers information difficult to secure in any other way; more than a catalog or price list. Shows garments of accepted, metropolitan design that do not cost more because of style. Many garments are shown in color.

In women's wear, styles are entirely different. Late word from overseas brings new fashions not found in Spring catalogs printed last Fall. Surely you want what is new and modish, so send for this book.

Mandel Brothers
Dept. C Established 62 years Chicago

This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

WE have often heard the remark, "If only I had my life to live over I would live it so differently." But since that is impossible why waste breath on such idle speeches when you can't undo the things you have done in the past. But you can start now and live the remaining years of your life so that you will never again want to say that you would live your life differently if you could only live it over again. If you have only a few years, or even a few days, to stay on this earth, you can make someone happy, you can cheer some sad soul. If you make them happy for only a few minutes you will have made life's burden lighter for them. You don't need to make a man or woman rich to make them happy for riches do not bring happiness. You can make mistakes in about everything else but in making someone happy so if you are really sorry for your past, start now and make good.—Constant Moore.

The above letter from an Arkansas sister impressed me so much and seemed so helpful and encouraging that I am glad to share it with you, and particularly do I hope its message will reach some discouraged sister or brother and bid her or him "Start Now."—Ed.

MICHIGAN.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:
I am sending in a list of subscribers of which one half is to be applied on the Uncle Charlie Home Fund.

I see by the November COMFORT that of COMFORT's family of six million readers, two hundred of them have sent in \$230.00 in subs. and donations. That nearly took my breath away.

November fifth, Billy Sunday finished eight weeks' meetings in Detroit and on the last day the collections amounted to over \$46,000, and before that the people of Detroit had given him an \$8,000 automobile. And they also gave over \$45,000 in other collections to pay the expenses of the meetings, so in all, they gave about \$100,000 for eight weeks' work. I am not saying that Mr. Sunday did not earn his share of the money, but he certainly got it anyway and the people of Detroit gave it to him gladly of their own free will.

Now if one city will give all that money to one man for eight weeks' work, why cannot six millions of the best people on earth raise enough to buy Uncle Charlie a modest but comfortable home to show their appreciation for his fourteen years' work for us, and with him lying on a bed of suffering all that time. Not one in a million in his condition would think they could do anything.

I have read hundreds of letters in COMFORT, many of them telling how the loved and the loved admitted Uncle Charlie for his untiring work in the behalf of sick, sinful and ignorant humanity.

Now, sisters, cousins, brothers all, I motion that we make less flowery speeches and do more real work that we may prove our words by our deeds.

If all who are perfectly able to do so would only give him ten cents (of course the more the better) or get one or two subs. to COMFORT, Uncle Charlie could have his home in a hurry and none of us would ever feel the little we had done.

Now I make another motion, that we who are able to do and don't do, hold our tongues forevermore and never tell or write how we admire Uncle Charlie. So, let's get busy and do something at once while Uncle Charlie is still with us. Post-mortem flowers are no good. They cast no fragrance backward over the life of the one who is forever still. So let's give out flowers to Uncle Charlie now while he can enjoy them. Let's show him that the hearts of COMFORT's millions are in the right place and that we can do as much for him for fourteen years' work as Detroit did for Billy Sunday for eight weeks' work. If we won't do this we don't deserve to be called sisters, brothers, cousins or Christians.

Now let's do our part or hereafter hang our heads in shame and keep still.

I want to thank Mr. Gannett for his interest and the liberal commission he is giving on all subs. to help the Home Fund.

Mrs. C. S.

Mrs. C. S. You must have heard the far-famed Billy Sunday preach for you seem to have acquired his method of dealing solar plexus blows at unrelenting and, worse still, unremitting, sisters, brothers and cousins who profess to admire Uncle Charlie very much but who fail to make substantial proof of their admiration. We thank you.—Ed.

DEER ISLAND, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS, ONE AND ALL:
In reading the October number of COMFORT I feel impelled to answer some of the sisters' letters.

A. B. has my heartfelt sympathy though I never experienced her feelings as my mother was and is one of the best.

I think Mrs. C. Smith is mistaken when she says no one not having gone through the horror of an unhappy marriage can realize it. I have not, but I have known so many cases of the kind and moreover my childhood was spent in a home of trouble and therefore I realize it too well. I think that a woman who lives with a man as his wife when she is unloved and unloving, is a prostitute in the sight of God. I dis-

Treasured Mementoes of Washington's Private Life and Masonic Activities

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

closely together by the association of these trinkets. Scarcely a stage of his life or an event in his career with its early hardships, privations and disappointments but is recalled by some homely little memento. From childhood to old age, as son, lover, husband, citizen, soldier, statesman and friend, his life is intimately revealed by these aged, time-worn, battle-scarred relics.

Here may be seen his white wedding gloves, on either side of the apron, and beneath his farm spurs, to the right his pruning knife and a black glove worn at his mother's funeral, his compass, bleeding and cupping instruments, a piece of sealing wax taken from his desk after death, and the last used by him before his death; a boot strap or garter worn by him at Braddock's defeat, a button cut from the coat worn at his first inauguration, also a button and piece of canvas from his army tent used during the Revolutionary War; a medallion given to him as the founder of the free schools in Alexandria, Va., by D. Eggleston Lancaster, Esq., the founder of the free schools in England his medicine scales and several other minor articles. But of them all the chief interest centers around the little pearl handled pocket-knife, which was a gift from his mother, when he was a mere boy, and which he carried constantly for fifty-six years, for this tiny boyish trinket is given credit for having kept him in the tortuous road to duty when his mind had been definitely set upon his stepping out of military life into more profitable and comfortable tasks. This same circumstance is claimed to have literally changed the map of the world.

Washington was obliged to relinquish his boyhood dream of being a midshipman in the British navy after his mother had already given her permission and his commission had been obtained. He gave up this hope that had been fraught with so much anticipation, with respectful and unquestioned obedience, but he returned to his studies of surveying with the deepest of despair. She apparently expected nothing less and merely considered his obedience to her decision as a matter of course and in keeping with her idea of filial duty. Yet she appreciated his disappointment and when her next order went to England for household supplies, the list included a good penknife. Upon its arrival she presented it to her young son with this injunction: "Always obey your superiors."

All through life he carried the little pocket-knife and upon one occasion he showed it to General Knox, relating the story and his mother's command. Years afterward at Valley Forge, when discouraged and desperate over the attitude of Congress and the pitiable plight of his soldiers, he wrote his resignation and summoned the members of his staff to notify them of his action. Among the officers of the council was General Knox who labored earnestly to dissuade the General, but failed utterly to move him until the story of the penknife came to his mind and, regarding it as an inspiration, reminded the disheartened commander of his mother's injunction, repeating her words: "Always obey your superiors," and adding, so tradition claims, "You were commanded to lead this army and no one has ordered you to cease leading it." The words had the effect of making Washington pause and after a time he tore up the resignation and determined to fight on to the end. Upon the associations of the little humble penknife with its far-reaching influence of early discipline hung for a brief moment, the fate of the starving, shivering army and likewise the future of this nation.

The Kingdom of Our Birthright

In running this series we are not advocating belief in astrology or faith in the pretended talismanic charm of birth-stones, although these beliefs have persisted from remote antiquity and have not a few devotees even in this present age of reason. Yet as myths and superstitions that have dominated through the ages they possess historic interest and educational value. Miss March will appear with a pleasing message next month.—EDITOR.

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THE sign of the Zodiac, Pisces, influences persons born between February 19th and March 22nd, and the study of mental philosophy is of great interest to them. A strong sense of independence makes them desire to earn what they possess, and to make themselves appreciated through persistency and fidelity to the trusts confided in them. They seek knowledge from every



MISS FEBRUARY.

available source and have good memories. Study of self is their great need, for they are often endowed with marked ability in some particular direction, but are slow to recognize and improve opportunity from lack of self-confidence, which may prevent them from pressing forward when the height of their ambition is nearly reached, for they will be anxious and fearful of failure, and imagine that fate is against them, but when once they are aware of their power, they will succeed in all they undertake. Men born between these dates should choose self-reliant people as their friends and business associates. To these persons, giving is a delight, and their charities are many and to outsiders unknown. They are keenly sensitive to the feelings of others, and their manner of giving shows their true character. They should marry women of kind, even dis-

positions, who will reason well, but not be too self-assertive.

In childhood they must have the right start in life, for they are very likely to stick to whatever they embark on. Punctuality and the necessity of keeping promises should early be taught. Parents must never break faith with them through acts inconsistent with their teachings.

Women born under this sign have a fine, artistic nature, an unusual quickness of perception, and will succeed in any line that interests their mentality. They will be of good disposition and kind to the poor. Love of luxury and self-indulgence are liable to prove their undoing, unless controlled by their innate conscientiousness and thoughtful tendencies. A prodigal use of time may result in unpleasant domestic conditions.

May all who read, value every word of the following quotation:

"Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever!"

The Magic Influence Imputed to the Amethyst, the February Birth-Stone

In steps Miss February to hail the return of Saint Valentine, whose deeds of love and charity have endeared him to all the world, and caused his birthday, February 14th, to be set apart as sacred to his memory.

The legend of Saint Valentine's life is beautiful, marked by self sacrifice and fidelity to duty. Called the Patron Saint of Lovers, he suffered martyrdom for marrying love-lorn couples secretly, in defiance of the Imperial Edict.

Symbolic of pure love is the amethyst, and men and women born in February will do well to wear this stone as a continual reminder of its significance, and thus make their lives more purposeful. Sarah Bernhardt, now called "The Immortal," gives the following recipe for keeping off old age: "Love people, love life, love work and you will never grow old. I love, and am loved. I work incessantly, and therefore I am young at seventy-two years of age."

How to Make Miss February

Those celebrating Saint Valentine's day may find a description of Miss February useful. Use a store doll or make one by putting a stuffed head and arms on top of bottle. Use water colors for the face and tint the arms pink. Make dress of red crepe paper, using white for the skirt and waist trimming. Cut white paper hearts and decorate skirt, using crossed hearts with an arrow interwoven at center-front. Also use a large heart across front of waist. Make a cocked red crepe paper hat, and on the front paste two white hearts with a white arrow piercing them. Cut a cupid from stiff cardboard and attach to stick which is held across the right arm.

Alexandria and No. 22 fall in line with Mt. Vernon as a mecca for touring Masons. Though the original lodge room was destroyed by fire many years ago quite a goodly number of the valuable relics were saved and a few pieces of the original furniture. When the city hall was built the exact spot was reserved for the use of the lodge upon which had been located the original council chamber. The old treasures were restored, more added and the room has gradually taken on the very aspect that has been the aim and hope of the devotees of the craft. It does not impress the visitor other than as a memorial hall, which is as it should be in view of the fact that the Masonic fraternity of the United States is deep in the plans for erecting upon this very site a memorial to Washington the Mason, which shall be a National affair and which shall endure to the end of time. In it it is proposed to have deposited in a fire-proof repository, a hall of fame, the treasured relics and time-honored souvenirs of the life of the Father of His Country which have been safeguarded so reverently throughout the last hundred years. There they will be safe from the touch of the vandal and secure from the ravages of time and the elements to remain for the benefit of posterity and for the adulation of generations of Masons yet to come.

While the majority of people know that General Washington died at Mt. Vernon at twenty minutes after ten on the night of Saturday, December 14, 1799, and that his body was deposited in the Old Tomb at a few minutes past three o'clock on Wednesday, December 18th, there are many who do not know that he was interred with Masonic ceremonies.

The old minutes of Lodge No. "22" has an account of this historic event.

In attendance at the bedside of the General during his last illness and when he expired were three physicians, Doctors Dick, Craik and Brown, the first two of whom were Masons and members of Washington's own lodge, No. "22." Doctor Dick being Master. On Monday, Dec. 16th, 1799, a funeral lodge was called with Doctor Dick presiding, Colonel George Deneale, senior warden pro tem, and Colonel Dennis Ramsey, junior warden pro tem. At this meeting the plan of the services was arranged and early on the morning of Wednesday, December 18th, the lodge and visiting brethren, under escort of the militia and citizens of Alexandria, started for Mount Vernon, where they arrived about 1 P. M.

The funeral procession moved in the following order: First the troops, horse and foot; next the clergy, Reverends James Muir, Thomas Davis, William Madit and William Addison, the first three of these being members of No. "22," the General's horse with saddle, holsters and pistols, led by two grooms, Cyrus and Wilson; music; guard of honor; then the bier, borne by four young lieutenants of the 106th Regiment Virginia Militia, namely Lawrence Hooff, Jr., James Turner, George Wise and William Moss; pall bearers, Colonels Charles Stimm, Dennis Ramsey, William Payne, George Gilpin, Charles Little, and Philip Marstella, all Revolutionary officers, Masons and all members of No. "22," except Colonel Marstella, who was not, but whose son, Philip was, and was present with the Lodge. Next came the mourners and then the Masons, in all seventy-nine. Colonel George Deneale, junior warden, commanding the troops, Captain Percy, senior warden, commanding his company, the "Alexandria Blues," Captain Young, a member, commanding the cavalry and Captain William Harper, also a member, the artillery. On arriving at the tomb, the services of the Episcopal church were performed by the Reverend Thomas Davis, Rector of Christ church, and member of the lodge, and the Masonic service by Doctor Elisha C. Dick, Worshipful Master of "22" assisted by Rev. James Muir, Chaplain.

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March Comfort

will be the big 48-page Household Number that every home-maker needs in her business. Its helpful instructions will solve many of your troublesome housekeeping problems. Following are a few of the many

Special Features for March

"Efficiency in the Kitchen" An illustrated article showing how to fit up and arrange the kitchen for convenience and ease and saving of steps.	"The Wizard's Charm" A delightful and amusing tale of how artfully a slighted sweetheart handled her faithless lover.—By Joseph F. Novak.
"A Woman's Intuition" A strong story in which the heroine turns detective to prove the innocence of her lover unjustly accused of murder.	Two Pages of Needlework with illustrations showing new designs in tatting, new patterns in sofa pillows, bureau covers, doilies and other fancy work.
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"How to Feed Your Children" An illustrated article based on recent researches and bulletins by the Children's Bureau of U. S. Government—a help to mothers.	"Decorative Furnishings" with illustrations showing and telling how to make the home more comfortable and attractive with home-made articles.

Special, Low Rate for February Renewals

As an inducement to renew your subscription promptly this month we offer the special, low rate of 30 cents for a 2-year renewal. If you want the Comfort Home Album send 10 cents extra, 40 cents in all for your 2-year renewal and the Album.

If the number over your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes is 341, or any less number, it means that your subscription should be renewed at once. Send in your renewal today, if you don't want to miss March COMFORT. Use the coupon below.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Black cows give white milk.
Truth is the sun of intelligence.
A good life keeps away wrinkles.
One foot is better than two crutches.
Man's extremity is God's opportunity.
Lean liberty is better than fat slavery.
Crows flock together; eagles fly alone.
Good sense is the master of human life.
Rum has drowned more men than the sea.
To give happiness is to deserve happiness.
Deserve success and you may command it.
It is a joy to think the best of human kind.
He is armed without who is innocent within.
Pride in prosperity turns to misery in adversity.
He is a wise man who can wear poverty decently.
A promise is a debt which we too often forget to pay.
A blush on the face is better than a blot on the heart.
Ignore small injuries and they will become none at all.
We easily forget our faults when nobody knows them.
What is money good for if it cannot buy contentment?
More have repented of talking too much than too little.
Hope, deceitful as it is, carries us agreeably through life.
Fortune is a divinity in whom there are no believers.
It were better to be of no church, than to be bitter for any.
If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent one.
They may hope for the best who are prepared for the worst.
Don't make a promise until you know it will not be broken.
If you leap into a well, Providence is not bound to help you out.
We have lynx eyes for our neighbors and moles' eyes for ourselves.
Every man holds in his hand a stone to throw at us in adversity.
Small minds usually condemn what is beyond their understanding.
Nature takes as much pains in forming a beggar as in forming a prince.
If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.
There are more men who have missed opportunity than who have lacked it.
A man cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.
To resort to drink for the ease of one's mind is to cure melancholy by madness.
No one ever did an intentional injury to another without doing a greater to himself.
A mother's a mother all the days of her life; a father's a father till he gets a new wife.
That happiness may enter the soul, we must first sweep it clean of all imaginary evils.
Our lives should be as pure as the snow fields where our footsteps leave a mark, but no stain.
It is a great misfortune not to have wit enough to speak well, or not enough judgment to keep silent.
The error of certain women is to imagine that to acquire distinction they must imitate the manners of men.
Though jealousy be produced by love, as ashes by fire, yet jealousy extinguishes love as ashes extinguish fire.
We drink at the spring of happiness from a broken pitcher—when it reaches our lips there is very little in it.
Every person has three characters: that which he exhibits, that which he has and that which he thinks he has.
An inquisitive person is a creature naturally vacant of thought and therefore compelled to seek outside assistance.

VALENTINE LUNCHEON PARTY



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YOUTH loves Saint Valentine, and old age recalls with a backward glance, that somewhere there is treasured a bold confession of adoration, told on a home-made valentine.

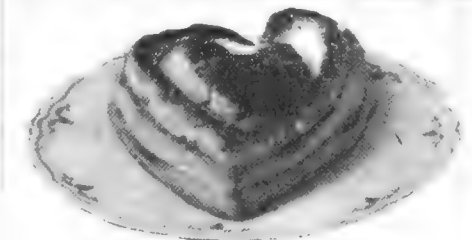
Saint Valentine lived many years ago, and because of his love and charity, February fourteenth was set aside as a festival day in his honor, and the custom has never diminished in popularity.

Shakespeare alludes to this day as being sacred to Saint Valentine, because it was then the birds began to mate, and thus arose, perhaps, the custom of sending sweet messages of love and affection on February fourteenth.

A valentine luncheon seems an ideal way to celebrate the occasion and the following ideas may be carried out with much merriment and small amount of labor.

Make a centerpiece of flowers or twine a heart-shaped piece of cardboard with green. On either side, stand a doll dressed in tissue paper holding an oblong box which is decorated with hearts and tiny envelopes, either done in water colors or cut out and pasted on. The cover of the box should be opened back against doll, and Valentine messages so arranged within that each

bottom—which should measure eight inches across. Cut the heart-shaped centers from the other three, leaving a rim one inch wide. Put all onto the whole bottom, the smallest at the top, and between each rub a very little white of egg so they will hold together, being careful that it does not run onto the edges. Chill and bake in a very hot oven twenty-five minutes, decreasing the

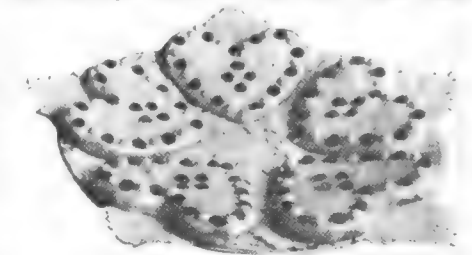


CUPID'S WELL.

heat the last ten minutes. Bake at the same time one of the heart centers.

PASTE.—Sift two cups of flour with one scant teaspoonful of salt, having mixing bowl and flour very cold. Chop into flour with a knife four tablespoonfuls of lard and five of butter, first chilling both. The flour and shortening should be of the consistency of dry meal. Wet with enough ice water to make a stiff dough, adding a little at a time and mixing with a knife. Butter must not be melted by using hands for mixing. Roll into three-cornered shape, bring corner toward center, fold once and roll out.

FILLING.—Boil two thirds cup of thin cream with two cups of granulated sugar until it thickens. In a fine stream pour this onto the beaten whites of three eggs and beat till creamy. Add two cups of chopped dates and one third cup of chopped nuts. Let cool and fill just before serving. Cover the well with baked center



HEART'S DESIRES.

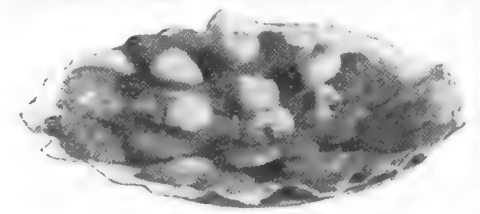
and remove before serving. A few canned cherries or strawberry preserve over the filling gives a valentine appearance, and in the center of well cover, a red paper heart again carries out the idea.

Heart's Desires

Cream one scant cup of butter and slowly add two cups of sugar. When well mixed add two well-beaten eggs, one cup of rich milk and about four and a quarter cups of flour to which has been added three teaspoons of baking powder. Flavor with vanilla. Roll one quarter of an inch thick, cut in heart shapes and bake in a hot oven. Frost with boiled frosting and decorate edges with small candles while frosting is soft, alternating candles in two colors. Make candles into diamond shapes in centers.

Ginger Hearts

Roll hard for one minute one cup of molasses and one third cup of chicken fat. Partly cool, add one slightly rounded tablespoonful of ginger, one and one half teaspoons of salt, one half teaspoonful of soda and flour enough to handle. The best results are obtained by mixing and sifting the dry ingredients together and then beating hard into the molasses and shortening. Set away to get very cold. Roll thin, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a quick oven. Serve with cheese cut into heart shapes, inserting toothpick with which the cheese can be handled.



GINGER HEARTS.

will have a place by itself, thus avoiding any tugging when they are drawn out. To each message, attach a ribbon which is connected at the other end to a place card, which has the name of guest to be seated there written upon it. So when all are seated, each one will pull the ribbon attached to his or her place card, and out of the box will come a Valentine.

At intervals around centerpiece, place hearts with cupid's peering over the tops, and keep them upright by pasting on an angle of cardboard. The wit and genius of Youth will be displayed on these cards in

"...jewels five words long
That on the stretch'd forehead of all Time
Sparkle forever."

Serve Valentine Sandwiches, Cupid's Well, Heart's Desires, and Ginger Hearts, as described below, with a cold drink of equal parts of lemonade and ginger ale, also hot coffee and cocoa. A salad, plain bread and butter sandwiches and fruit will make the luncheon more elaborate.

Valentine Sandwiches

Season finely chopped chicken with salt, paprika and a little onion juice; add enough boiled salad dressing to moisten. Use for filling between buttered slices of white bread, and after sandwiches are made, cut into heart shapes. Garnish with stuffed olives cut in halves. Lightly pressing the cut side onto the bread. Arrange on



VALENTINE SANDWICHES.

plate and decorate the edge with red paper hearts.

Cupid's Well

Cut four heart-shaped pieces from rich paste in graduating sizes, using the largest for the

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

their brothers and perhaps more so for I think when a woman is interested at all, she is more deeply interested than a man.

Like you, May Day, I think we should endeavor to please after marriage the same as before but I think husband and children should share equally in our regard. We should not think more of him because he was first any more than we should care more for our first-born child simply because it was first. But where a mother has a house full of little ones and is not strong enough to keep them all and herself neat, I believe most people, husbands included, would rather see the mother neglect herself a little than neglect the children.

Miss Rose, have you thought of trying a correspondence school? There you can take any special course or a common school course.

If Mrs. Milton and Miss Shaffer will write me enclosing stamp, I will tell them how my mother cured herself of lung trouble.

Grace Wenberg, you must be a veritable sunbeam and I wonder why those who are able to get about do not follow your example when they are more fortunate than you.

I'm sorry I've taken up so much space but I haven't the gift of saying much in few words.

Hoping to see more of the sisters' opinions on some of the above subjects, I am,

A COMFORT sister,

Mrs. J. H. MORVIE,

ILLINOIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please sit over a bit to make room for a new sister? I have read COMFORT three years and like it, especially the letters and recipes, but I cannot send in any new ones for mine are all taken from COMFORT. I save every number of our dear paper.

I enjoyed Mrs. Robert Golden's letter, in the November number.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters who have adopted children as their own. My husband and I are thinking of adopting a little child. Some of my friends advise me to take one from seven to ten years old and others think a little baby the best. We would like a baby.

I am twenty-nine years old and have been married nine years, to a dear husband. We live on a farm. I raise poultry of all kinds and attend to a large garden, as well as my flowers. I have about thirty house plants. I also do a lot of crocheting, so you see I am busy all the time.

With love to the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson.

A New Sister.

New Sister. Are you sure you really want to adopt a baby? Long before this reaches you I hope you will have arrived at a decision as to the most desirable age of adoption and that some little girl or boy is settled in your home "for keeps," for by your indecision you are wasting precious time. In years to come when you will regret the years you existed without her, or him. Since you and your husband are the ones most concerned, I say go ahead and suit yourselves and if you prefer a tiny baby to an older child, by all means take the baby no matter if all your friends disapprove of your choice. You won't be sorry, and I wish you good luck and happiness.

—Ed.

OAKDALE, Brookcroft Bungalow, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Here comes an interested reader from the mountains of Morgan county, East Tennessee. It is a section belonging to the Cumberland Mountains and is just on the border of the Cumberland tableland. Fruit and Irish potatoes do well here. Coal mining is also carried on extensively. Oakdale is located on the Clin-

chinnat Southern Railway, eighty-four miles north of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Brookcroft Bungalow is about ten minutes' walk from the depot and is located in a mountain ravine. Holly and hemlock, seemingly providentially planted about "Brookcroft," cheaters winter of its dreariness and throws in a semblance of green summer on a mantle of snow. Happy Hollow Creek, which almost encircles the bungalow, in time for the ferns, hemlock, laurel and ivy. Rhododendron Falls, on this creek, is named after the flower which grows here. In the fall of the year the happy voices of children and young people are heard as they climb the mountains gathering hickory nuts and chestnuts. Nutting expeditions are quite numerous. Squirrels of the forest vie with the youngsters in search of nuts.

"Brookcroft" is just outside the town limits of Oakdale and here, morning and evening, the cattle belonging to the townsmen pass back and forth on the pike through the ravine to the mountain forests where they roam at large. Cattle run at large in Morgan county and find pasture in the forests. The tinkling of cowbells can be heard for miles around. The bells are strapped about the necks of the cows with leather straps. The hills and valley echo with the sound of cowbells. It is a babel of confusion to a stranger, but not so to an owner of a cow. He can tell by listening for a moment whether or not his cow is in a group some distance away. When a cow fails to come home at night the owner gets out on the mountain and listens for his cow's bell. He calls and the cow recognizing her master's voice, turns homeward. It reminds me of the Man of Galilee who said, "I am the Good Shepherd and know my sheep and am known of mine."

It is a pleasing sight of a Sunday morning when the Oakdale church bells are echoing through the ravine, to behold our mountain neighbors, with ruddy faces and cheerful dispositions, thronging tranquilly along the roadway to Sunday school and church. Many stop to get a drink of water out of the roadside spring at "Brookcroft." A rustic footbridge has been constructed across Happy Hollow Creek at this point, connecting "Brookcroft" with this spring. Christmas Endeavor and Sunday school picnics are quite frequent on the "Brookcroft" premises during the summer months. Basket dinners are spread at Rhododendron Falls. Swimming, picture making and mountain climbing are some of the features of these picnics. At one of these gatherings there were young people present from six different towns.

The grandeur of the cliffs, as they lend themselves to the beauty of the ravine, makes one feel as Napoleon once said to his army in the presence of the Pyramids, "Men, here is where centuries look down upon you."

I send you greetings from Sunny Tennessee.

Very truly yours, Mrs. J. D. BURTON.

OKLAHOMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been reading your good advice and have decided to come to you for help. I am a girl twenty-two years old. I work for my living but am respected and enjoy life single but I detest the name of "old maid" and my friends say I will never marry. I have never met anyone I loved for. I have had chances to marry but have refused them. Do you think I will ever be sorry? Sometimes I think I had better marry someone I merely respect, and not think about loving anyone. Would that be right? I am looking to you for advice.

Your friend, MARY.

Mary, I am inclined to think you meant your letter for Cousin Marion's deparment but since it was addressed plainly to me, I'm giving it space in our department to get the ideas of the good sisters as to what you had better do. Were any of you ever in similar circumstances and what did you do?—Ed.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am coming for a chat with you on the divorce question. I am not in favor of it but still there are some people, men and women both, whom you cannot please, no matter what you do and if you are tied to one of that kind or one who persists in drinking, you are better off to get a divorce for I believe that once they start drinking they will never stop. They may make promises but few stick to them.

I enjoyed May Day's letter very much and think if there were more such homes the divorce courts would have little to do. I have a good husband and try to do all I can to be a good wife. It is never too much trouble for him to help me and I try to do the same by him. He never leaves the house without saying "good by," no matter how short a time he intends to be gone, and I think that a good idea for we never know when we may be the last.

Now girls, whatever you do, don't think of getting married if you don't know how to do anything but crochet a yard of lace or embroider a rose on a pillow. Just stop and consider how far that knowledge goes toward making a home, keeping a man's love, and making one dollar do the work of two.

I advise you to read carefully Uncle Charlie's talks on the vice question. Some of you who are ignorant you are likely to get into these talks but they are all true. Mothers, I think you make a great mistake to read such articles and then burn the book or papers lest your daughters see it, for most girls are ruined through ignorance. I am preserving these talks for my children to read when they are old enough.

Good by, BETSEY.

BARLING, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of your very interesting corner for some time. I belonged to the C. I. O. C. when I was a little girl. I am married and a mother now. All letters about the training of children are of real interest to me.

I haven't the courage to write to Uncle Charlie for my spelling and grammar are too bad. I have, or had, a common school education but in the practical everydayness of our lives we let such things get away from us.

Better Cake and Biscuits

In all recipes calling for baking powder you will get better and finer food and insure its healthfulness by using baking powder made from cream of tartar, such as Royal Baking Powder.

Cream of tartar is derived from grapes—a natural food, as contrasted with phosphate or alum, derived from mineral acids, and used because of their cheapness in the manufacture of some baking powders.

Housewives are sometimes led to use inferior baking powders because of apparent lower cost, but there is little difference in cost in practical use—about one cent for a whole cake or pan of biscuits, which is very little when you consider the difference in quality and healthfulness.

I think we should try to avoid becoming personal in our replies to letters on questions such as equal suffrage, religion or divorce. I believe in equal suffrage, yes, indeed. The men have had the vote all to themselves long enough to have accomplished more good than they have. So I say, give us "a finger in the pie" and see what we will do.

As for the divorce question, or evil, as it is called, I do not know. I have thought it not right to marry again with a living (divorced) husband or wife but it would seem hard to wish all wedded happiness on account of a mistake early in life. We can only have an opinion but would have to meet with the real experience to be able to decide positively.

Circumstances alter cases. I am sure if I did not lose my husband and we did not agree that I would not punish myself or him by living together and raising a family under such unhappy circumstances. It is not fair to the children. A child's nature is much too sensitive and impressionable to live and be healthy in such an atmosphere of discord.

I believe there is room for argument in Mrs. Clyde Jones' letter about managing a husband. You can't treat them all alike. But instead of being too devoted and too good, why not make him do a little of the devotion "stunt"? If he doesn't or will not, try finding something more interesting than a mere man. Live in a comprehensive way for humanity in general, and hubby will wake up and find you really are interesting. Nothing makes a man care quite so much for his wife as the thought that other men admire her for her real worth. I don't mean that any woman should try to attract any man's notice or win his admiration, but to be really worth while as a wife, mother, club worker or whatever niche she fills. Do it well, and do not make your husband your only aim. I have in mind a wife who thinks only of her husband's pleasure, his comfort above all else, and if she doesn't bore him now I expect she will some day. I would try a little neglect and see if he didn't think of my pleasure.

Dear Steppy, don't let it discourage you because your girls are unruly. If all the mothers would speak that have girls of their own who are not the most obedient, I am sure you would feel relieved. They are just normal girls and have been interfered with by well-meaning (?) friends.

I have a boy aged six years and a girl aged two. I want them to be obedient first of all. I have to make my boy mind but if I say "do" he must if it takes real force.

Mrs. Walter Alverson, I have met a few people who could give us real rules for bringing up our children. They usually have none of their own and don't know the first thing about them, because who but a mother can know the petty irritations and nerve-racking worries that these little ones cause us every day. You spell your last name the same as my maiden name. I have never met anyone of the same name outside of our family.

My husband works in the coal mines. He does what is called "company work" now. He used to dig coal.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

The Housekeeper's problem is to serve the most people at the least cost. Here is a delicious dessert that will do it.

Mrs. Charles B. King,
President

KNOX IVORY JELLY

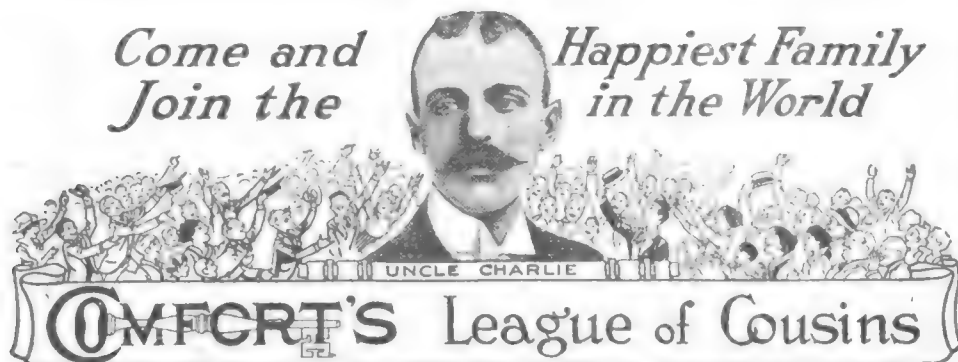
Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1/2 cup milk 5 minutes. Scald 1 cup milk with 1/4 cup sugar, and add soaked gelatine. Strain, cool slightly, add 1 teaspoonful vanilla and turn into a mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Serve with a boiled custard, preserves, melted currant or other jelly or canned fruit.

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To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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HERE is a beautiful little verse written by that wonderful genius Ella Wheeler Wilcox, that I have quoted more than once in these columns. It goes like this:

"So many gods, so many creeds,
So many ways that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs."

On the 3rd of February, 1897, I said good by to the busy world, the life of physical activity, and took to my bed and here I have remained for twenty years. I would not refer to this matter at all—I would rather not—except that I want to make this month the occasion for a plea on behalf of those who suffer. The art of being kind is all this sad world needs but if you want to know how rare kindness and thoughtfulness are in the world break half-a-dozen legs and three or four wings and retire to your couch utterly helpless and see how little the world will do for you if you cannot pay liberally for every service rendered.

In the main human nature is much the same the world over, and there is plenty of kindness and goodness deep down in the hearts of most people, but the trouble is they let it stay there and never give it a chance to get out. Life too is such a ferocious struggle that it develops not the best, but the worst in us. Man is a creature of habit and a victim of environment, and social conditions develop wrong habits instead of good ones, and as the lash of necessity is constantly urging us on, it is the selfish habits that grow like weeds and choke up all the beautiful flowers in the garden of the soul love, pity, mercy, kindness, truth, sincerity and brotherhood. What a wonderful world this would be if you would all get the habit of just being kind. Kindness costs nothing and yet we use it as grudgingly as though we were dispensing twenty dollar bills. If we had learned the art of being kind instead of selfish there would be no war in the world, no poverty, no booze, no white slavery, no exploitation, no ignorance. Instead we should have peace, health, happiness, prosperity, a world beautiful, a heaven on earth.

Life is a growth and all worth-while growth is a growth to goodness, a growth towards God. We grow up like flowers of the field, we bud, we bloom and then the reaper touches us, the petals of our life drop one by one, and we are gathered to his breast and take our home.

What a pity as life is so short that we should fill it with so much misery, wretchedness, meanness, hate, uncharitableness, cruelty, viciousness and unkindness. Here we are chained for a little while to the good ship earth, rushing through endless space, fretting our little hour upon life's stage, and then disappearing to be seen no more. Oh, the pity of it, that with our days but a span, and with everything necessary for our happiness, we should insist on making such poor use of our opportunities and our time. Oh, the pity of it that the art of being kind and just which makes for hell should have replaced the art of being kind and just, which makes for heaven.

There are tens of thousands of churches, tens of thousands of societies, tens of thousands of books, all striving to make men learn the art of being kind, and the results of all this endeavor is pitifully small. In lands where men are savage and ignorant and have been brought to civilization under the white man's civilization, cruelty and indifference to suffering, naturally or unnaturally prevail. In this favored country however, there is no reason why all might not be kind, especially to those who have fallen by the wayside of life, crushed by trouble and sickness. Those who have lived long and blameless lives, but who through economic stress, low wages or misfortune, have been unable to provide for old age, we reward with the poorhouse, usually a miserable den, more suitable for animals than humans and vastly inferior as a rule to the splendid buildings in which the horses of the rich are stabled.

If this country were at war tomorrow, it would spend twenty-five million dollars a day for killing and maiming, month after month, year after year, and think nothing of it. But when you ask it to inquire into this country it grudgingly appropriates a few dollars for an investigation, and later when the investigators hand in their report its findings are ignored and publication is refused until forced by public clamor.

The money that is being spent by any one of the leading powers of Europe for a month's war, if devoted to welfare, would place all the crippled, the sick and the helpless in this country, and there are thousands of such, beyond the reach of want and worry for the remainder of their days. But, alas! no government will learn the art of being kind until the masses of the people learn the art of being sensible and until the art of being sensible and kind is learned, there will be no worth-while civilization, no fact no civilization at all, for civilization cannot come until the golden rule is made the rule of life.

Recently an investigation was made of institutions caring for dependent children (most of them in control of religious sects) in and around the city of New York. In a number of institutions the investigators found conditions vile, heart rending and revolting. Now it is bad enough to ill treat grown ups, but people who under the guise of charity, plentifully sowed with religion, make the lives of children unbearable, well it were better that a millstone were tied about their necks, and they were cast into the sea. Here is what was reported of one "home" not far from where I reside, by a New York daily.

"Conditions most distressing. Children weak, pale and anemic. Close cropped hair, but very thin in shocking quantities. Ringworm, head and scalp diseases and ear trouble. Eighteen to twenty-five children bathing together at one time in six inches of water. Eczema and ringworm prevalence spread by roller towels. Bed and bedsteads dirty and alive with vermin. Dining-room bleak, bare and forbidding and grim silence preserved during meals."

Here's another: "Four combs serve four hundred children. Boys use their clothing for pillows as none were provided. Food very poor, served in dirty, greasy pails. Boys lap soup from plates because there were but sixty spoons for one hundred and twenty boys."

This particular institution got over fifty thou-

sand dollars a year from the city. One child in a dirty bed was found suffering from pneumonia, while nine other sick children, one with chicken pox, were found hidden away in the sewing-room of the institution so as to avoid the inspectors. The dormitories in this institution were so cold the investigators had to wear their overcoats.

In another institution, in the hospital of which I spent ten months, and which has a home for children attached, the inspectors described the scenes in the dining-room as most distressing. The children were found hungrily licking their plates after the meal was gone. Bread was served only twice a week.

This is what the investigators found in another institution, conducted by women who are supposed to be giving their lives to God. If they would only devote their lives to the poor little tots in their care how much more satisfied God would be. In one room that was absolutely barren save for filthy, broken-down beds, one of the windows was broken and left unrepaired for three days, although the weather was freezing. The cold was intensified by a cross draught from open doors. Here on the floor, shivering from cold and all alone, was found a three-year-old boy who was taking off his clothes to crawl into his little bed, a bed dirty almost to blackness and supplied with damp covers. In this institution there were three hundred and ten children needing medical treatment. One boy who was found wearing an old sweater, was found suffering from pneumonia. He had high fever and needed attention, but his temperature could not be taken as there was no thermometer in the building. (Thermometers by the way only cost from sixty-five cents to a dollar.) This institution had one hundred and eighty-seven acres of splendid grounds where the children might have had glorious times. Instead however, the good religious souls in charge of this vile place, had the children herded together in a fenced yard, so crowded together they could not play; and it is of these little ones that Christ said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Here is what the Commissioner of Charities of New York City found in one of the Metropolitan hospitals:

"The sick poor were found sleeping on the bare floor, on benches and even sitting or half reclining on two chairs, with no covering but a single thin blanket. In the morgue bodies of babies were stacked like cord wood along the wall. Adult bodies were lying on the floor in open boxes and in some cases were not even shrouded. In the tuberculosis hospital three persons were crowded into tiny rooms intended for one."

In one of the institutions, a home for aged which was examined recently, an orderly murdered eight of the most feeble and sick of the old people as they annoyed him.

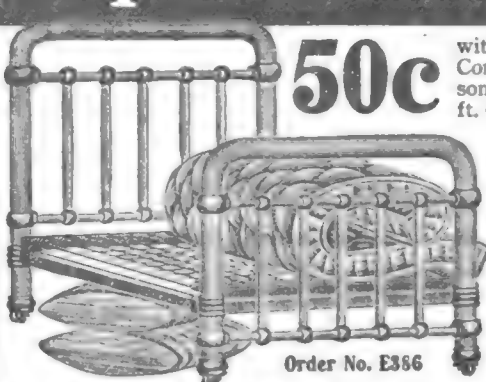
There is a regular scramble by the way among the various institutions to get the city's orphans.

"Is there a profit in the children?" asked the Commissioner who conducted the investigation, of a witness. "Well they get so much a child from the city," the witness replied. "How is that profit used?" again asked the Commissioner. "It might be used to extend or maintain a religious order," said the witness smiling broadly. This witness who is a well-known expert on institutional and social conditions, said that the making of wills leaving millions to orphanages, without any study of social conditions, should be stopped, or at least controlled. "Why in Philadelphia," he added, "there are nine million dollars in two bequests to build institutions for orphan girls. There are not enough orphan girls in all Pennsylvania, by the way, to fill them."

People are continually dying and leaving vast sums for charitable purposes. They take it for granted that the money they leave will be well spent, but probably not one dollar in five is ever used for the purpose for which it was willed. If people who have money to leave to charity would only do some quiet investigating before making their wills, those who always have their claws extended for public and private doles would be more careful how they run the "homes" of which they have charge. Better still people should distribute their money during their lifetime and superintend its expenditure. If they did this they would frustrate the designs of hordes of grasping, parasitical officials, who do practically nothing for the money that is poured into institutions except half starve and neglect those committed to their care, while living on the fat of the land themselves. They also would win the plaudits of the world, and in the smiles and love of the happy little ones they had benefited they would reap a measureless reward. Money that is dragged to the grave and then willed haphazard to the leeches, cormorants, vultures and cold-hearted vipers who usually control and dominate so many institutions the world over, merely perpetuates a bad system and does but little good except to those who handle it. The money willed to institutions and various religious denominations for charitable purposes reaches enormous sums, and yet the inmates of these places are usually starved and neglected and though millions are left to various hospitals there is scarcely a free bed to be had. Right here I stopped and had Maria ring up the richest hospital in New York City, a hospital that receives millions in legacies. Just as I expected it had no free beds and the lowest charge was a dollar and a half a day. Such is charity. It suffereeth long and is ever kind. Yes the same old kind—cold, hard, cruel and pitiless. Just the art of being kind you see is the art that is lacking. I have spent six years in institutions and I know what they are, even the best of them. In one institution in which I spent three and a half years, though terribly emaciated, I never saw or tasted a glass of milk, though I craved and needed milk in the worst possible way. There was the same diet for all, sick or well, and if you could not eat it you starved.

In another institution, when patients were dying their friends were never sent for. Only in one

Just to Prove that "Spear charges Less"



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instance was a relative allowed to stay with a dying patient and for this privilege the party was soaked five dollars. When I entered that institution it was a bitter cold day and I was chilled through. I pleaded for a glass of hot milk. Finding I could not get it I begged for a glass of hot water. The nurse looked scared. There was a hot water tap in the room but nothing warm came from it. The nurse excused herself and disappeared for a while. A few minutes later I heard a high pitched voice raised in anger and the sudden crash of broken glass. In ascending from the kitchen with my glass of hot water, the nurse had been met by the superintendent—one of the typical terrorists who control such places. The nurse explained what the hot water was for. The virago snatched it from her hands, and screamed: "I'll teach you to spoil my patients," and hurled glass, water and all down a flight of stairs. How does that strike you? On one occasion I spent an entire night in a small room with a corpse! Nice, kind well-meaning ladies left preserves and comforts for the sick. Their gifts were tabulated and published in a little magazine, which told of the good work this institution was doing. None of these gifts ever reached the patients. They were immediately confiscated and devoured by the individual in charge of the place. On Sunday a religious service was held in the parlor of this institution, but those who prattled of the Christ never went up-stairs to see the sick, and the good, well-meaning ladies who were "interested" in this institution, never once investigated it or visited the inmates, but saved their conscience by donating the usual pot of jam. If, as we believe, there is a day when all will have to give an accounting for their deeds done here on earth before the bar of divine justice you will find millions of good, self-satisfied, complacent, matter-of-fact Christians, mechanically reaching out for the inevitable pot of jam or jar of preserves. If Billy Sunday were more concerned with the things of this world and less with hell and heaven I would give him a hint to yell daily at the crowds who come to hear him, good people who though having a chance to do practical, Christ-like work, usually close their eyes to the wonderful opportunities presented them for loving service and devotion and care only about saving their playmate souls: "You can't square yourselves with God with a pot of jam. The only way to square yourselves with God is to practise the art of being kind." You who are up and around, healthy and well, think you know something of the world, but you don't. To know the world actually as it is and the people in it, you must become sick, helpless and penniless—then you will know the world and the horror of it. Then you will know that those who need and should have the tenderest care and kindest treatment, are usually treated like wild animals.

My object in writing this article is to awaken the interest of those who have prospered in those who have not and also to remind those who

think that church and prayers constitute all that is necessary and essential for Christian living, and also all that is necessary to gain eternal life, that neither church nor prayers, though good in their way, will get one anywhere unless one lives a life of deeds, a life of sacrifice, service and devotion, a life of thoughtfulness, generosity and kindness. The world has had church and prayers for two thousand years and you've only got to look over in Europe, down in Mexico or round the hospitals and institutions of this and other cities to see how little churches and prayers have lifted the human animal above his savage self, how little he is being lifted from beasthood to manhood and godhood. If you would know what real Christianity, as distinct from sham Christianity is, what real kindness is, listen to this: There is a helpless woman in the South who has been an invalid for many years, and who has all she can do to barely exist. This afflicted woman has unaltered, raised sufficient, by interesting those who have money and by securing Comfort subscriptions, to buy a number of wheel chairs for helpless people whose sad and pitiful condition has been drawn to her attention. This poor creature lately become so helpless that she found it necessary to get an invalid lifter, an expensive contrivance which lifts a helpless person and places him or her in a wheel chair or any other position desired. She could not get the money to secure this invalid lifter, but her indomitable spirit was not to be conquered. She got two or three hundred subscriptions for the Comfort magazine which entitled her to this all necessary contrivance which she so sadly needed. The majority of people would not have done a single thing they would have made their wants known and waited for "George" to do it. But let me finish my story. Just as this noble soul was about to get her invalid lifter, she heard of someone who was sadly in need of a wheel chair. That settled it. The lifter was forgotten and she let all the subscriptions she had collected go to get a wheel chair for someone else, remaining patiently the while on her bed of suffering, happy in the thought that she had made someone else happy. Don't pity her. She is happier than any of you will ever be. She can walk with God and soar with the angels. She has reached heights sublime to which few of you will ever climb. How selfish, crude, savage and mean seem the lives of the average person in comparison with this sanctified spirit. I could tell you of other and similar deeds, for I am in touch with the great brotherhood and sisterhood of suffering, but this will suffice. It is the poor who minister to the poor, the purse proud pass by. All our mercy work for shut-ins and wheel-chair distribution is made possible by the devoted efforts of less than four hundred Christ-like people. Another case of let George do it. I trust this little incident will touch your heart and touch your pocketbooks and enlist the services of those who love in the cause of those who suffer. The average well person has no idea of the cruel wrongs that are practised by the strong and unscrupulous on the poor, the weak and the helpless.

During my twenty years of invalidism I've been the victim of the most hideous wrongs, the most pitiless cruelty. Helplessness instead of affording protection has only stimulated the ferocity of those whose duty it was to show me kindness and consideration. Christ enjoined us to visit the sick. Here's a little idea of how His

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Don't Miss This Chance to Profit by Our Prize Offer

Enter now for the March cash prizes and also make a try for the \$635 Overland touring car. Only two months of the contest left and yet anyone entering now has a chance to win the automobile besides big March and April monthly cash prizes. Read prize offer on page 45 and make a start immediately.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON PARTY



By Ella Gordon

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GORGE WASHINGTON, the father of our country, was born in the year 1732, on the twenty-second day of February, and so long as our country lives, shall we do homage to his memory and derive inspiration from his exalted character by a fitting celebration of the anniversary of his birthday.

No form of decoration could be used with more appropriateness for a social celebration of Washington's birthday than the national flag with drum and eagle.

For a centerpiece take a blonde doll, dressing it in red, white and blue paper. Make a hat of two American flags. Set doll in center of round piece of wood, and around the edge bore tiny holes in which flags may be held upright. Around the centerpiece at regular intervals, place for drums on which are perched small American eagles. Make three-cornered bonbon boxes of red stiff paper, the shape being suggestive of the three-cornered cocked hat characteristic of the Continental army. For covers, use a doll holding a small flag and wearing a silver cap.



WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY SHIELDS.

The place cards are made of paper, shaped like ice-cream cones and covered with silver paper. Put a tiny flag in the top of each.

The following recipes are offered as suggestions for a Washington birthday luncheon.

Washington Birthday Shields

Cream with a spoon half a cupful of butter with one tablespoonful of lard and add, very gradually, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a pinch of ginger and a saltspoonful of salt and two squares of melted chocolate. Add two well-beaten eggs and three tablespoonfuls of milk in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Stir in just enough sifted flour to handle. Roll quarter of an inch thick, cut in the shape of shields and bake in a quick oven. Frost with boiled frosting and cover the upper third with a thin layer of chocolate frosting. Make ten verticle stripes of the chocolate frosting and thirteen stars of the white frosting on the chocolate covered upper part.

Washington Cherry Cake

Cream one third cup of butter, add one and one half cups of sugar, a little at a time, and cream all together. Measure two and one quarter cups of sifted flour, and sift again with one quarter of a teaspoonful of soda and a scant three quarters of a teaspoonful of cream of tar-

tar. Have measured half a cup of milk. Add milk and flour alternately and beat smooth, and lastly add the whites of five eggs that have been beaten stiff. Pour into a round tin that has a hole or funnel in the center. Bake in moderate oven till the cake shrinks from pan—about forty-



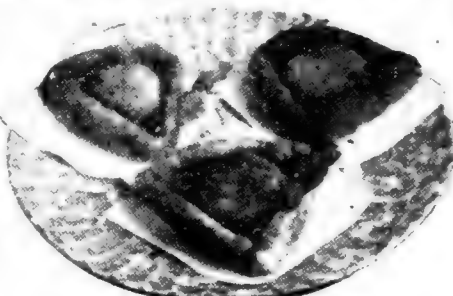
CHERRY CAKE.

five minutes. Cover the bottom of a large plate or agate pan with rose geranium leaves, and place the hot cake on them, and it will give a delicious rose flavoring. When cold, cover with white frosting. Cut even narrow strips of citron and press into frosting before it is quite set, marking the cake into even sections. Decorate with clusters of fresh cherries, or if they cannot be obtained, use candied cherries, pressing them slightly into frosting before it is set.

Washington Birthday Hats

Make rich paste by sifting two cups of flour with one scant teaspoon of salt, having mixing bowl and flour very cold. Chop into flour with a knife four tablespoonfuls of lard and five of butter, first chilling both. The flour and shortening should be the consistency of dry meal. Wet with enough ice water to make a stiff dough, adding a little at a time and mixing with a knife. Don't melt the butter by mixing with the hands. Roll into three-cornered shape, bring corners toward center, fold once and roll thin. Cut into three-cornered pieces, then cut the corner off about one inch. Moisten corners, fold edges over and press corners together so the corners will be sharp and the folded edges form an upturned hat brim.

HAT CROWNS.—Mash two cups of cranberries, add one quarter of a cup of water and boil fifteen



WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY HATS.

minutes. Stir frequently. Press through a fine sieve, add two cups of sugar and cook four minutes. Pour just enough into cups to make desired height to hat crowns. Put jelly into pastry just before serving.

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Isn't it time we were in our places for the reception?

"Yes, yes; run along, all of you. Lead the way, Nellie, please—you know how to go up through the billiard-room," said Mrs. Goddard, nervously, as she gently pushed the girl toward the stairway. Then bending toward Edith she whispered, imploringly:

"I beg, I entreat you, Edith, not to spoil everything—everybody will wonder why you are not with the others, and I cannot explain why you refused to stand with my brother. Go! go! you must not keep my guests waiting. Edith, take her," and with an imperative gesture to her brother, she swept on toward the stairway after the others to arrange them effectively in the drawing-room.

Edith Correll shot a searching look into the face of the girl beside him.

It was cold and proud the beautiful eyes still glowing with indignation.

"Parlous me just this once," he said, humbly, "and let me add my entreaties to my sister's, and he tried gently to force her toward the stairway."

"Go on," she said, haughtily, "and I will follow. Since I have been tricked into this affair so far, a little more of the same folly cannot matter, and rather than subject Mrs. Goddard to a public mortification, I will yield the point."

She made a gesture for him to proceed, and he turned to obey, a gleam of triumph leaping into his eyes at her concession.

Without a word they swiftly made their way back into the house and down to the elegant parlors where, at the upper end of the first object to greet their eyes was a beautiful floral arch with an exquisite marriage bell suspended from it.

On either side of this the bridesmaids and ushers had taken their places, and into the center of it Edith Correll now led his companion.

And now ensued the last and most fiendish act in the dastardly plot.

Hardly were they in their places when the guests came pouring into the room, and the ushers began their duties of presentation, while Edith, with a sinking heart, but growing every moment more indignant and disgusted with what appeared to her only a horrible and senseless mockery was obliged to respond to hundreds of congratulations and bear in silence being addressed as Mrs. Correll.

Once, when there was a little pause, she turned haughtily upon the man at her side.

"Why am I addressed thus?" she demanded. "Why do you allow it? Why do you not correct these people and tell them to use the name that was used in the play rather than yours?"

"Perhaps they forget—I suppose it seems

more natural to address me by my name," he faltered.

"I do not like it—I will not submit to it a moment longer," Edith indignantly retorted.

"Hush! it is almost over," said her companion, in a swift whisper, as others came forward just then, and she was obliged, though rebellious and heart-sick, to submit to the ordeal.

But it was over at last, for, as the introductions were made, the guests passed back to the carriage-house, which had been cleared for dancing, and where the musicians were discoursing alluring strains in rhythmic measure.

Even the bridesmaids and ushers, tempted by the sounds, at last deserted their posts, and Edith Correll and his victim were finally left alone, the sole occupants of the drawing-room.

"Will you come and dance?" he inquired, as he turned a pleading look upon her. Just once, to show that you forgive me for what I have done tonight."

"No, I cannot," said Edith, coldly and wearily. "I am going directly up-stairs to divest myself of this mocking finery as soon as possible."

A swift, hot flush suffused Edith Correll's face, at these words.

"Pray do not speak so bitterly and slightly of what has made you, in my eyes at least, the most beautiful woman in this house tonight," he said.

"Flattery from you, sir, after what has occurred, is, to speak mildly, exceedingly unbecoming. Edith haughtily responded, and turned proudly away from him as if about to leave the room.

But, at that moment, Mr. Goddard, who had not presented himself before, came hurriedly forward and confronted them. His face was very pale, but there was an angry light in his eyes and a bitter sneer upon his lips.

"Well, Correll, I am bound to confess that you have stolen a march upon us tonight, in fine style," he remarked, in a mocking tone, "and madam—Mrs. Correll, I should say—allow me to observe that you have outshone yourself this evening, both as an actress and a beauty! Really, the surprise the *denouement*, to which you have treated us surpasses anything in my experience; it was certainly worthy of a Dumas! Permit me to offer you my heartiest congratulations."

"Let this wretched farce end here and now," said Edith, straightening herself and lifting her flashing eyes to his face. "I am heartily sick of it, and I trust you will never again presume to address me by the name that you have just used."

"Indeed! and are you so soon weary of your new title? Not yet an hour a bride, and sick of your bargain?" retorted Gerald Goddard, with a mocking laugh.

"I am no bride," as you very well know, sir," spiritedly returned Edith.

"No bride?" he repeated, skeptically.

"No, sir, I told you it was simply a farce.

I was merely appealed to to take the place, in the play, of Miss Kerby, who was called home by telegram," Edith explained.

Mr. Goddard glanced from her to his brother-in-law in unfeigned perplexity.

"What are you saying?" he demanded. "Do you mean to tell me that you believe that last act was a farce—that you do not know that you have been really and lawfully married to the man beside you?"

"Certainly I have not! What do you mean, sir, by such an unwarrantable assertion?" spiritedly retorted the young girl, but losing every atom of color, as a suspicion of the terrible truth flashed through her mind.

Gerald Goddard turned fiercely upon his brother-in-law at this, for he also now began to suspect treachery.

"What does she mean?" he cried, sternly. "Has she been led into this thing blunderingly?"

"I think it would be injudicious to make a scene here," Edith Correll replied, in a low tone, but with white lips, as he realized that the moment which he had so dreaded had come at last.

"What do you mean? Why do you act and speak as if you believed that mockery to be a reality?" exclaimed Edith, looking from one face to the other.

"Edith," began Mr. Goddard, in an impressive tone, "do you not know that you are this man's wife—that the ceremony on yonder stage was, in every essential a legal one, and performed by an ordained minister of Boston?"

"No, never! I do not believe it. They never would have dared do such a dastardly deed!" Then drawing her perfect form erect, she turned with a withering glance to the craven at her side.

"Speak!" she commanded. "Have you dared to play this miserable trick upon me?"

Edith Correll quailed beneath the righteous indignation expressed in her flashing glance; his eyes dropped and conscious guilt was shown in his very attitude.

"Forgive me—I loved you so," he stammered, and—she was answered.

She threw out her hands in a gesture of repudiation and horror; she flashed one withering, horrified look into his face, then, with a moan of anguish, she swayed like a reed broken by the tempest, and would have fallen to the floor in her spotless robes had not Gerald Goddard caught her senseless form in his arms, and, lifting her by main strength, he bore her from the room and up-stairs to her own chamber.

CHAPTER XIV.

"YOUR FAITHLESSNESS TURNED ME INTO A DEMON."

Edith Correll followed Mr. Goddard and his unconscious burden, looking like anything but a happy bridegroom.

When Mr. Goddard reached the girl's room he laid her upon her bed, and then sent one of the servants for the housekeeper. But Mrs. Weld could not be found, so another maid was called, and Edith was gradually restored to consciousness.

But the moment her glance fell upon Edith Correll, who insisted upon remaining in the room, and she realized what had occurred, she relapsed into another swoon, so deathlike and prolonged that a physician, who happened to be among the guests, was summoned from the ballroom to attend her.

He excluded everyone but the maids from the room, when he ordered his patient to be undressed and put into bed, and after long and unwearying efforts, she was again revived, when she became so unnerved and hysterical that the physician, becoming alarmed, was about to give her a powerful opiate, when she sank into a third fainting fit.

Meanwhile in the ballroom below, gaiety was at its height. There had been a little stir and commotion when it was learned that Edith had fainted; but the matter was passed over with a few well-bred comments of regret, and then forgotten for the time. But as soon as she could do so without being observed, madam stole from the place and went into the house to ascertain how the girl was.

She was, of course, aware of the cause of the swoon, and, as may be readily imagined, was in no comfortable frame of mind. She was met at the head of the second flight of stairs by her husband, whose face was grave and stern.

"How is she?" madam inquired.

"In a very critical condition," Dr. Arthur says she is liable to have brain fever," he tersely replied.

"Brain fever!" exclaimed his wife, in a startled tone. "Surely, she cannot be as bad as that?"

"Woman, what have you done?" the man demanded. "How have you dared to plot and carry out the dastardly deed that you have perpetrated this night?"

"That is neither the tone nor the manner you should employ in addressing me, Gerald, as you very well know," she retorted, with colorless lips.

"Have done with your tragic airs, madam," he cried. "I have had enough of them. I ask you again, how have you dared to commit this crime?"

"Crime?" she repeated, with a start, but flashing him a glance that made him wince. "You use a harsh term, Gerald; but if you desire a reason for what has occurred tonight, I can give you two."

"Name them," her companion curtly demanded. "First and foremost, then—to protect myself."

"To protect yourself—from what?"

"From treachery and desertion."

"Anna!"

"You know how to do it very well, Gerald."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

In and Around the Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

This adds considerable to the effectiveness of the design, as well as making the work secure.

Wool Rose Spray

In the pictured rose spray (Fig 2) the flowers, leaves and running vine are also each made separately.

Rose

Ch. 4, join in ring, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in ring, repeat making 5 ch. 3, in all.

2nd round.—1 s. c., 4 d. c., 1 s. c. under each ch. 3, join.

3rd round.—Ch. 5, 1 d. c., work under single between chs. 3, repeat making 5 chs. 5.

4th round.—1 s. c., 7 d. c., 1 s. c. all under a ch. 5, repeat on each ch.

5th round.—5 chs. 6, 1 d. c. under double between chs. 5, on each of these chains make, 1 s. c., 2 d. c., ch. 3, for p., 2 d. c., 1 p., 2 d. c., 1 s. c.

Bud

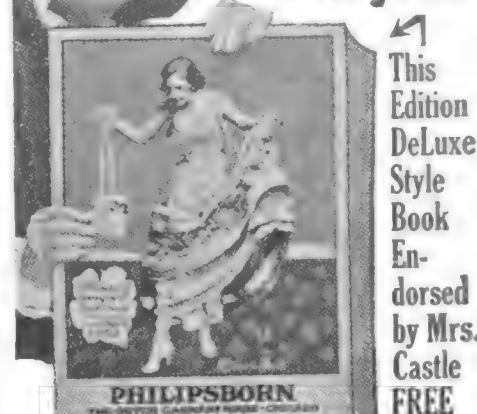
Same as first 2 rows of rows. Double together and finish by chaining about 3 inches. This can be shaped when it is sewed in place.

Leaves

Same as for green leaves adding an extra picot to each side. A running design such as this is used on the brims of large hats. It is also very pretty on the bands of the popular corduroy and velvet tam-o'-shanters.

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with a three- or four-piece skirt. Empire styles are shown in afternoon as well as in evening frocks.

Pattern Descriptions

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1924—Child's Dress in Empire style and with long or short sleeve. This model is nice for wash fabrics and equally attractive for serge, gabardine, voile, taffeta, challie and cashmere. Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a six-year size.

1542—Boys' Blouse with Convertible Collar. The model here shown is good for percale, madras, drill, khaki, flannel, soieite, or cheviot. It has a neat pocket, and the sleeve may have a straight cuff, or nice for "starching," or a French cuff, turned back, and good for soft finished blouses. Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires two yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size.

1645—A Dainty Night Dress. This pretty model is nice for lawn, dimity, nainsook, crepe, mull or flannelette. The gown may be made in loose kimono effect, or shirred at Empire waistline. Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1947—Ladies' House Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. This model is good for serge, gabardine, flannelette, gingham, percale, linen and linen. Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1929—Ladies' Kimono or Lounging Robe. Silk crepe in blue and white, with trimming of blue satin was used for this model. Cotton crepe is equally attractive, as are also lawn, dimity, dotted Swiss, flannel, flannelette, cashmere or albatross. The fronts fall in graceful folds below the deep collar. The fullness may be confined by the belt, or shirred to fit an inside band. Cut in four sizes; 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires seven and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

1899—Ladies' Waist, with bodice belt. Dotted silk crepe with trimming of messaline in a contrasting color would be nice for this. The belt could be of the same contrasting material. The waist fronts are crossed in surplice style, and the bodice may be made adjustable. Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1652—A Smart Frock for Mother's Girl. As here shown, brown and white gingham was used, with trimming of white linen. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a band cuff, or with the turnback cuff in short length. The skirt is a three-gored model. Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a six-year size.

1543—Boys' Trousers with closing in front or at the sides. This style is good for serge, cheviot, broadcloth, velvet, corduroy, khaki, galatea, gingham, seersucker, linen, pique or drill. The back is fitted with neat pockets, and the fronts have deep "real boys' pockets." Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires one and three quarters yards of 27-inch material for a 12-year size.

1932—A Simple, Attractive style for home or porch wear. This model has a vest finished with coat closing. The skirt fronts have added pockets. Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires seven yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1831—A Popular Middy Suit for Juniors. This smart blouse is made to slip over the head. The skirt has shaped yoke sections which may be omitted. Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires five and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

1935—Ladies' Overall Apron with sleeve portion in either of two lengths. Percale, seersucker, gingham, chambray, lawn, alpaca or brilliantine could be used for this design. Cut in four sizes; 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1939—Girls' Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Serge, gabardine, satin, voile, nun's veiling and all wash fabrics are nice for this style. Corduroy and velvet may also be used. Size 12 requires four and three eighths yards of 44-inch material.

1925—Girls' Slip. This model is practical and comfortable, and has added fullness over the back, in the skirt, which is joined to the waist portions. The ruffle may be omitted. Lawn, nainsook, batiste, flannelette, and crepe are nice for this model. Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires for size six, two yards of 36-inch material.

1471—A Simple, Serviceable Model. The model is good for gingham, lawn, percale, cambric, denim, cretonne or sateen. The fullness may be held over the back by the belt. Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for the medium size.

1807—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with sleeve in either of two lengths. White handkerchief linen was used in this instance, with frills of pink batiste for trimming. This design is good also for taffeta, tub silk, crepe, batiste, pique, madras and lawn. The fronts are closed in coat style. Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and one quarter yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1957—A Practical, Attractive Skating Set for ladies, misses and girls. The designs here portrayed are nice for fur, plush, velvet, corduroy and other pile fabrics, also for silk, serge, zibeline, cheviot and broadcloth. The pattern is cut in one size for ladies, one size for misses, and one size for girls. The ladies' size requires seven eighths yard for the cap, of 24-inch material, one yard for the inside of muff, and one and one eighth yard for the outside, of 27-inch material; three quarters yard for the scarf of 24-inch material, and seven eighths yard for the bag, of 24-inch material.

1507—An Attractive Model for home or business wear. The model is good for taffeta, dotted

or figured voile, checked or novelty suiting, serge, gingham, chambray, linen or percale. The waist is cut low and outlined with shaped revers that form a rolled collar over the back. The chemise has a standing collar which may be omitted. The sleeve is in wrist or short length. The skirt has plaited fullness in back and front, which may be stitched in tuck effect. Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires seven and one

quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1948—Girls' Overblouse Dress, with guimpe having sleeve in either of two styles. The guimpe may be of lawn, cambric, cashmere, flannel or challie, and the overdress of pique or checked woolen, of serge, gingham or galatea. Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires one and three quarters yard of 27-inch material for the guimpe and three and three eighths yards for the dress, for an eight-year size.

1915—A Popular Ladies' Apron. This model is good for drill, denim, sateen, lawn, batiste, cambric, seersucker, gingham and muslin. Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. Medium size requires four and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

1945—A Practical Set for the little one. Cam-

bric, lawn, and muslin are good for the slip. For the dress, batiste, lawn, cambric, percale, flannelette, challie or cashmere could be used.

Cut in five sizes; six months, one year, two years, three years and four years. It will require for the dress two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material. For the drawers, three quarters yard. For the slip, one and one half yard, for a two-year size.

1651—Ladies' Dress. This model is nice for taffeta and tub silk, for serge, nun's veiling, gabardine, poplin, linen, gingham and other wash fabrics. The shaping of the sleeve is new and attractive. The skirt fits smoothly over the hips, with fullness gathered at the sides.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1946—Girls' Gymnasium Suit. Comprising a smart middie blouse which may be finished to the waistline only, and a pair of comfortable, neat bloomers, cut with ample fullness. For the blouse, one could use madras, linen, linen, serge or flannel. For the bloomers, serge, cashmere, brilliantine, or sateen is desirable.

Cut in five sizes; eight, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 27-inch material for the blouse, and three and three eighths yards for the bloomers, for a 12-year size.

1916—A Smart Skirt Model. This stylish model is good for serge, broadcloth, satin, corduroy, velvet, taffeta, gabardine, wool, poplin, velour and checked or plaid suitings. The skirt is a four-gored model. The tab trimming may be omitted.

Cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

1923—Coat Dress for misses and small women. Serge, gabardine, voile, taffeta, satin, velvet, velour and corduroy are nice for this style. The fronts are finished with slot plaid closing and are cut in "V" neck outline.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 16-year size.

1960—A Simple, but Pretty Gown for dancing or other dress occasions, for misses and small women. Crepe net, mull, chiffon, satin, charmeuse, in sateen, tulle, nun's veiling and cashmere are all lovely for this style. The lines are simple. The design is easy to develop. Embroidered voile or flouncing could be used.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires four and one half yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size.

1919—Waist, 1928—Skirt. A Smart Dress for business or general wear. In checked black and white suiting brown toned plaid, in serge, velvet, taffeta or satin, this style will be very appropriate. The skirt is a three-piece style.

Cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure.

The waist in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a medium size for the entire dress. Two separate patterns, 10c. for each pattern.

1914—Ladies' Tunic Skirt, with slightly raised waistline. Gabardine, taffeta, serge, satin, velvet, corduroy, broadcloth, velour, faille and other seasonable fabrics are fine for this model.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires for size 24, three yards of 44-inch material for the skirt and four and one eighth yards for the tunic.

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Jack London's Genius

By C. L. Cheever

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JACK LONDON, novelist, Socialist, reformer and anthropologist, has expired.

His tempestuous career was begun in San Francisco in January, 1876. He was the son of John and Flora London, both very poor and the boy was allowed to run the streets in his childhood, spending his pennies for beer instead of candy, because he thought it more manly. In later life he became a strong prohibitionist.

At eight years of age he was a ranch boy, working long hours, delving into such books as Washington Irving's "Alhambra," though he never could recall just how he knew how to read or write, having no recollection of having been taught either. In no way could he persuade the cowboys to be interested in what was such entertainment to him. He gloated over dime novels, state newspapers and other usual ranch literature. At eleven he went to Oakland; there he spent hours in the public library.

From now on a great spirit of adventure swept over him and he decided to become an oyster pirate, shipping as a sailor on a schooner, later he became a salmon fisher. Turning from fisherman to fish patrolman he had many wild adventures in those lawless waters. Then he shipped before the mast on a seal hunting expedition to the Japanese coast and Behring Sea. Then he returned to California to find work as a day laborer coal shoveling, longshoring and making jute.

While London was doing thirteen hours a day in the jute mill he won the first prize in a competition of a San Francisco newspaper with a description of a typhoon off the coast of Japan. This he wrote after midnight.

Then he became a tramp, wandering all over the United States and Canada serving a term in jail for vagrancy. At nineteen he went back to Oakland, attending high school for a year and doing work as a janitor to support himself.

He spent three months cramming for his year in the high school, and entered the University of California, for which a four-years' preparatory course is usually required. To support himself he worked in a laundry, and after a brave struggle to make ends meet, was obliged to give up study at the University in his freshman year. Then London began writing, decided he was a failure, and went to the Klondike. While he was there his father died and, London, upon his return took up the burden of supporting the family. He wrote copiously but met with rejection after rejection. Finally a story was accepted and he received five dollars for it. Soon after that he received forty dollars for a story. It was like a fortune to him.

From that time on success was his and with it world-wide recognition. With his increased popularity came wealth and his beautiful home at Glen Ellen among the California mountains is one of the most elaborately equipped ranches in that wonderful country.

London traveled much, his "Cruise of the Snark" being the result of an adventurous journey. He went as a war correspondent in the Russo-Japanese war and when trouble with Mexico became acute he went to Vera Cruz to gain material for writing. He recently returned from several months spent in the Hawaiian Islands in search of health; his health having been undermined by his trip through the South Pacific in the Snark.

Jack London would have been forty-one years old on the twelfth of January.

One of the best known authors in the world, his books have been translated into numerous languages. In Sweden he is the most popular foreign writer.

Among his books are: "The Son of the Wolf," 1900; "The God of His Fathers," 1901; "The Children of the Forest," 1902; "A Daughter of the Snows," 1902; "The Call of the Wild," 1903; "The Sea Wolf," 1904; "The Faith of Men," 1904; "Before Adam," 1908; "When God Laughs," 1910; "The Cruise of the Snark," 1911; "John Barleycorn," 1913; "The Valley of the Moon," 1913 and many others.



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Crepe de Chine \$6⁹⁸

F52.—Dainty and becoming is this handsome party dress of soft, lustrous Crepe-de-Chine. It is a perfect marvel of prettiness and you will wonder at the value represented in this dress. The blouse in bodice design, has upper portion of sheer, Shadow Lace. Soft marabout finishes the V-shaped neck. Full, gathered skirt is finished at waist with narrow heading. Colors: white, pink, light blue or yellow. Sizes: 32 to 44-in bust. Also Misses: 14 to 18 yrs. Postpaid.

Serge \$5⁹⁸

F51.—Smart tailored dress of excellent Wool Serge. The genteel waist, made over a Lawn lining has stunning white Serge collar, lapels and turn-back cuffs. Pearl buttons and Silk loops trim the front where the waist fastens. The skirt is in charming box plaited design assuring desired fullness. Sash of self material ties in front in dashing style. Colors: black, navy blue, green or brown. Sizes: 32 to 44-in. bust. Also Misses: 14 to 18 yrs. Postpaid.

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F54.—Smart, street frock of black-and-white Shepherd Check. The youthful blouse has deep yoke above gathered fronts trimmed with box-plaits and Bone Buttons. Black Silk braid trims the sailor collar, waist front, flaring peplum, pockets and neat cuffs. Modish, flare skirt has deep lapped front seam. Black-and-white only. Sizes: 32 to 44-in. bust. Also Misses: 14 to 18 yrs. Postpaid.

Shepherd Check \$2⁹⁸

F63.—A style that will delight you. This is a comfortable, soft, clinging kimono, made of hand embroidered Tokio Crepe. The neck and sleeves are finished with embroidered scalloping. The full accordin-plaited skirt is shirred on an elastic at waist. Sizes: 34 to 44 bust. Colors: rose or lavender. Postpaid.

Kimono \$1²⁵

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Persian F56.—Fifth Avenue's latest importation is exquisite Persian colored Voile. A unique model designed with a narrow yoke heading gathered fronts, trimmed and fastened with Pearl buttons. Handsome sailor collar of hemstitched and embroidered Organdie. Assorted colorings. Sizes: 32 to 44-in. bust. Postpaid.

F69.—New Smocked Middy Blouse of durable, white Galatea, finished below yoke with fancy, colored, hand-smocking. Collar, cuffs and pocket flaps of colored Galatea. Detachable belt Silk lacing. Colors: white-with-rose or Copenhagen. Sizes: 14 to 20 yrs. Postpaid.

32 to 40-in. bust; also

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F65.—Stunning blouse in smart, distinctive style made of the fashionable sheer Plaid Voile. Designed in simple style with becoming large round Organdie collar prettily hemstitched and edged with fine Net to match cuffs. Black Silk bow at neck adds chic touch. Colors: blue-and-white or pink-and-white. Sizes: 32 to 44-in. bust. Postpaid.

Serge Skirt \$1²⁵

F59.—Tailored skirt made of excellent hair line, striped Serge. A perfect fitting, flare model with girde top and deep lapped front seam. Button trimmed, patch pocket. Colors: black or navy blue with white stripes. Sizes: 22 to 30-inch waist measure, 36 to 44-inch front length. Postpaid.

F60.—Dainty, comfy, boudoir slippers made of soft, rich, Lambskin Leather with thin, flexible soles. Chenille pompons in self-color. Colors: black, tan, light blue, green or lavender. Sizes: 3 to 8. Postpaid.

Boudoir Slippers

69c

Corduroy

Sport Hat F61.—A snappy little Sport Hat of excellent, soft, rich Velvet Corduroy. Medium round crown and rolling brim which can be arranged to suit the wearer. Gros-Grain ribbon ties in bow on left side. Colors: rose, Copenhagen blue, Green, navy blue, gold or white. Postpaid.

Embroidered Dress \$9^{8c}

F70.—Unusually becoming morning dress of good quality Chambray. The style is appropriate for street wear as well as a morning house dress. The waist has pointed yoke finished with fancy Silk cord. The front is prettily embroidered. White Pique collar and cuffs. Colors: Cadet blue or tan. Sizes: 32 to 44-in. bust: 14 to 18 yrs. Postpaid.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Heaven ought to put years on the lives of many a tired, overworked girl. To get away from the artificialities and restrictions of every-day life, to get away from the mushy talk of pesky boys, and to get away (and I hope that is one of the rules of the club) from the eternal mirror, the powder puff, the rouge pot and the cold cream can, to get away from the primping and the fussing and the fixing, the worrying and the stewing, as to how you look and how you don't look, ought to do you girls all the good in the world. About ninety per cent of you spend all your time worrying about your looks, and all the worrying and all the fussing and the primping, if you are homely only makes you worse, and if you are good looking, tends to make you homely. When you girls get away by the side of a stream in a forest glade, and you don't have to worry whether your nose is too big or too little, and you can smile from ear to ear, without fearing that the paint will crack or the stooped teeth show, and your hair can hang like a bunch of dead rat tails, without you having to think of that infernal abomination called the curling iron, and your nails can grow any old fashion, without your getting out a bunch of tools and a dozen bathtubs to polish them, then my dears you are beginning to live. By the way if you girls spent half the time polishing your brains that you do polishing your nails, you'd be intellectual companions, charming chums, delightful mates, for even a college professor. While you girls are polishing your nails and cheeks, neglecting your brains the while, the boys are polishing their teeth with cigarette smoke and their stomachs with alcohol. That's a fine combination, the painted girl and the pickled man. Do you wonder that such a combination floods the world with nuts, boobs and boneheads, inefficient, incompetents and imbeciles. How could it be otherwise? It is to counteract these degenerate tendencies of our race that a few thinking men and women have started such organizations as the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls' Clubs, not forgetting the Boy Pioneers. Organization and cooperation are the most tremendous and forceful wonder working words in the dictionary of civilization. It is justice that will solve humanity's ills, but only as men and women organize and cooperate will we be able to secure justice from those who grow fat on privilege and oppression. If you girls get healthy bodies you will be in a fair way to get healthy minds. With organization and healthy minds and strong bodies you ought to start cleaning up the world and making it a worth-while place to live in. The men ought to do it, but they never will until you shame them into doing it. Here are three cheers for the Camp Fire Girls' Club. Go to high school no matter what the distance may be.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I will write you to let you know that I got my button and membership certificate. I am very much pleased with them. I go to school every day. I went to school every day the last two years. I am in the sixth grade. I study the following books: Arithmetic, Tennessee History, grammar, Geography, U. S. History, Physiology and Spelling.

Uncle Charlie, you got my name and another boy's name mixed up. I was thirteen years old the 26th day of August. I live thirteen miles from Knoxville, Tenn.

Yours truly,
H. McDONALD. (League No. 42,248).

Herbert, I am sorry I got your name mixed up with that of some other boy. I'm willing to bear a part of the blame for that wicked deed, but most of you boys and girls write so atrociously we have to guess half the time just what your names are, and sometimes we don't guess right. It is time the educational authorities did one of two things, supplied typewriters, or taught children how to use a pen. If you could see Maria, the Goat and myself, all standing on our heads trying to decipher some of the names and addresses that are sent to us, honestly you would pity us. It is not so easy for me to stand on my head as it used to be thirty years ago. I had a good head of hair until I suddenly found myself uncle to several millions of America's best young people. Now my head is as devoid of hair as a duck's egg is devoid of whiskers. So you study the "folling" books do you? Won't you tell us what "folling" books are, Herbert? I just live for books and by books, and anything new in the book line is of profound interest to me, so I do hope you will tell us what "folling" books are. What's that Billy the Goat? Herbert means following books? Thank you William, old books, I'm so glad you explained matters for I honestly did not know what Herbert was getting at. One can't be too careful about spelling, Herbert. A poor woman the other day wrote me that she and her four daughters needed clothes, and incidentally she added that "They all had bear feet," and would like some shoes. Just imagine four young ladies with bear feet. What a sensation they'd cause. People with bear feet couldn't wear shoes anyway, and what is more would not need them. Nature has provided the bear with excellent foot gear, and anybody who has bear feet isn't liable to get cold feet or chilblains. The lady of course meant to write "bare" feet. It is not much use your studying grammar, if you don't even know how to spell the subject you are going to study. You have got to swallow that tired feeling Herbert when you are writing and spelling. You only wrote half the letter well. Boys and girls who write for publication should do their best instead of being so utterly indifferent that they succeed only in doing their worst. You have a fine name Herbert. Great things have been accomplished by men who bore your name. Try my dear boy and see that it stands for something better than carelessness.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
This is the first time that I have written and I hope that when you receive this letter, Billy the Goat will not be hungry.

Now Uncle, what do you think about this. A short time ago I read, in a daily paper, an article about a

Everbearing Strawberries In the Editor's Garden

The many inquiries we have received about the everbearing strawberries suggested the idea that COMFORT readers might be interested in the editor's experience in raising these berries in his own garden. As the writer, who is not of the agricultural staff which conducts our "Modern Farmer" department, has very little knowledge of gardening he does not pretend to teach the correct method of cultivating these berries, but merely describes the results obtained by his somewhat crude treatment which ought to be equalled or surpassed under ordinary conditions of the home garden.

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A YEAR ago last spring, having decided to start a strawberry bed, I ordered 200 plants of a standard summer variety, and the nurseryman who furnished them talked me into buying 50 plants of an everbearing variety at one dollar a dozen. Although I knew him to be reliable, I was somewhat skeptical of the claims he put forth in favor of the everbearing strawberries, but they have certainly made good. They are frequently called "fall-bearing," but that is only another name for the same thing.

I set the plants of both varieties in the ground early in May as soon as the land was fit to work. Suitable compost not being obtainable I used phosphate and wood ashes for fertilizer the first season.

Nearly every plant lived, and by the first of June both varieties were in bloom. I picked all the blossoms, as instructed by the nurseryman. And right here begins the difference between the summer and the everbearing varieties.

The blossoms have to be picked because the newly rooted plants would be injured if their vitality were permitted to go into fruit. As the summer varieties blossom only once a year, by picking the blossoms the first season you get no fruit from these plants until the second summer.

But as soon as the blossoms on my everbearers were picked another set of buds started and shortly they were full of blossoms again, which in turn had to be picked and were followed by more blossoms. From then until the first of August picking strawberry blossoms was a daily diversion. It was like picking pansies; the more blossoms I picked the more they blossomed. And all the while the plants were making a splendid growth.

By the first of August my everbearers had become so strong and sturdy—some of them had begun to send out runners—that I thought it safe to let them bear, and so I stopped the blossom picking on that day. At the same time I sprinkled a little phosphate and wood ashes around each plant and worked it into the top soil, taking care not to scratch deep enough to disturb the strawberry roots. I also kept the bed clear of weeds, which is absolutely essential to success with any kind of strawberries.

The latter part of August I began picking ripe strawberries, smooth, round, dark red, delicious fruit of good size; and from that on until the ground froze that little everbearing bed was in continual performance. At the same time and ways there were berries ripening, green berries maturing, blossoms opening and new buds forming.

Frosts came early in Maine; a light frost is not uncommon early in September and it is rare that we escape a heavy frost in the latter part of that month; although we have some warm, sunny weather in October the nights are cold and late in the month the surface of the ground is likely to be stiffened with frost in the early mornings to thaw again as the sun gets up. These climatic conditions are mentioned to show what my everbearers had to contend with.

October 31, 1915, the day I closed my summer home where I had my garden. I picked ripe strawberries; the plants were still blossoming and held green fruit in various stages of development, but what they did after that I can't say for I did not see them again until the next spring.

This seemed wonderful as there had been light frosts in September, heavy frosts in October and several times the ground had been frozen and thawed, yet kept on growing and ripening.

The facts I have stated are the literal truth but, like most facts, require an explanation to convey a true idea of the actual effective results.

Through September the weather for the most part was fairly warm and despite a few frosts the plants bore well and the berries grew with normal rapidity and maintained the full flavor and delicacy that characterized the August fruiting. But in October, as the weather became colder the growth and ripening of the fruit was slower and the yield lessened proportionately, although the individual berries attained about the same size as ever. The berries ripened in the cold weather had less flavor and were not so mellow but, strange to say, were fully as sweet as in summer. The late berries even when green-seemed to be almost totally lacking acidity.

Thus closed my first season's experiment. Late in November I had both beds covered with a light mulch of second crop hay which contained no seed. When the covering was laid it was taken off in April every plant was alive and thrifty, although other strawberry beds in the vicinity that were more heavily covered suffered severely by winter-killing. Some stray cattle ate up the greater part of my mulching and the rest of it nearly all blew off, leaving the plants with little if any protection until the snow came in February. It was an unfavorable winter, the snow not coming until so late, and previous to that much rain and freezing and thawing. My exemption from winter-killing probably was due to the perfectly graded slope of the land which prevented any water standing or ice forming over either bed.

I was so well satisfied with the behavior of my everbearers that last spring I bought 300 more of the same variety and 300 of another everbearing variety. Although these plants came in good condition they got a bad set-back through not being set out for nearly two weeks because of a long rainy spell which kept the ground too muddy to work. About a quarter of them died and those that lived had a poor start.

My summer cottage is at the seaside where barn manure is not obtainable, so I drew on the resources of old Ocean for a substitute. The fall before I had rockweed stripped from the ledges at low tide, hauled to the garden and stacked. By spring this was pretty well rotted and had shrunken to less than half its original bulk.

For my new strawberries I had furrows run about three feet apart and put into them about four inches of the rotted rockweed; then covered

it with about four inches of earth which filled the furrows even with the surface of the ground. The plants were set eighteen inches apart in the rows, and a little phosphate, wood ashes and bone meal sprinkled close around each plant and scratched into the top soil.

These plants began blossoming before I could get them set, which, as explained, was delayed by wet weather, and the blossom picking process of the previous summer was repeated on the new ones until about the first of August. At that time I sprinkled a little phosphate, wood ashes and nitrate of soda close to the plants and hilled the earth up about them with a hoe. Most of them had grown well and were making runners which I trained to keep in the rows by putting a little earth on them near their ends. The fruiting results were a repetition of those of the previous season only on a proportionately larger scale.

Now about the second season's behavior of my two old beds. I kept the blossoms picked from my old everbearers until June 20 for the purpose of having them follow on the heels of the crop from my bed of summer berries which were late because of the late, cold spring. My summer berries were in bearing a little over two weeks beginning with the fourth of July, and before they were gone I picked the first ripe fruit from the everbearers, though the latter had not come into full bearing at that time because I had kept up the blossom picking too long; next season I shall stop it two weeks earlier. But that little old everbearing bed certainly did well after it got going. It bore abundantly through August and well in September, but by October it was becoming choked by the growth of the hundreds of young plants it had produced, so I dug it up, using the young plants and some of the old ones to make a larger bed. I had made the mistake the year previous of setting these plants too closely, a foot apart in rows two feet apart, which did not allow space for the growth of the runners. Thus ended the career of the first bed of everbearers, but the two new beds were still yielding as previously described.

Last season I had strawberries in my garden continually from the fourth of July until the twelfth day of November, when I picked the last ripe berries—only a few and they did not have much flavor then—and there were many green berries and blossoms on the plants. The wonder is that there could be any ripe berries considering that the ground froze hard the night before and had frozen and thawed several times not to mention the heavy frosts during the previous three weeks. The same day, a few hours after I picked my last ripe strawberries, a snow-storm set in which left a good six inches of snow on the ground.

I have seen pictures of people brushing the snow from a bed of everbearers and picking ripe strawberries. Had I postponed my last picking twenty-four hours I could have performed that trick myself.

From my experience of two seasons I have no hesitation in recommending the everbearing, otherwise called the fall-bearing, strawberry as a valuable addition to the home garden and I see no reason why it should not be profitable to grow it for the market. Until its cultivation becomes common this fruit should command a fancy price as it can be made to come when other strawberries are out of season.

The everbearing strawberries have enough good and strong points without making any extravagant claims in their favor. I would not advise anybody to expect to dig many ripe berries from under the snow or to rely on much of a yield after the heavy frosts begin to strip the trees of leaves, though it is a fact that we had fresh berries on the table all through October and surplus to eat every week in the month. Another peculiarity was that although the berries grown in cold weather lacked flavor when eaten raw, if cooked they developed quite as much flavor as those produced in warm weather and we thought they made even better preserves. I also found that if picked when fully grown and just beginning to change color they ripened pretty well in the house.

I believe they have another limitation which it is fair to consider. They will blossom and, if permitted, will bear as early as the ordinary strawberries and will keep on bearing for some months—how long I do not know because I have not tested the limit of their capacity—but it is unreasonable to believe that they can keep on bearing indefinitely without exhausting the strength of the plants although they make longer roots than the ordinary varieties. Therefore it is advisable to pick the early blossoms so not to let them fruit until after the ordinary strawberries are gone. The object is to save their strength to produce heavily when there are no other strawberries in the market.

However, in sections subject to late spring frosts likely to kill the blossoms of the ordinary strawberries and prevent them from fruiting, it would seem advisable to substitute the everbearing and thus make sure of a good crop regardless of weather; for if the first blossoms are killed the everbearers will immediately start a new set.

I omitted to say that early last spring I gave my old everbearing bed a light top dressing of phosphate, bone meal and wood ashes, and in mid-summer I gave it an application of phosphate, wood ashes and nitrate of soda. It stands to reason that plants which bear so abundantly and so long must require more feeding than those which produce but one crop a year. Other fertilizers might do as well and perhaps better; I used these because they were available and others were not.

I know very little about strawberry culture and my only excuse for writing is to give our readers the results of my limited experience with the everbearing which is attracting so much attention at present. Authoritative advice as to best methods of cultivation can be had from those who have made a specialty of propagating these plants. A little book on strawberry culture that I bought last spring for twenty-five cents contained much valuable information and proved a good investment.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

man who said that the children of today have to study too hard. The idea of boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen being compelled to laboriously murder thirty or forty underserving lines of Cicero or Caesar every day and to have command of two or three other languages. Don't you think he is right, Uncle? I do. Uncle, if it doesn't take too long won't you please write a poem about a Tucuma girl?

I think I have already started too long so I must go. Your niece,
ELVA WILLIAMS.

Why didn't you give your street number child? Never cause government officials or anyone else for that matter unnecessary trouble. Your address is doubtless on the outside of your envelope, but as I haven't your envelope, those who feel prompted to write will probably have their letters returned. Yes, the idea of boys and girls being compelled to stand an hour or so daily murdering thirty or forty lines of Cicero or Caesar is absurd. Children who know little or nothing of their own language trying to master a dead language is preposterous.

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come to think that there are millions of people who cast a vote for president every four years without knowing what they are voting for, you can see that there is something wrong with our education. What is the good of living in a world at all if you don't know anything about the world you are living in, and few do know anything about it. Did you ever stop to think that there are tens of thousands of children born into this world every year, ready in every way to accommodate themselves to a civilization five thousand years in advance of the sham civilization we have today? We are trying to prepare children for the world, but that is the wrong way to do business. We should prepare the world for the children. All that the modern school attempts is to fit children for business careers, and what pray is a business career? Putting sand in sugar, poison in food, adulteration, misrepresentation, doing you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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Something About Blackheads

SO many of my girls write me complaining of blackheads, asking how to get rid of them, what causes them, and why they have blackheads when Annabelle and Polly and Blanche have such good smooth skins.

You'll all be tremendously surprised at my answer, and I'm hesitating just a bit before giving it, because you're going to be horrified as well! However, here it is. A blackhead is nothing but a little speck of dirt which has lodged in a pore and has not been sufficiently coaxed to come out! Look in the mirror and see if you can discover any of these disgusting specks on your own face, then let me tell you how to get rid of them.

First of all, you need a complexion brush—not only need, but must have it. It should be of camel's hair, which is soft and so will cleanse without scratching the skin. A stiff brush will do damage to the delicate cuticle.

Then you must provide yourself with the purest and simplest of soaps.

Every night before going to bed, scrub the face—as I have many times advised—with hot soapy water and your brush, being sure to cleanse the little creases at each side of the nose, the corners of the mouth, the chin—all, places where dirt is apt to lodge in the pores.

If you let your treatment go at this, you will still have blackheads, for the soap in the water will itself clog the pores—therefore, you must rinse and rinse and rinse the face many times in warm water, then in cool, and finally in very cold water dashed on, which helps to close the pores.

Never use hot water, then very cold water immediately after, as this cracks the skin, but make the transition gradually, hot, very warm, warm, tepid, cool, cold.

After your facial bath, massage in cold cream thoroughly, and slap the face all over lightly with flattened fingers, until the blood tingles beneath the skin. In the morning, wash in tepid water (no soap), and finally in cold water.

After massaging in the cream at night, try gently to squeeze out any prominent blackheads. You can use a comedone extractor—a little instrument like half a pair of tweezers with a tiny hole in one end. Place hole over blackhead and press gently. In buying an extractor, be sure the edges of the little hole are rounded and smooth, not sharp, so they will not break the skin.

For obstinate blackheads, which do not yield to the above treatment in a week's time, massage into the skin (after the complexion scrub at night), a little boracic powder, applying a tiny bit of cold cream afterward. Every seventh night, steam the face over a basin of boiling water—covering the head with a Turkish towel held out in front over the basin to keep the steam under it. Do this for ten minutes, rinse in hot water, then cover skin with a blackhead jelly made by paring one small cake of Castle soap into three cups of water to which a teaspoonful of powdered borax has been added, the whole boiled and let stand until jelled. This jelly should remain on the face for ten minutes, then be washed off and cold cream massaged into the skin. Keep up this treatment only until the skin is free from blackheads.

Answers to Questions

Miss E. G.—There is nothing I can do to help about your broken nose. You should go to a physician, although I do not believe there is any way, now, of straightening it. I am sorry not to be of use.

Lena.—If your height is five feet five inches, and your hip measure thirty-three, you can still increase your hip measurement a little more than five inches before you will be in any danger of even starting on being overgrown. For your age—fourteen—however, it is better not to have attained the full measurement for your height—that belongs with twenty or more. Your waist measure, twenty-seven, is about right—you might even add another inch without going over the correct measurements, so you see you are not in the slightest danger of getting too large. Your height is all right—be thankful! Probably you could weigh quite a little more, and as you grow older the pounds will begin to come as they should. At fourteen, it is foolish to worry about one's weight, height, size, or anything else, for all these things are in process of change, and you—just like the rest of us—will have to wait a little time until the changes take place. No, you are not too large to let your curls hang. Why not tie the front half of the hair at the crown of the head, then let the ends of this part join the back half, and fasten all together just below the head—at the nape of the neck—with a ribbon bow or a large shell pin, letting the curls hang straight down from this? For your freckles, wear broadbrimmed hats when spring comes round again, rub cold cream on the face and wipe off carefully before going outdoors, and dab lemon juice at night on the offending spots. Probably your freckles are not so very obstinate and

injury. The massage and brushing, plus attention to the diet, to the eliminative functions, to sleep and exercise, will do a thousand times more.

Betty.—Indeed, you can make your finger nails look pretty, even if you have neglected them until you are twenty. Invest in a good nail brush, a small blunt orange-wood stick, a pair of manicure scissors, a cuticle knife, and a very thin flexible nail file. Scrub your nails thoroughly on going to bed, and every time you wash your hands, and clean them always immediately after, using your orange-wood stick. At night rub vaseline around the nail where it goes into the flesh. In the morning, during your first free time, sit down with a bowl of warm soapy water (very soapy). First, use your nail file and file the edge of the nail, shaping it into an oval. If you have worn your nails even with the finger, never mind, for they will grow out and then you can shape them. In



USING A COMEDONE EXTRACTOR.

such case, merely use the file to make the edges even, and round the ends a trifle. Next dip your orange-wood stick in the soapy water and carefully cleanse under the nail. Do the same with the right hand. Then soak the left hand in the bowl for five minutes, dry lightly, and using the cuticle knife gently loosen any skin which may have grown to the nail. Sometimes instead of the real scarf-skin at the base of the nail, will be little extra layers of skin which you can scrape off with the cuticle knife, but be careful not to break the scarf-skin. Use the blunt end of your orange-wood stick to press the scarf-skin gently back from the nail at its base. To begin with, your efforts will not seem to be very successful, but after you have done this daily for a week or more, you will be surprised to observe the real improvement that has taken place. Do not cut the cuticle at the base of the nail, if you can possibly avoid it—try pushing it back for a week or more before you resort to cutting it; as, once cut, it must be kept cut, and it is quite likely that by daily treatment of the nails in the manner directed, the skin will finally stay back of itself disclosing a half moon at the base of the nails. File the nails only about twice a week, as they will not need it often. If you are inclined to hangnails, invest in a pumice stone, and rub the sides of the finger gently, when a hangnail appears. You can use your manicure scissors first to remove it, then rub with the pumice stone to rid your finger of any remaining bit of the hangnail. Be careful to use your nail brush on your nails every time you wash your hands, and to clean them while still damp, with the orange-wood stick. This is a very simple way to treat the nails, but still make yours very good looking in a short time. As to your blackheads, read what I have to say this month in my little chat with my girls, and follow the directions. You will not be troubled again, if you are faithful in well doing.

Lottie H.—Do not attempt to dye your own hair switch. An amateur invariably makes a wreck of the hair. You will merely spoil your switch, and need a new one. Send it to a professional hair dyer—you can get addresses from the advertising pages of the magazines. How has the switch turned "almost red"? Probably you have washed it in soapy water, or done something of that kind. Ask the dyer to whom you send your hair how you should wash it, after it has been dyed.

V. P. C.—If your forehead begins to look flabby, and the skin is losing its firmness, I think your body needs building up. See answer to "Discouraged." In the meantime, while you are thus giving the skin the elements it needs to rejuvenate it, and are perhaps building up the tissues beneath it to prevent wrinkling, massage the forehead nightly with cold cream, after cleansing thoroughly. When through massaging, lay hot cloths over it, changing as fast as they get cool, and keep up for five minutes. Then place a cold wet cloth over the forehead and replace as it warms up. This closes the pores and firms the skin.

Discouraged, T. F. M.—I am sorry you cannot continue to get the milk you need, as the milk diet is exactly the thing to make you gain in weight. That one week, you see, did wonders for your complexion. I am glad you are drinking the amount of water you state—nine glasses a day. Keep this up. To gain on solid food, you must be careful to choose fat-building foods. You see, some foods just give you muscle, and others contain mineral salts and water—what you need are the ones which make fat. These are potatoes (baked, preferably—never stewed), rice, macaroni, all cereals, milk, cream, butter, fat meat, sugar. You must be sure to take plenty of fruits, also, although they are not fat-building. I suggest that, for breakfast, you have some fruit—grape-fruit, pineapple, an orange, a baked apple, some stewed prunes (soak twelve hours, then simmer gently until thoroughly soft), apple sauce, stewed dried apricots (prepare as you do the prunes), sliced banana and orange baked pear. The grapefruit and oranges are probably the best for you. Next, eat a big heaping dish of cereal which has been cooked for a long time in a double boiler, or in one small kettle set inside another full of boiling water. With this eat cream and sugar, and hot buttered toast. Eat plenty of the cereal. Follow with two soft-boiled eggs (two and one half or three minutes), or two soft-poached eggs, or some soft scrambled eggs—the former is preferable. For lunch you could have creamed chipped beef, and baked potato and some other vegetable, stewed celery, spinach, canned tomato, canned corn in milk, etc., etc. And for dessert you could have canned fruit (not too sweet preserves, however), or some blanc mange with cream, or baked custard. For dinner have meat in some form, or fish. Salt meats are not to be desired, although palatable once in a while. I do not know whether you are where you can get good steaks or roasts. Rare roast beef, roast lamb or mutton, a lamb or mutton chop (not too well done), rare broiled steak (never eat any fried meat), chicken fricasseed or roasted or in any form, fish broiled or baked, are all good for you. With this eat potatoes or rice, and some other vegetable. Soup would be excellent to begin your meal, and indeed soup makes one very good dish for lunch, and could be used in place of the creamed chipped beef in the above menu. Stick to simple desserts, and avoid pie and cake. As to beverages, it is better not to drink with your meals, but if you feel the need of something confine yourself to one cup thereof. Try to get a certain amount of exercise every day—outdoors if you can, but, if not, in your bedroom. In four weeks, on this diet, you should gain considerably, although never as rapidly as on the milk diet.

O. O. D.—You speak of "large dark pores under your eyes." Do you mean dark circles, or do you actually mean the little pores full of blackheads? If the former, your health is at fault, and you should

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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A COMPLEXION BRUSH IS A NECESSITY.

will go away with this treatment, especially after a rest all winter, during which you can use lemon juice on the face occasionally, letting it dry on at night.

Worried.—I don't wonder you are distressed about your hair, but from what you tell me about using many tonics, brushing it, massaging the scalp, etc., I am inclined to believe that your big trouble lies with the condition of your body. Unless the blood is rich and pure, you cannot have healthy hair, for it does not get proper nourishment. I suggest, therefore, that, while keeping up the gentle brushing—one hundred strokes a night—and shampooing once in two weeks (not often, and with dry hair you may go three weeks), and massaging the scalp, you spend a good deal of time getting your body into better shape. Make it a point to eat very nourishing food, to drink eight or ten glasses of water a day, to sleep eight or nine hours at least, to walk in the open air when you can. The milk diet for six weeks or two months would more than likely put your hair back in shape by toning your whole body up, adding flesh, purifying the blood. The two formulas you suggest will not be of any great help, I fear—neither could you any



This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Expert Handling of Seeds

THE business of collecting, grading, testing and preserving seeds is a science and an art. Science is knowledge classified and systematized. Art is the application of such knowledge to practice and the combination requires long years of study and experience, large capital, expert, efficient help, elaborate and costly buildings, special machinery and a modern storage equipment.

The average farmer would be astounded, interested, instructed and entertained by a tour of inspection through a great up-to-date city seed warehouse. He would not have to walk a step, but would be given a comfortable seat in an electric run-about and quickly taken up and down long aisles among stacked sacks and bins of seed of all sorts, where busy workmen may be seen sorting, weighing, sacking, moving and shipping orders or handling stored seeds. Every possible mechanical contrivance is here for dealing with seeds. Millet, for example, is being handled in one section of a great floor, for much corn has failed to germinate this cold, wet, backward season, when unreliable, badly cured, low germination seed too commonly was planted, and now a late seeded forage crop must be sown. The millet, in lots of 100 pounds, automatically measured and weighed is shot into sacks which sweep away as if by magic to be stitched shut by machinery and again picked up and carried by trolley to other departments. The work is done perfectly, in record time, and it is evident that the customer is not going to be kept waiting in this rush season when a delay might spell failure. Away goes our runabout again, curving in and out, expertly steered and never striking a sack or measure and when one floor has been inspected it enters an elevator and soon is repeating, one by one, the process on the floors above. A book might well be written on the myriad phases of this great business, tracing each of the thousands of varieties of seeds from the producer through many hands to the great wholesale seed warehouse. Think of the monumental task necessitated by the correct naming, grading, classifying, testing, storing and distributing of all of these seeds and remember that the reputation of a great firm is at stake in every item of the work from start to finish. That reputation takes many years to attain. It is slowly and gradually earned, but unfortunately can be lost in a year and so it is safeguarded by every possible means and added to at every opportunity.

It is because of this experience based upon knowledge and long experience and made certain and constant by a deserved and treasured reputation that the user of seeds of any kind will conserve his best interests and be sure of succeeding by giving the established reputable seed firm his patronage. The truth of this assertion becomes evident many times each year as we talk with farmers or read their letters. Often they confess their failures and ask advice that success may attend their efforts another year. For instance, one man told us a few days ago that some of his corn matured sufficiently last fall to be serviceable for seed and he counted on receiving five dollars or more a bushel for the thirty bushels he selected and hung up in the buggy shed to dry. But his hopes were blasted in spring and that selected seed corn was fed to the hogs; for the man had no facilities for kiln drying the corn and it froze and thawed out and froze again in the shed and so lost its germinating powers. He offered it for sale and the first would-be purchaser asked "What percentage of purity and germination do you guarantee?" The owner had to answer that the corn was just a good kind of yellow dent that he had grown for years, but he could not say anything about its germinating powers. Then the buyer balked, but advised the farmer to have the corn tested for germination at the state agricultural experiment station. He did so and soon learned that three tests showed an average germination of 84 per cent. That was far too low and being an honest man he stopped trying to sell the corn for seed, and being also a sensible man he brought a named variety of pedigreed yellow dent corn, from a reliable seedman in a neighboring town, on a guaranty of 99 per cent purity and 97 per cent germination. We passed his field of corn the other day and the stand was fine and a beautiful thing to see in comparison with fields of corn on neighboring farms where home grown, imperfectly cured and consequently low germinating corn was planted. On these farms many fields had to be replanted with sound seed and on some of them some variety of millet, or "billion dollar grass," or rape, or rutabagas was put in as a catch crop, where corn had failed to make a profitable stand.

Too often the farmer, truck gardener or kitchen gardener becomes self-satisfied with home grown and saved seeds, because he knows no difference. We once ran across an old man who was raising old-fashioned, deeply grooved tomatoes and who knew nothing about the modern smooth, plump, round, meaty sort, the seed of which he could have bought from any seedman. It would be well for every farmer to get out of this rut of content with the old varieties of farm and garden seeds, and flowers and trees and shrubs that satisfied his father and grandfather, patronize the expert seedman and enjoy and reap profit from the wonderful new and better varieties that science has originated, perfected and then kept safe, sound and pure in the seed stores and nurseries of the trained and experienced experts whose advertisements bring them and their wares to the attention of farm folk in every section of the country and whose instructive catalogues can be had free for the asking.

Better Potatoes

Plant Best Northern Grown Seed

In the chief potato producing districts a move is becoming general to improve the quality of the annual crop of tubers. It has been found that there was no uniformity as to variety or type of potatoes raised in certain communities. When each farm delivered its surplus stock of tubers to the dealer at the railroad station he found himself possessed of potatoes of every possible kind, mixture, size, quality and shape and had to sell the crop as "mixed stock." Such stock has to be laboriously and expensively hand-sorted before it is marketed in the city and the expense of this work eventually falls upon the producer. The buyer has to

discriminate against mixed stocks and all diseased and damaged tubers.

Recognizing these facts, after having them pointed out and "rubbed in" by experts of the state agricultural experiment stations and federal department of agriculture, producers of potatoes are organizing community and state associations for the improvement of their product. The first step has been to decide upon a few standard sorts of potatoes especially adapted for the particular district in which they are to be grown and make that the specialty of the association or community. Each farmer then has a standard variety of tubers to sell to the dealer and if he is wise he offers sorted stock, freed of diseased and damaged tubers and alike in shape, size and trueness of type. The result has been a great increase in demand for potatoes raised in such districts, much of the stock going elsewhere for seed, and naturally there has been a proportionate increase in the price paid for the improved product.

While such work is best done by community organization, its principle should apply with equal force and profit on every farm where potatoes are raised for market and, indeed, the same fundamental principles underlie the successful production and sale of any farm commodity.

In seeking to improve the potato the following objects should be kept in view: 1. Suitability of the variety chosen for the soil and climate of the district in which it is to be grown. 2. Purity, hardness and healthiness of seed tubers. 3. Cooking quality. 4. Keeping qualities. 5. Roundness, smoothness, white skin and shallowness of eyes.

A frequent change of seed is necessary in some districts as potatoes tend to "run out" in quality and trueness to type and also may become diseased when long grown in the same locality. Rotation of crops also is necessary to lessen these tendencies. Disease is sure to prove a scourge if potatoes are grown year after year on the same field. As a general rule it is well to buy Northern grown seed tubers for planting on Southern soil and all seed should be free from scab, well ripened and free from black or hollow hearts.

The cooking quality is of supreme importance and too little considered. A good potato should be white, mealy and dry when cooked and should stay white in color. Poor varieties darken in color when boiled and also are wet and lumpy. The best quality of cooking potato usually is grown upon friable, sandy loams and in a cool climate.

The rough, deep-eyed potato is objectionable as there is much loss in peeling to say nothing of the additional work and trouble of preparing such tubers for the pot. The round, smooth white potato also is more attractive to the eye and so sells better on the market.

Start New Crops on a Small Scale

A lady reader wrote us the other day that having seen a good field about sunflower growing for seed she had decided to put in a field of fifteen acres to this crop as her first attempt. She did not even know for sure that her soil or district was adapted for the growing of sunflowers, although that might well be the case as she lived in a semi-arid country where sunshine is plentiful almost every day and where crops grow well when irrigated. We sincerely hope that she will make an entire success of the project. But here is the wrong way to start.

On general principles we have to advise that it is unwise and unsafe to start a new crop on a large scale. Better far to put in a couple of rows of sunflowers, or a patch of any other new crop the first year, then give it first-class attention and see how it "pans out." If it proves to be successful in the particular district where it is tried and the person growing it likes the work and did not find it too irksome then a bigger patch or a whole field may be planted the following year.

Last summer we paid a visit to the fine farm at an Indian school and were first shown the standard crops in the big fields and then taken to an enclosure filled with experimental plots on which we found growing several varieties of millet, soy beans, Alfalfa, Sudan grass and other novelties. The superintendent told us that by using that plot year after year he had been able to introduce some very profitable crops without loss from experimentation. He said: "I soon found out by this method what is good and what is worthless and then I stick to that which is good."

A sensible plan surely and one that may well be followed upon every large farm, or public institution farm; but remember that if one wants to know at once whether or not to seed land to a new crop and has no time to experiment for himself he can quickly obtain the necessary information and advice by writing to the director of the agricultural experiment station of his State.

Cold Weather Care of Dairy Cattle

It has been frequently said that the dairy cow is a machine that takes the raw products of the farm and converts them into milk from which are derived various manufactured products, all of which are fit for human consumption. It has also been pointed out that, on the above basis, the dairy cow is the one most economical producer of human food. It is easily shown that the dairy cow converts about thirty-five per cent of the digestible nutrients in her feed into milk solids, all of which are available for the nutrition of the human body. When the same feeds are fed to other animals less than ten per cent of the nutrients are converted into meat, which, with the single exception of eggs, is the only other form of animal food. Or, to put it in other words, there are three forms of animal food—meat, milk and eggs—and the dairy cow is capable of producing this food in the form of milk at the least cost.

But the dairy cow cannot do this without the best of care. It is only under proper care that this high ratio of utilization of feed can be maintained. We have said that it is possible for a cow to convert thirty-five per cent of the nutrients found in her feed into human food. By this we mean that if the digestible protein, fat, sugar and starch in the feed which she eats during a week be calculated, it is possible to recover thirty-five per cent of the total amount of these nutrients in the form of protein, but-

ter fat and milk sugar in the milk, produced during the same period of time.

In order to do this, however, she must be intelligently fed, carefully watered, properly housed and given the best of care and attention. A sudden chill, such as may be caused by drinking too cold water or being turned out in the barnyard on a raw and windy day, may cause a drop in this high efficiency to twenty per cent. Insufficient or improper feed will immediately cause a big drop. This high efficiency is wholly impossible if the cows are housed in a cold or otherwise uncomfortable stable. It is quite probable that on the average American farm during the winter months less than five per cent of the nutrients fed to dairy cattle are converted into human food.

1. The first thing to do is to keep the cows comfortable. This means good, warm, light, dry, clean and well ventilated stables. Nothing else will do. The stables need not be expensive but they must be warm, light, dry, clean and well ventilated.

2. The second thing to do is to feed liberally. Cows should be fed according to the amount of milk they are capable of producing; hence no two cows should receive the same amount of feed. Each cow should be watched and fed according to production.

3. The third consideration is to feed the right kind of feed. A large amount of timothy hay, no matter how well cured, is a poor ration for a dairy cow. Clover hay is much better, and clover hay and silage is still better. Alfalfa and silage beats clover hay and silage, but Alfalfa, bran and silage combined in the right proportion is better still. Where silage is not available, roots may be substituted. But this is too big a problem to discuss adequately here.

4. The fourth rule to follow is this: Feed dairy cattle in the barn. They must not be fed outside during the winter, no matter how good the ration. Running to a straw stack is the worst possible practice.

5. Warm the water for dairy cows and give them plenty of it. The best temperature is about sixty degrees. Ice cold water chills them, hence during winter a tank heater must be used or the water must be pumped while the cows are drinking. Too warm water is insipid and distasteful and the cows will not drink enough of it. They should be given all they will drink at least twice a day. This will give highest milk production.

6. The sixth large factor in high milk production is to treat the cows kindly. They should never be worried by dogs or other live stock. Swearing and loud talking or other boisterous conduct around the dairy barn is never permitted on our best dairy farms. These things among the cows make them nervous and excitable and cause a loss in milk production.

It has been often pointed out that milk production is a "mother instinct," hence anything that is harmful to a mother or which annoys her or makes her nervous will surely affect the flow of milk. We should never lose sight of this fact in all our feeding, care and management of dairy cattle.

To Keep the Silo from Freezing

Keep the doors closed as much as possible. Silage is continually giving off heat. This heat is caused by the fermentation of the silage and is known as the "heat of fermentation." It is important to keep this heat of fermentation in the silo. This heat is usually sufficient to prevent freezing of the silage except in the coldest weather. Silage is warmest in the center of the silo since the air surrounding the walls on the outside conducts off the heat. This sometimes causes the silage to freeze to the walls. The remedy is to keep the silage fed down around the outside walls. Always have the silage highest in the center when feeding, if possible. Should it freeze to the walls during a long cold spell, it will loosen readily when the weather moderates. The chunks of frozen silage that are thus loosened from the wall should be piled up in the center of the silo where the heat of fermentation will soon thaw them. Under no circumstances should frozen silage be fed to stock, or any other frozen food, for that matter.

Saving the Heifer Calves

We read in the papers the other day of a novel institution started in a certain agricultural community and to be managed, maintained and operated by country school children. It is a calf raising plant and for the saving and rearing of the heifer calves, of dairy cows, which at present are being sold for veal or even killed rather than give them the needed milk to drink.

Now there is not the slightest doubt that thousands of good calves are marketed each year that might have proved a wonderful help to many a starting farmer or settler and which indeed would have proved profitable to the breeder himself; but it is as true that other thousands of young calves are not worth raising and we trust that the children will not be allowed to waste their time and feed on such worthless "critters."

It is a fact that many dairy farmers buy springers just as soon as the cows they own dry up and are sold as canners or fattened off, and never raise a heifer calf to the cow estate. As many more, perhaps, use "any old kind of bull" merely to bring the cows into the milking state, the calves counting for nothing and never being raised. It will be poor business for the children or for anyone to buy and raise such heifer calves.

We have come to the conclusion, from long experience and observation, that there is only one sort of heifer calf worth raising and that is the one that on both sire and dam side has a promise for milk and butter fat. The dam and grand dam on both sides should have been a profitable milk and butter fat producer. If not the calf should not be raised. Feed and labor are terribly high and the profit from dairying comparatively small under the best of conditions and circumstances and for that reason more care than ever should be taken to raise only the most promising calves.

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start let him not waste time in trying to grade up from scrub cows and a grade or scrub bull. Far better would it be for him to start with one or two high grade cows. If he can find such, and even if they cost \$100 or \$125 dollars a head, then to start with a bunch of scrub cows. For mating with these cows should be kept a pure bred dairy breed bull of the same breed as that used for the grading up of the cows and the heifer calves from these animals should be raised just as well as can possibly be done that they may make a maximum growth and development from the start. In addition to this small breeding operation the dairyman should be constantly on the watch to buy the heifer calf of any neighboring cow that he knows to be a big producer. He may have to pay up to \$20 each for such calves but there is profit even at that figure. Figuring that it costs as high as \$35 to raise such a heifer it is a certainty that \$20

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

Disease Free Seed Potatoes

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F. L. HUTCHINSON, - - Dexter, Maine,
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PEPPER, Grimsen King, early, large, sweet.
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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Pigeons for Profit

PROBABLY pigeons are the most neglected—or rather the most mismanaged—of all poultry on the general farm, yet they are most profitable if well cared for, and especially appropriate for the man who has to be away at work most of the day or the woman with heavy household duties to occupy most of her time, because they won't overeat; food can be left before them all the time, and the parent birds take all the care of the young ones, so that an hour in the morning is about all that anyone need devote to pigeons every day in the week, with a few extra hours on Saturday to clean up.

There is really money in the business, if you are prepared to earn it. The people must understand that raising pigeons is a business requiring industry and management to make it a success. Unfortunately, a lot of nonsense has been written about pigeons and squab-raising. Lots of people have run away with the idea that all they have to do is to buy a few birds, throw in a little corn night and morning, and make a fortune. True, there is no heavy work to be done, and a good income can be made on a fair-sized flock of homers which are given intelligent care. For our selection must be homers, because they are the best variety for squab-raising, and squabs are what we must depend on for steady market returns.

Squabs from common mixed pigeons only weigh some six ounces when about four weeks old, are dark skinned, scrawny, and difficult to market; but homer squabs weigh from twelve to twenty ounces when four weeks of age; are plump, attractive in appearance, and sell readily at four dollars a dozen in the wholesale market. Private customers will readily give forty cent a pair all through the winter. Every pair of good birds, well cared for, produce from ten to twelve squabs a year, which are ready to market when four weeks old; so they have not to be fed for long, and returns are quickly realized.

Mature homers will cost about two dollars a pair from any of the recognized flocks, but it is no use buying elsewhere, for unless birds are mated pairs you may have another season wasted. Pigeons are faithful creatures which may remain in pairs for years, and if an accident happens to one of them it will frequently refuse to mate a second time the same season. Young birds which are only paired at the time of sale are likely to object to the mates which have been chosen for them, and proceed to exercise personal choice when liberated among a flock of strange birds. So be wise, and buy only from reliable, experienced breeders.

A comfortable house is essential, and the best plan for a small flock is to build a regular chicken-house and cover it all over with tar paper or any one of the good roofing papers. The yard must be enclosed, of course, and should extend over the roof, and five or six feet above it, so the birds can alight on it when flying from end to end, and sun themselves (which they love to do) on a high, dry place. Put up two or three long perches at the end of the yard; a stand about three feet high in the center for a bath tub. Let the stand be a foot larger all round than the bath, so the birds can light on it. The size of the house must depend of course on the quantity of birds you intend to keep. Just remember that each pair of old pigeons must have two nest boxes eleven inches square, with an earthenware pan in each. Nest boxes can cover the wall from floor to ceiling, so after it is fitted, it is easy to tell just how many birds a house can accommodate. The earthenware pans are called nappies, and are manufactured on purpose for pigeons. They can be bought at any supply store for five or ten cents each. There is a brown crockery dish about seven inches across and two deep, which is to be found in most five and ten cent stores, that answers very well if you can't get the real things in your immediate vicinity.

Now about feeding. Just throwing down cracked corn won't do. Variety in diet is necessary for birds' health as well as for man and beast. It is wise to give the food question a little thought. Kafir corn, red wheat, cracked corn, Canadian field peas, German millet, and hemp are all staple grains. Use whichever can be had cheapest in your vicinity, and alternate them whenever you can. We follow the rule recommended by W. E. Rice, a very successful pigeon raiser: Morning: Equal parts of cracked corn, Kafir corn, and wheat. Evening: Cracked corn and Canadian peas. These regular meals are put into feed boxes in quantity sufficient to insure the birds having a constant supply. Treats, which we feed at odd times, such as millet, hemp and rice, are thrown on the ground; for, as they are only fed in comparatively small quantities, they are eaten up at once, and so there is no danger of their being spoiled. Remember always to buy red, not white, wheat, for the latter is very apt to cause diarrhoea.

Regular feeds are always placed in a self-feeder, so that the birds may help themselves. Peas, millet, hemp and rice are good only as treats once or twice a week. They are fed in small quantities, and alone, because we found out that if mixed with other grains, the birds would pick out the dainties and throw out the grain or wheat.

Unless starved to it, pigeons will not eat grain that has been defiled by lying on the floor, so to prevent waste it is best to have a self-feeder, or at least some contrivance which prevents birds getting their head or feet into the supply and scattering it. The treats we feed by hand, and scatter on the floor, but if the birds are naturally eager for a novelty, it is picked up at once, remember that white wheat is very likely to produce diarrhoea, so always order red, and don't be tempted to use new grain of any sort, or corn exclusively, for if you do, your birds will surely be troubled with canker. During the year, and especially in the early winter, I always receive letters asking why pigeons are afflicted with a strange disease of the throat and mouth, which looks like a cheesy growth; and it is for that reason that I caution you against the exclusive corn diet, for that is what caused the trouble, and often spoils the whole breeding season.

Once a week we give them a meal of stale bread which has been steeped in skim-milk and squeezed almost dry again, for we have lots of skim-milk, and the bread we get from a baker in town for twenty-five cents a barrel. Freight costs another twenty-five cents, but even at fifty cents a barrel we find it an economical feed when there are a lot of squabs to be fattened for the market.

The Parents Take Care of the Young

The parent birds take all the trouble and responsibility of feeding and raising the young right up to the time when they are ready for market. The hen bird lays two eggs with one day intervening which takes eighteen days to incubate. After the eggs are hatched, both birds devote their entire energies to feeding the youngsters for about two weeks, for both have the

power to secrete the predigested substance often called pigeons' milk, on which nestlings are exclusively fed for the first few days. At the end of two weeks the hen has usually laid two more eggs in the second nest, so that by the time her squabs in the first nest are ready for the market, the second eggs are ready to hatch. It is this double family which necessitates two nests for each pair of birds.

Cleanliness is even more imperative in the pigeon-house than in the henhouse. Never neglect to scald out the earthenware nest, and whitewash the compartment it stands in, every time squabs are removed for market, for it is only by such rigid system that the place can be kept in sanitary condition. Pigeons must have shell, salt and charcoal to be healthy, so there should be a self-feeder with three compartments in each house. When ordering, specify that the oyster shell is for pigeons, as it is to be broken up smaller than for the hens. The rock salt and charcoal should be ground to about the size of rice. During the heavy breeding season we crush most of the grain, and always peas, for when the parents are rushed for time between their nests they are very liable to pick up whole grain and feed it to their young birds before they are able to digest it. Until we discovered this carelessness, we very often found dead squabs in the nest. The feed boxes can be kept filled up, as pigeons never overeat, and must have access to food at all times when they have young ones to feed.

Increasing the Flock

If you start with a few pairs of birds, the best way to increase the number is to sell the squabs and use the money to buy mature birds, for it takes six months for pigeons to reach maturity, and it is necessary to have two extra houses in which to keep the growing birds, as they should not be allowed to remain in the regular brood pen. If, however, you have specially mated birds and desire to raise their progeny, you must watch the nests, and as soon as the young ones get out on the floor (the old ones generally push them out as soon as the eggs in the second nest hatch), they can fend for themselves, and should be removed to a nursery house, where all feed must be cracked to the size of rice for several weeks.

When the young ones in the nurseries are between six and seven weeks old we take a bird from each and put them into a mating cage, which is really a coop, four feet long, two and one half feet deep, and two feet high, which is fastened up in a corner of the feedhouse. The coop is divided into two compartments by a wire netting door. A bird is put into each compartment. If they are male and female, they will commence within a week or two to coo and talk to each other through the wire, at which time the compartment is fastened up to the top of the cage, and they are allowed to have the run of the coop for three or four days, after which they are put into a regular breeding house, where they will soon take possession of a nest. If, however, the birds choose simply to ignore each other after they are put into the mating cage, one of them is removed to another two-compartment cage, and two more birds are taken from the nursery house and put into the two compartments. In this way we go through the nests until we have them all paired.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address: Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

L. G.—Rations composed entirely of corn and table scraps are too concentrated and fattening for ducks. They may lay well and appear to thrive on such food for a time, but before long the bad effect is sure to show. They will probably lose the use of their legs, or die suddenly. Better change your method of feeding at once. At least one half their food should be vegetable. Cook small potatoes, turnips, carrots, or any cut vegetables, partly mash them, and to every two quarts add one pint of ground corn or of middlings, and the same quantity of wheat bran. If you have no vegetables to spare, chop up clover or alfalfa hay, pour scalding water over it, cover tightly, let it steam for several hours, then mix in the grain. After the grass springs up in the early spring, feed just a little bran and middlings made into a mash. Keep grit and clean water before them all the time. The troubles you have experienced at hatching have come principally from your mistake in feeding the stock. When ducks, or any kind of poultry, are fed exclusively on fattening food, their eggs never hatch well, and what youngsters do manage to kick out are always weak and short lived. Another cause for the condition you describe is want of moisture. Ducks' eggs require much more moisture during incubation than hens' eggs. If an incubator is used, keep pans of moist sand or wet sponges at the bottom of the machine all through the hatch, and when hens or ducks are doing the incubating, make them nests on the ground, and if the weather is very dry, sprinkle the eggs with warm water every few days.

P. K.—Commercial beef or meat scraps, sold specially for poultry, are dry, and so keep almost indefinitely if they are kept in a dry, cool place, but if allowed to get moist or warm they will spoil rapidly. Ground green bone will only keep about a week, and must be spread out thinly to avoid heating. Commercial meat meal or scraps of some kind can usually be bought at every large feed store. You will find information about running an incubator in the next issue of COMFORT. None of the personal experiences received contain enough original or helpful information to make them valuable.

B. P.—The description of the home-made, non-freezing water fountain was given last month.

O. D. K.—As corn is scarce and expensive in your vicinity, use wheat, and during very cold weather add one half pint of buckwheat, barley, or sunflower seed to each quart. If none of these are available, use wheat alone, and give plenty of milk to drink.

J. E. M. N.—Staggers, dizziness, and kindred symptoms, all suggest apoplexy or paralysis, caused by blood pressure on the brain, which affects the nervous system. Excessive fat, overeating of new grain, intestinal worms, stoppage in the egg passage, or, in the case of old fat hens, being made to rush around in an unaccustomed way, are all causes for such a condition. The best treatment is to open one of the veins inside the wing and allow about two teaspoonfuls of blood to escape. Keep the bird quiet for a few days, and feed lightly. Give five grains of potassium twice a day for about a week. Birds which have shown any such symptoms should never be used in the breeding pen.

J. D.—I cannot print your request and address in these columns, but if I hear from any of our readers who have turkeys for sale, I will forward their letters to you. Meantime, I advise you to write to Mr. E. F. Pullins, secretary of the National Bronze Turkey Club, Kennelsville, Indiana, and to Miss Minnie B. Brown, secretary of the Bourbon Red Turkey Club, Appleton City, Missouri, asking them for the addresses of members in your vicinity.

M. M. W. B.—The hens have got cold. Look for cracks or other causes for drafts in the chicken-houses. Put a teaspoonful of kerosene oil in the drinking water for a week.

E. S.—The yellow spots in the mouth and the offensive breath, are unmistakable symptoms of roup. The spots in the mouth or throat might be a cankerous cold only, and the sores on the comb and wattles merely retarded circulation. But the bad odor with breath is an unmistakable sign of roup, which is a most contagious disease, and may affect the whole flock, unless great care is taken to prevent the contagion spreading. As this is the time of the year when colds and roups are prevalent, I am going to repeat some of the advice I have given in this column before, as prevention is much easier than cure when things are taken in time. I want you to understand that every ordinary cold may develop into roup if not checked at once. I beg of you to watch your fowls at the first sign of watery eyes, sneezing, coughing or heavy breathing, to remove the affected birds to a clean coop in some sheltered outhouse far removed from the other poultry, and keep them in strict quarantine while doctoring. As all forms of cold may be roup, treat them for that disease without waiting to diagnose the case. Spray the bird's nostrils, eyes, mouth and throat three times a day with a strong solution of permanganate of potassium, diogen or peroxide. For the first, dilute one teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in a quart of water, and for use, dilute one teaspoonful of that mixture with

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three of water. If diogen or peroxide is used, one half teaspoonful to every half cup of water. If you have no atomizer or syringe, strip a wing feather to within an inch of the tip, dip it into the solution, and swab out the bird's throat and mouth, and bathe the nostrils and eyes with a clean, soft cloth saturated with the lotion. Cover the bottom of the coop with plenty of clean, chopped hay. Clean out every day. Feed on light nourishing food. Stale bread steeped in milk and squeezed dry, or a little breakfast oatmeal. If colds have developed into roup before the birds have been removed from the regular chicken-house, all the feed and water dishes must be scalded and disinfected. The house also must be cleaned and disinfected if weather will permit, and every precaution taken to kill the contagion before it becomes epidemic.

B. G. T.—The hens have what is called lumberneck, which is usually caused by the birds eating moldy grain or putrid meat. If any more should be affected in the same way, give a teaspoonful of Castor oil to thoroughly clean out the intestines and stop the irritation, and follow a few hours later with the same quantity of sweet oil.

E. H.—Please read answer to J. D. in this issue.

C. W. W.—A three-year-old rooster, if a strong, healthy bird, should be in his prime, and certainly cannot be the cause of so many blind chickens. You don't say if they are incubator or hen hatched. If the former, irregularities in the heat of the machine

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

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The Doings of The Dapperlings

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CHAPTER V.

A BASKET OF FLOWERS

NATTIE didn't like Sarah-Grace-Josephine. Sarah-Grace-Josephine, you remember, was Pittysing's big doll.

Not that she had ever done anything unkind to Nattie—dolls can't DO anything—but you see, it was this way. Nattie loved Pittysing. She loved her kindness to her little brother. She loved her bright brisk ways. She loved her brown eyes, and her thick brown hair, and her pink cheeks. She wanted to play with her, and talk with her—but she couldn't! And when she had to hide, and watch that Sarah-Grace-Josephine, made of pulp and sawdust, or some unbreakable, senseless stuff, with painted face and glued-on hair—I say, when she had to watch Sarah-Grace-Josephine being petted, and hugged, and kissed, and played with, it was almost more than she could bear.

She grew a little reckless, and almost wished that Pittysing would see her some day, quite by accident. She wondered what would really happen then. She asked Lulie Wye about it one day, but Lulie Wye looked horrified and said, "Mercy, child! Don't ask me! I don't know, but don't you ever dare to try it!"

Then Nattie went out to where Niddy-Nod Dapperling was trying to balance three sticks on the end of another stick, and asked him.

He was so surprised he dropped all four sticks on the ground. He looked at her very solemnly for two whole minutes before he stooped to pick up the sticks. Then he said:

"Once upon a time, long, long ago, so long that nobody remembers it now, there was a young and foolish Dapperling who wanted to play with a little boy. He was told not to do it, and was told what would happen if he did. But he didn't believe it. So—Niddy-Nod looked fearfully around, and then whispered, 'So, one day, he said good by to all his friends, and went and played with the boy.'"

"Oh, really?" cried Nattie breathlessly. And what DID happen to him?"

"How do you expect ME to know?" asked Niddy-Nod crossly. "Haven't I told you nobody remembers?" Then he went on balancing his sticks, and would say no more.

Nattie spent most of her time, now, near the Mill Brook. One day when she was sent for checkerberries, of which the Dapperlings are very fond, she found a beautiful little vine, with tiny leaves and waxy white berries. Carrying it carefully, she laid it on the children's barrel-top table, as an offering to Pittysing. Then, after she had taken the checkerberries home, she went back to the Mill Brook. But, though she watched most of the day, Pittysing did not come.

The next day it was the same. Simmie-Sammie, alone, splashed about in the brook a while, but didn't seem to enjoy it, and soon went home.

When the third day passed and Pittysing had not been near, the Smallest Dapperling of All grew worried, and determined on a bold step.

In the early morning, before anyone was about, she went to the house where the children lived, and hid in the big rose bush that grew close beside the doorstep. And there she stayed.

She heard someone say that Pittysing was sick. Nattie didn't know what that might mean, for Dapperlings are never sick.

Pittysing was in bed. She didn't play with Simmie-Sammie. She had to drink things she didn't like. And the red had gone out of her cheeks.

So much Nattie learned by peeping through doors and windows, and listening. She wondered what she could do to please Pittysing, and decided she would give her some flowers. Not any common flowers, mind you, that grew around where anyone could find them, but a kind that Pittysing had never seen.

There was a little flower that only the Dapperlings knew about, and which they called the Dapperose. It grew in the woods, under a cer-

EXPLANATORY.—This story tells the strange things that happen to five-year-old Simmie-Sammie Smith and his sister Pittysing, nearly two years older, through the sly pranks of Nattie, the "Smallest Dapperling of All." The Dapperlings are kind-hearted, gay little elflike beings who ride on rabbits and never let themselves be seen by human eyes because of their belief that, if seen, it would bring some terrible calamity upon them. For this reason their queer little houses are always built into the hill-side, and are so made, with doors and windows in front and grass growing on the backs, that they can be turned around to face out when the Dapperlings are by themselves; but as soon as anybody comes in sight the houses are whirled around so that only the grass-covered backs are seen and, as these look like the rest of the hill, you would never know the houses were there. They also have an underground assembly hall with an opening in the top covered with moss and concealed in a clump of thistles.



NATTIE CARRIED IT HOME SO ALL THE DAPPERLINGS COULD SEE AND ADMIRE IT.

tain kind of yellow-capped moss, and only then when gold-thread grew among the moss. So you see even the Dapperlings couldn't find it very often.

But Niddy-Nod said he had found such a place, and thought some of the flowers might be growing there, though he hadn't looked. Nattie coaxed him to show her the place. It was up near where he was building a little house for his rabbit to stay in when the weather was cold, and he said she might come along if she liked.

Nattie took a little basket to carry the flowers in if she found them, a graceful, dainty basket, woven by the skillful fingers of Lulie Wye, from the dark, slender stems of maiden-hair ferns. "When you give, give of your best. A gift that

costs no sacrifice is of little worth," was a Dapperling motto. It had taken Nattie hours to find enough of the stems, and Lulie Wye, when she had finished the basket, pronounced it quite the prettiest she had ever made.

When Nattie and Niddy-Nod reached the place where the yellow-capped moss and gold-thread were growing, Nattie knelt down, and with careful little fingers pulled away the roots. There, in a warm little hollow, safe and sheltered, was the Dapperose, all in bloom.

"Oh, oh," she cried; "how beautiful!"

Even Niddy-Nod was interested, and looked while she gently lifted the Dapperose, with its pale green, transparent leaves and tiny pink and white flowers, from its little bed. In the Dap-

perling basket, it was almost too dainty and pretty to be anything but a fairy flower.

Nattie carried it home, so all the Dapperlings could see and admire it, and then started for Pittysing's house.

She looked sharply about her, and had to hide several times on the way, but at last crawled under the big rose bush by the doorstep without having been seen by anybody. Maybe she couldn't ever get into the house, and into Pittysing's room, but she was going to try.

Hours passed, she grew tired and hungry, and the sun went down.

Then Simmie-Sammie, starting for Grandma Brown's house with a bright tin can full of milk, which the children carried over there every night, left the door open. Only a little way, but Nattie slipped inside.

Wasn't she afraid? Oh, yes, indeed! For she didn't know where the folks were, or what minute they would see her. And Cattie Fuss, with her great, green eyes, might be there, too.

She ran across the kitchen, not making a bit of noise, and peeped around the sitting-room door. No one was there, but she heard voices in the next room, which was Pittysing's.

Chippie Chatter was there, in the old bird cage, and began scolding at her, but Chippie Chatter often scolded, so nobody minded.

The Smallest Dapperling of all lifted the couch cover, and hid under the couch. She sat down on the floor, with her basket of flowers in her lap, to wait some more.

Simmie-Sammie, on the way home from Grandma Brown's, fell on a rock and cried so loud the little spotted toad who lived on Lone Cedar Knoll heard him plainly.

His father and mother ran out to see if he was killed, though they might have known better by the noise he made, and that was Nattie's chance. She looked in through the bedroom door. Pittysing's eyes were closed.

Nattie tiptoed carefully across the room, set the flower basket on a low stool by the bed, and was tiptoeing out again. Just as she was passing around the door, Pittysing's brown eyes opened wide.

The Smallest Dapperling of All hid under the couch again.

"Mamma!" called Pittysing. "Mamma! Come here, this minute!"

Then her father and mother, leaving their son still crying, hurried into the house to see to their daughter.

"Where'd that little girl go to?" asked Pittysing wildly.

"There, there; hush, dear!" soothed her mother. "There wasn't any little girl here."

"Oh, yes, there was," said Pittysing. "A little, teeny, mite o' girl, not so big as Sarah-Grace-Josephine. I saw her."

"Maybe you dreamed it. Lie down, dear, and mamma'll smooth your head. Papa, you better go and tell the doctor to come up again this evening."

"Why, see here!" said her father. What's this?" And he awkwardly lifted the tiny Dapperling basket of flowers in his big hands.

"Give 'em here!" cried Pittysing. "They're mine! The sweet, lovely things! I just about know they're fairy flowers. Just tell me where they came from, will you, if there wasn't any little girl? I'm not dreaming flowers, am I?"

And her mother and father just stared at each other, and didn't have a word to say.

Simmie-Sammie came in then, and in all the confusion, the Smallest Dapperling of All crept softly out of the house, ran home, and climbed into her own little bed.

Don't miss next month's Dapperling story which tells how Nattie did Pittysing a good turn.

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"New York city is the only place in this country big enough and rich enough to have opera as a steady diet all winter," said a man with a musical cast of countenance, "and no wonder when we come to think of what it costs to run a music show like the opera is. Other cities in the world have opera regularly, but the government pays part of the expenses. The Paris opera, for instance, pulls \$160,000 a year from the national coffers; Berlin, \$225,000; Dresden, \$120,000; Prague, \$100,000; Vienna, \$120,000; and so on in smaller amounts in smaller cities, but New York's opera is paid for out of private pockets and the sum is a big one. New York has two opera houses, the Metropolitan and the Manhattan, this latter for only a couple of years, while the former has been in operation for many years and is the leading opera house in America. One week of its expenses are about as follows: new scenery, \$10,000; orchestra, \$6,500; chorus, \$4,000; traveling expenses and advertising, \$5,500; singing, about \$40,000. Caruso getting about \$6,000 of this, and four sopranos about \$7,000. The total is about \$80,000 a week, or say \$13,000 a day. Caruso the great tenor, is said to receive \$2,000 every time he sings; sopranos are paid from \$750 to \$1,000 for each performance and contraltos from \$500 to \$800; baritone and basses get from \$600 to \$1,000. The Metropolitan Opera House has a seating capacity of about 60,000 a week and outside performances in other cities, make up some additional returns, but it is of record that a big deficit has been shown at the close of a number of seasons, and the stockholders, if they were not millionaires and wanted the opera as a fashionable advertisement and a great place to show off their elegant jewelry and glad rags, would call for a settlement and go out of the business. But they have the money and they are willing to spend it for the sake of making their city one of the leading opera centers of the world."

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Toughey's Travels and Adventures Abroad

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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It is the more interesting because it is a true story of the experiences of the author and the adventures of her children about twelve years ago, although in the narrative she modestly conceals her identity by calling her husband and herself Mr. and Mrs. Deering.

"Toughey" is the pet name of their eldest daughter Laura, a prim little miss just budding into young womanhood. The childish pranks of Nan and Bess, the two younger girls usually spoken of as "the children," are a source of worry and some annoyance to the sedate Toughey who is several years their senior.

Mr. Burleson is our present Postmaster General, and Grandma is the author's mother.—EDITOR.

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CHAPTER XI.

ADVENTURES IN CANADA.

A WIDE sweep of lawn, velvety green with the fullness of summer, extended from the shade of the giant, century-old willows to the edge of the fruit fields. Across its smooth surface, ranged bright-eyed robins, industriously seeking earthworms.

"I can't understand the temperament of a robin."

"What's the mystery?"

"How can it love worms and yet have an insatiable taste for cherries?"

"Don't you like peaches and didn't I hear you growling at dinner because you were not served with dead calf?"

"Don't!"

Toughey was startled and routed.

"Is that what you've been taught to call respectable roast beef?"

"I did not learn it in a college course," admitted Roger.

"I suppose that will come when you are a senior," teased Toughey.

"I'm already a senior, my lady."

"That is, you ceased to be a junior last month."

"Define me then please; no longer a junior, not yet a senior, what am I?"

"We'll classify you after our swim," said Toughey laughing, "we're late now," she added glancing at the little wrist watch, Roger Hewitt's father had sent her the Christmas before.

"Where are the children?"

"Just where they should be, of course, doing some unexpected, but wholly righteous thing, replied the young fellow rising from the garden seat and gazing about for the missing children.

"They always disappear at the bathing hour, but they feel terribly mistreated if we went with out them," explained Toughey.

"Where are they likely to be?"

"Heaven knows; we'll have to look for them."

They went to the barn where the fruit pickers gathered at this hour with the morning's harvest of raspberries, this year so plentiful as to require the work of all hands on the farm to save a large portion from rotting on the bushes. Here they found Indians of all ages waiting for their baskets to be weighed, checked off and loaded on the farm dray.

"The fruit is shipped to Toronto by the noon train and when there is room, the children drive down to the station," explained Toughey.

"Gee! I shouldn't mind spending the summer on a fruit farm, myself," said Roger gazing at the tempting display of beautiful cherries.

"We like it," said Toughey, "but where, where are those brats?"

"They may be picking berries," suggested Roger.

"Impossible! They picked yesterday and their industry never lasts two days together."

Nevertheless, they made a hurried search of the berry bushes, the cherry trees and the peach orchard and headed back to their starting place, rounding the brick cottage where the Deerings were housed for the summer, they discovered the children, clad in bathing suits and caps seated on the steps looking like a pair of small, patient angels.

The young people looked at each other and laughed.

"Aren't they the limit! we've been looking creation over for you," declared Toughey.

"You the 'leven 'clock," hissed Bess with the air of an injured cherub.

"Deed you did," supplemented Nan, "You said, 'Children the lake at eleven o'clock.'"

"But who'd have thought," began Toughey, "Oh, well let's hurry and get ready."

A few minutes later the entire party including Mrs. Deering and Grandmother filed down to the lake which was only a hundred yards behind the house. A fallen tree on the beach dry and gray from long death, washed there by the heavy waves of Lake Ontario during a storm period afforded a comfortable seat for Grandmother who feared the shock of the cold water.

"I didn't know you kept a tropical sun up here in Canada," remarked Roger assisting Grandmother to the willow-shaded end of the log.

"You'll need it before you get done with this water," warned Toughey slipping from the little dock into the melted ice of the big lake. He joined her and after a vigorous swim, declared that no polar bear could like it better than he did.

Both the getting in and out of the water was a long and intricate process for the little girls, accompanied by many shrieks and false starts but ending with the cold dip and then the inevitable argument against coming out. The bathing ended, there was a race up hill and up into the cherry trees where the fruit was beginning to ripen. Grandmother and Mrs. Deering stood underneath humbly eating the cherries that were tossed down to them. But the gong for the early dinner in the big house of their hosts shortened this foraging.

Over a hundred years before the bricks of which it was built had been brought from England. The ground where it stood and the surrounding farm had been part of a land grant to an immigrant American whose loyalty to the King kept him from joining the Revolutionary movement then in progress. Although the fine old house was still possessed by descendants of the original owners, the once princely domain had dwindled to comparatively few acres, out of which scientific knowledge and unremitting labor combined to extract only a respectable living.

Immediately behind the house, on the brow of the hill rising from the lake were shacks erected for the use of the fruit pickers during the season.

"Yes, they depend entirely upon Indian labor and they make an interesting colony," said Mrs. Deering to Roger Hewitt, as they walked to the village that afternoon, where Roger was to take the train back to the states. Toughey was leading the way with the children ranging disconnectedly along the narrow asphalt walk and its grassy borders. Behind came a stout Indian with Roger's bags and suit case.

"I must get a view of this boy," said Roger unslipping his kodak.

"He may not submit to it," Mrs. Deering warned, "the old ones think there is witchcraft in a kodak."

Roger laughed and drew some money from his pocket. "Perhaps an Indian is like a gypsy, you must cross his palm with silver," and he held out a shining quarter to the boy. The young Indian hesitated a moment between the prideful teach-

ings of his race and the lure of the paleface. Then he grinned and as the little shutter clicked, he slipped the money in his pocket.

"I wish I could stay longer, but I've only time to make my engagements in St. Louis," Roger spoke to Mrs. Deering but he looked at Toughey.

It was almost a year since he had said good by to her in Brighton.

She seemed more womanly and had the delightful dignity of sixteen. His father had always called her a rose.

"A wild rose, father," modified Roger, laughing.

The village was small and the express stopped only a few seconds. The good byes were over in a flash and a moment later, the train was swallowed up in a curve and Roger was gone.

"Let's go to the poth-off," suggested Bess, who had recently acquired a lisp from a small playmate in Washington.

"Say that again," said Toughey severely, "and don't lisp." To her, this readiness to acquire the peculiarities of one's associates evidenced a total lack of character and today she felt unaccountably irritated by the child's speech.

Bess looked indignant but said nothing.

"Let's go to the post-office," seconded Nan.

"What for," asked Toughey, still irritably and

starting back toward the farm. There were no letters for her, she knew.

"Letters from papa," exclaimed the children, indignantly. Toughey flushed, her mother smiled.

"We heard from your father this morning, there will be nothing from him."

As they walked back, Toughey kept her head turned until her color was normal and she could think of something to say that was a thousand miles away from her thoughts.

Reaching the flower walks leading to the mansion, they passed two of the girls employed upon the place, one had the heavy brows and dark coloring of the Indian race—the other was a pure blonde.

Grandmother looked at her curiously.

"They say she's an Indian," Mrs. Deering remarked answering her mother's unspoken question.

"Ah," breathed Grandmother, "she never came out of an Indian lodge."

A few days later, following a preconceived plan, Mrs. Deering engaged the blonde girl to follow up Nan and Bess in their various excursions about the place.

"Poor girl! What are her crimes that she should be so punished? And so young, too!"

The children glanced suspiciously at Toughey as she spoke.

"They are going to be polite and kind to Norma, and she will be good to them," said Mrs. Deering quickly.

The little girls looked at Toughey mildly triumphant, the dawn of righteousness shining on their little faces, as though their record had already been made and approved.

"Remember Mabel in England!" continued Toughey. "Once she was a happy little girl too, until she met some particular little American villains and—"

with small snorts Nan and Bess jumped upon her.

"Don't, Toughey, you're discouraging them," said Mrs. Deering coming to the children's rescue.

"All right, time will show," Toughey persisted, laughing and defending herself against the children's indignant attack.

At the beginning of their association with Norma, Nan and Bess were so gentle and obedient that Toughey and Grandmother had many a secret laugh at their attitude. This plan gave Toughey more freedom for her necessary reading for college in the autumn and also more chance to join in the tennis parties and dances and other frolics with the young people of the house.

"We want to go to the 'vival,'" said Nan one morning, Mrs. Deering looked puzzled.

"She means the revival meeting at the Park,"

explained Toughey "Let them go mamma; Mr. Brooke has offered to take us on the farm dray and it's only a little way."

Mrs. Deering hesitated. She did not favor excursions of any kind for the children.

"Norma wants to go and we'll be back for supper," Toughey urged. Mrs. Deering finally consented with the understanding that it was to be the children's only outing.

The little party consisting of the younger members of the household with Mr. Brooke, their host, reached the lakeside resort early and at once sought seats in the pavilion where a famous revivalist had been engaged to hold services.

After half an hour of yawns, the children, with Norma and her little Indian sister of three years, who was only permitted to come at the children's urging, slipped away to the high bluff skirting the lake and down the steep path to the beach, to the smooth white sand in which they so loved to dig. Norma had brought along the same buckets and shovels they had used in Brighton, England, the summer previous. While they were gleefully burying the Indian child, thoughtfully pausing at the neck, Norma heard a whistle and glancing upward, she saw the Indian, "Ralay Day," commonly called John, beckoning to her, from the edge of the cliff. He wanted to talk with her. Seeing the children still busy in the sand, she reluctantly yielded to his entreaty and began the ascent of the steep path, where he met her half way.

The interment on the beach proceeded gaily until the child discovering herself to be too firmly rooted to even wiggle, began to whimper. A speedy disinterment followed but not quickly enough to appease the child. Anxious to pacify her themselves the children began to run with her, but she would not be comforted.

Arriving at the pier, they discovered a row boat drawn up on the beach so that only half of it remained in the water.

"Leth put her in the boat."

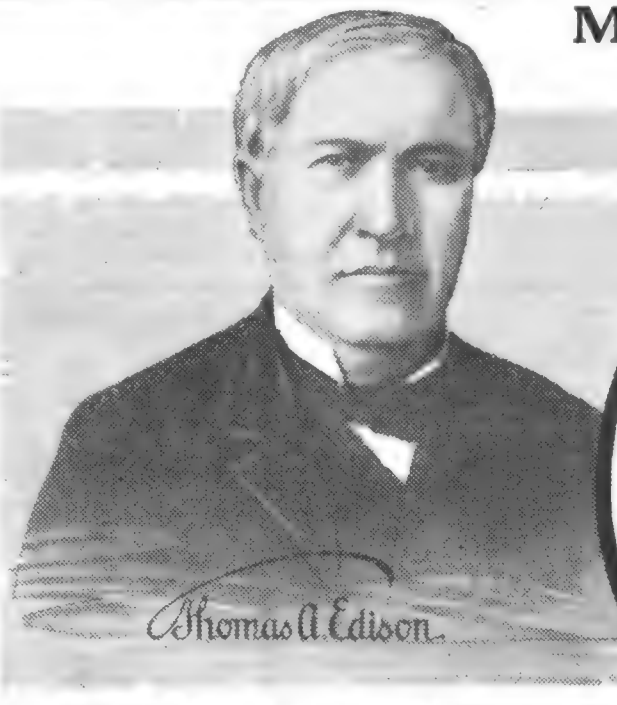
Nan looked doubtful until she noticed that the boat was tied to the dock. Then she agreed.

"Go to sleep," commanded Nan, "and you'll wake up in the moon." Making a pillow of their coats which Norma had placed on the boat, Nan coaxed the little creature to lie down and close her eyes. Rocking the boat gently she sang a cradle song.

"You theep too," said the child, opening her eyes. The children crouched down, half closed their eyes and continued their lullaby. Presently Nan ceased. "She's gone to sleep," she whispered. Bess leaned over. "Don't move yet, you'll wake her," cautioned Nan and they kept still for a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

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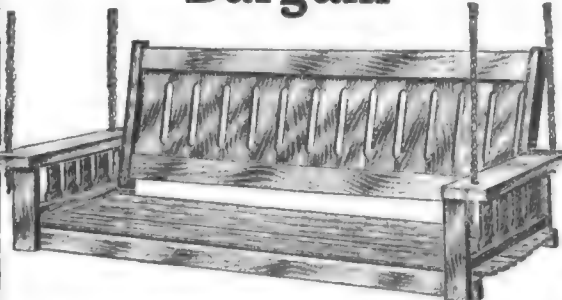


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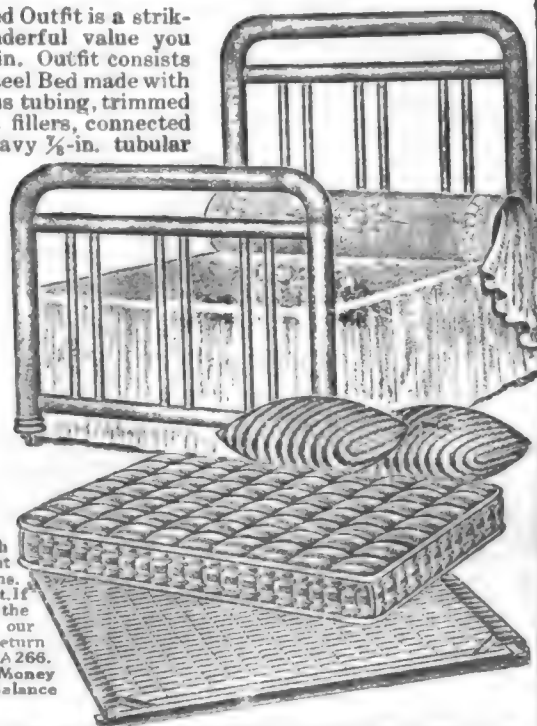
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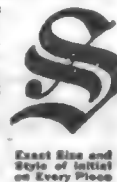


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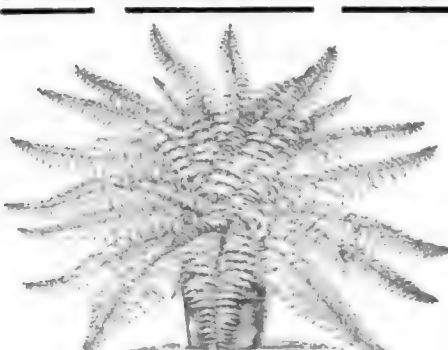
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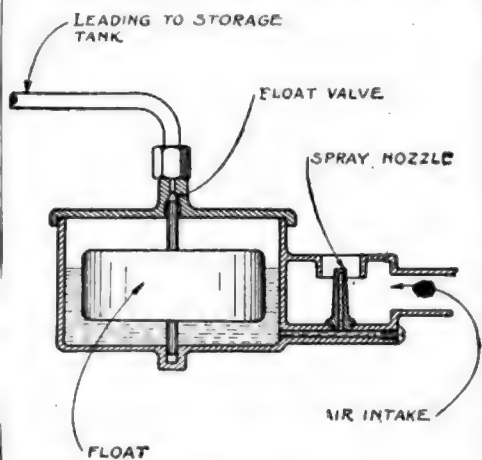
Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed.

The Carburetor

THE carburetor might rightfully be termed the lungs of the engine as upon its proper performance depend the power, service and efficient action. It is that instrument which brings gasoline and air together and causes to be formed a vapor of the proper proportions to be highly explosive. In other words the operating principle of the automobile engine is based upon the fact that a fine spray of gasoline mixed with air in the correct proportion forms a highly inflammable gas or mixture of air and gasoline vapor, which when compressed in a small air-tight chamber and ignited by an electric spark will generate the necessary power to force the piston in the cylinder down and thus impart the power impulse to the crank shaft. As is well known, gasoline is the most generally used fuel for motor vehicles. However all mixtures of gasoline vapor and air do not burn with the same degree of rapidity. A mixture which is too lean or too rich when ignited will not result in maximum power. This fact is appreciated by every carburetor designer and is the reason why specific directions accompany every carburetor sold.

In Europe gasoline is sold under the name of petrol. It is derived from petroleum from which it is derived. Benzol is the name of another fuel much used in some foreign countries. This is derived from coal tar and is produced in the manufacture of coal tar and coke. Benzol cannot be satisfactorily used in carburetors designed for handling gasoline but requires a specially constructed carbureting apparatus.

Before going too deep into the subject of carburetion it will no doubt be well to give the reader some idea as to how gasoline is obtained. Petroleum commonly termed crude oil is found in natural deposits several hundred feet below the surface of the ground. Crude oils may be classified into two general grades, one having the asphalt base and the other the paraffin base. The former in the United States is found in Oklahoma, Texas and California while petroleum having the paraffin base comes mostly from Pennsylvania and Ohio. It was formerly supposed that crude oil of a paraffin base was of a higher grade but authorities advise that the modern methods of refining place both kinds on a par. The petroleum as taken from the ground is placed in large retorts and heated. When the



EARLY TYPE OF FLOAT CARBURETOR

When the gasoline rises to the mouth of the spray nozzle the float valve is shut off the supply of gasoline flowing from the storage tank. The downward stroke of the piston in the cylinder creates a suction that draws air through carburetor. As the air passes the spray nozzle it sucks out some of the gasoline in the form of spray which, during the travel to the cylinder, mixes with the air and forms an explosive mixture.

temperature reaches approximately 100 degrees Fah., a vapor starts to come off. This vapor is caught at the top of the retort and conducted to a condenser where, by the application of cold, it is condensed to a liquid. As the temperature is raised heavier vapors start to come off and when condensed form the heavier or less volatile fuels. On a general average crude oil is said to be composed of from 10 to 15 per cent highly volatile oils; 65 to 75 per cent kerosene and light lubricating oils and from 15 per cent to 20 per cent heavy oils, paraffin wax, etc. Highly volatile oils such as gasoline, benzene and naphtha come off at a temperature ranging between 100 and 125 degrees Fah.; kerosene and light lubricating oils at 125 to 250 degrees Fah., and heavy oils, etc., at a temperature above 250 degrees Fah.

Everyone knows that heat is required to vaporize water. For instance a pan of water may be left outside in cold weather for a long time before the water will be evaporated while on the other hand if water be boiled, 212 degrees Fah., being the boiling point of water, it will soon disappear.

The same principle applies to gasoline. If this fuel be heated it will vaporize quicker. To insure quick action in complete vaporization a stove is usually placed around the hot exhaust manifold and a flexible metal tube run to the intake air opening of the carburetor. As can naturally be expected the air passing around the hot exhaust manifold is rapidly heated and therefore when admitted to the carburetor is warm.

Carbureting devices may be divided into three general classifications, spraying, surface and bubbling. The sprayer is the type now in nearly universal use and will therefore be the one taken into consideration. In this type the gasoline is first reduced to a fine spray and then mixed with air so that the two unite into a perfectly combustible mixture during their travel from the carburetor to the combustion chamber in the cylinder.

The float feed type of carburetor is the one in general use. By this is meant that the amount of gasoline taken into the carburetor at one time is controlled by float action. The float is so set that when the fuel rises to a certain level a valve is brought into play which shuts off the gasoline supply from the main storage tank. This type of carburetor really has two chambers, one for the float and the other for the spraying jet, the latter being in direct communication with the engine. An early type carburetor which is nevertheless a good one for the reader to obtain the elementary principles involved, is shown in the accompanying illustration. In the coming installments the different types of present day carburetors will be discussed.

Some Helpful Hints

Patching Oil Wicks

More than one motorist has had much of the pleasure taken out of night driving through one or more of the oil lamps used on the car suddenly falling to burn. Upon investigation it is often found that there is oil in the lamp but the wick is too short to reach the fuel. If a new wick or one of suitable length is not at

hand the emergency may be met by patching the old wick. This can be done by binding a piece of waste by means of a rubber band or string to the end of the wick. The waste reaching into the kerosene readily takes up the fuel and thus passes it on to the wick.

Inflating Tires

Tire pressure gauges are inexpensive and should form part of each car's equipment. If tire expense is to be kept as low as possible it is necessary that the tires be properly inflated. However in the absence of a gauge a tire manufacturer has suggested a method which if closely followed will result in the tires receiving the proper inflation.

When the car is fully loaded start to pump up the tires. With a pair of callipers or other suitable tool measure the top of the tire, that is, the widest part of the tire which is located under the mudguard. Next measure the tire at the bottom or in other words the widest part of the tire which is contacting with the road. When the part contacting with the road measures approximately nine per cent greater than the part measured at the top, the tire is properly inflated.

Maintaining Traction

Tire chains should always be used for winter driving. Particular care should be taken to adjust them properly. A chain properly adjusted will be able to constantly shift around the tire and in this way will not subject any one point of the tire tread to excessive wear. On the other hand if the tire chain is tightly adjusted, it will be unable to move and will cut into the tread rapidly. Should at any time the rear wheels lose traction and upon investigation it is found that the tire chains have been left at home a rope will act well as a substitute. Wind the rope around the wheel between spokes and securely tie the ends.

Cleaning with Alcohol

Wood alcohol is said to be highly recommended as a cleaning agent for cloth, leather upholstery, etc. Apply with a sponge or soft cloth.

Keep Springs Lubricated

The riding quality of any car will be greatly improved by keeping the springs properly lubricated. This does not mean only the spring shackles but also the friction surfaces of each spring leaf. At least once a season spread the leaves apart with a screw-driver or some similar wedge-shaped tool and spread a little graphite grease over the surface of each leaf.

Questions Answered

REMOVING CARBON.—I run my own car and am interested in Comford's Auto Department. Can you give me the recipe for carbon remover to burn into the cylinders through the petcocks or through the spark plug holes?

J. W. J., Terre Haute, Ind.

A.—There are several preparations that can be purchased at a very low price for removing carbon from the cylinders by chemical action. Although the writer is a firm believer of scraping and also the oxygen method for removing carbon, yet there are many who advocate the injection of denatured alcohol or kerosene into the cylinders. To use either of these liquids the motor should be allowed to run until thoroughly warmed up after which the alcohol or kerosene can be introduced into each cylinder, allowing it to remain there for about six or eight hours. About a teaspoonful placed in each cylinder will be sufficient. Some advocates of this method advise that the best results can be obtained by treating one cylinder at a time. Turn the motor over until the piston is brought to the height of its upward stroke and then pour in the fluid which is said to gradually loosen the hard carbon accumulation so that it is broken up in small pieces and carried out with the exhaust gases when the motor is started. One of the chief objections to this method is that a piece of carbon is apt to become trapped between the exhaust valve and its seat thus preventing the valve from fully closing.

WANTS A MORE POWERFUL ENGINE.—I live in a very rough country and I find my 20 has not the power I need. I met with a little accident; one of the connecting rods got loose and punched the head out of the cylinder. For about what it would cost to repair this damage I can get a 25 or 30 horse-power rebuilt motor and install it in my car. Do you advise me to do this? Would my frame and chassis stand the extra power?

W. W. D., Granton, Okla.

A.—The question you ask is a difficult one to intelligently answer. The writer has never conducted an experiment such as you wish to try and it is therefore a debatable point whether or not the same would turn out to be a success. As a general thing the designer of a car frame takes into consideration the type of motor which the frame is intended to carry. If it is possible for you to find a motor of greater horse-power which can be installed in your car and connected up without considerable expense and redesigning it will be nothing more or less than a piece of unusual good fortune. The company which makes your car is a reputable one and we therefore believe that before purchasing the new motor you take this matter up with them. It may be that your motor is out of adjustment, and if it were repaired and given a good tuning up by the factory mechanics perhaps its performance might meet your requirements. If such is not the case, the manufacturer may be in position to furnish gears of a lower ratio for the rear axle. While such a change might slightly decrease the speed of the machine the power developed by the engine would be materially increased.

My Lady O'Crinoline

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

following her eyes, I noted a thin line of smoke coming down the big staircase, which increased momentarily.

"Oh, you heartless wretches!" she screamed in terror. "You have set the house on fire!"

"It's not true!" I cried in turn. "It's not true! Those boys are faithful and decent! They have sisters and womenfolk at home. They would not do it out of mere wantonness, I swear it!"

"The servants had discovered the conflagration and came in howling and screaming. The young women issued from the dining-room with pale, scared faces. The girl's mother screamed out:

"Merciful heaven! Hal is upstairs, asleep!"

"Where is his room?" I cried, "tell me, young lady!"

"I'll show you," she cried. "Up—at the head of the stairs."

"No, no, remain here. You cannot take a chance. I'll go!" I thrust her back, and sprang up the stairs, through stifling smoke to the door indicated. I threw it open, it was already weakened by the fire and fell to pieces, throwing up a deflagration of sparks, while a blast of flame shot forth, through which it seemed sheer folly to spring. But with a disregard for that, and thinking only of those terrorized scornful eyes below, I made the spring and to the little bed in the corner. The smoke had stupefied the lad, so I grabbed him up, in one hand, and with the other plucked up a chair which I crashed through the second window, for the fire was blazing about the window nearest the door. I staggered through the smoke, to the window and sat upon the ledge and shouted out to my men below. They threw up a rope which I fastened about the lad and let him down then I crawled out upon the window ledge, hung for a moment, then dropped. The men below held a blanket, and into this I fell without any worse effects than a nasty jolt.

"Then we set to work to put out the fire, but it was futile. We did what we could, but the

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building burned merrily, and soon only the walls were standing.

"My Lady O' Crinoline had stood by all the time, from the moment I let down the boy, until I dropped myself. A dozen willing hands took care of the lad, but the girl stayed near me, and as I stood by watching the smoldering ruin, she cried:

"Look at your handiwork! You have made the home of a widow a blazing pyre. Admire it! Is it not an act worthy of gentlemen?"

"I could not blame her in her despair, but I knew we were guiltless."

"You wrong us," I cried. "I swear you are wrong. My men were stationed below. How could they have started the fire?"

"At that moment the old colored mammy came up to her young mistress's side."

"Oh, Miss Virginia," she wailed. "Marster Hal am all right, but I done ought to tear an' beat myself to pieces. I put de lighted candle on de table near de window. Marster Hal, he wanted a light to watch fo' de Yanks, an' so I left de candle lit, meanin' by an' by to put it out. I guess de wind done blowed de curting into de light, an' started de fire."

"The truth and probability of the negro's statement dashed to us. The fire had raged in that corner of the room where that window was. It was my vindication."

"Go, Dinah," the girl said, and we were alone. For some moments we stood gazing at each other in the flaring light of the fire. Then in proud humility, the girl extended her hand.

"I am not so proud that I cannot admit a mistake; nor can I leave you without an apology. I am sorry; I ask your forgiveness. But remember always that I—that I—"

"Her voice trailed off, but I knew what she would say."

"My hand trembled as I took her outstretched one. Its soft touch thrilled, yea, unbalanced me."

"My Lady, my Lady O' Crinoline!" I cried. "Don't hate me! For tonight I have begun to live and I—I dare I say the word that you will consider an insult?—I love you! When war is over, I shall return; I shall find you, and you shall love me. The time will come when you will reverse your opinion of me which you set forth in my Valentine. Valentine, precious message, even though it was intended to be insulting."

"Go, I do not wish to listen to you," she said, but I saw signs which even her fine control could not hide.

"I shall obey," I answered, "but my love will ever be in mind, and so beget yours. Think of me, my lady, and believe I am honest in my love. If neither bullet nor disease claim me, I shall come again. For I love you, my lady, love you as it is every man's privilege to love when love is honest and sincere. You shall find in me a true heart, which will serve you as honestly as it does the cause you now so hate."

"A carriage drove up then, and a girl friend sprang out and took the beautiful creature away. And that night, I dreamed of her."

The Colonel stopped. "You were named after that lady, my dear," he said, turning to Virginia.

"Named after her? Why, I was named after grandmother!"

"Well that's merely another way of saying it, I suppose," the Colonel smiled teasingly.

"Then the lady was grandmother?"

"Do you think I'd dare tell this story, if it hadn't been—grandmother?" he queried.

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Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

CHAPTER IV.

A PERPLEXED GENTLEMAN.

"There," said Agatha, triumphant but exhausted, waving the towel with which she had been polishing glasses and retiring to a distance to survey their glittering ranks where they stood on the handsome old sideboard in readiness for the man who was coming from Ilighbury to act as waiter. "No one would ever know all those had not been used for years!"

The three girls stood and surveyed the scene of their labors in silence. The great dining-room, hung with Spanish leather, in which forty people could have dined, was cut off by high gilded screens to a quarter of its size, making a cozy corner in front of the fire, where the table was to be laid for the little party of five.

"If Clarence Mayne could only see us!" Nerine cried, with that rare fresh laugh of hers which was the very spirit of mirth. "How he would put his glass in his eye and survey the scene!" she added, with an appreciative glance at the antique silver and the bunches of pink chrysanthemums which adorned the table.

"Well, he can't see us," returned Agatha, practically, "so we need not think about him. Let us go and have some tea and take our ease till it's time to dress. Nerine, you might go and find Maurice."

"Not much need," interrupted that person, appearing with a large basket containing champagne, burgundy and sherry. "I am about choked with cobwebs and straw, and half frozen besides in that beastly cellar. I say, girls, Mr. Mayne has made a pretty good hole in our wine!"

"Don't leave it here, Maurice. Give it to Jane," said Agatha. "The man who is coming to wait might drink it all before dinner."

It was well on to half-past seven when the expectant host and hostesses went up-stairs to dress. The waiter had arrived and was laying the table. Jane was bustling round her kitchen in a state of great excitement, and Ellen, her sister, a girl of sixteen, who had opportunely called on a visit and had been pressed to remain for the important occasion, as her services might be needed, was meekly and mildly doing whatever she was bidden, while her mouth watered at the savory smells pervading the kitchen. As the clock struck eight the door bell rang rather faintly. Mr. Mayne had long ago abolished the knockers which lacerated his nerves.

"You run up, Ellen, and tell Hall you'll go to the door. He's making the salad for me in the pantry. This ain't anybody yet—it's too early. Dinner ain't till half-past eight."

Ellen departed, giving her message to Hall, the waiter, as she passed through the pantry.

The great hall was quite dark as she reached it (Maurice in lighting the dining-room and the drawing-room having quite forgotten it), and the various fastenings of the hall door responded but slowly therefore in her unaccustomed fingers.

On the steps stood a tall man wrapped in a voluminous livery cloak. Satterlee had dressed at the club and walked the few steps between it and Lispenard House. Eight o'clock, he supposed was the dinner hour, though neither Lispenard nor his sister had mentioned one.

He walked into the dark hall accordingly like one who is expected. The maid who had answered the door closed it after him and moved on in the dark toward the interior of the house. Satterlee could just distinguish her figure in the gloom, and followed her quickly, not to lose sight of her. Never having been in the house before, he had not the vaguest idea where to go.

Ellen, hurrying on in front, looked over her shoulder to see the large and silent figure striding rapidly after her. She meant to turn into the pantry to ask Hall what she was to do, and missed the turning; before she knew what she was doing she found herself mounting the pitch-dark back stairs. Suddenly she began to run.

What if she had admitted a robber or a burglar like she had read about in the newspapers, and he was coming after her to kill her! Jane had said it was too early for the gentleman, and any one else would have given some message, or at least asked if anyone were in. Ellen's stout country legs fairly flew up the dark and twisting stairs. Behind her came Satterlee, three steps at a time, completely bewildered, but determined not to lose sight of the only guide he had in this peculiar house.

Ellen's overwrought sensibilities gave way; already she could feel a burglarious hand clutching the skirt of her dress.

"Go down, mister, go down!" she shrieked. "You've made a mistake!" And as her pursuer stopped in wild surprise, at this form of address, she whisked round a corner and after some false starts found her way to Jane's bedroom, where she crouched trembling with fright, unable to move.

"Well, upon my word!" thought Satterlee, brought to a dead stop on the dark stair. "This is the most remarkable house to come to dinner in. What got into that girl, I wonder? I'd have done better to have sat on the doorsteps till Lispenard came down."

He made a cautious step or two upward, and found himself apparently on a landing from which two passages branched in opposite directions. Should he try one of them or should he go back? Whichever he did, it was very awkward in a strange house. And at the awful thought that an incautiously opened door might bring him into the female apartment of Miss Lispenard or her sister, Lord Satterlee quailed.

He turned to retrace his steps through the perfect silence of the dark house back to the front hall and the door. But though he descended a staircase, it was not the one he had come up, and it led him into a baize-covered passage in which his feet made no sound.

With an abruptness with which inclination had nothing to do, Satterlee's handsome face brought up against a baize-covered door, which, luckily for his nose, gave way before his involuntary onslaught; then as he made a step forward with a hearty exclamation it swung to behind him.

"Confound this place!" he said aloud. "And confound my nose. I believe I've broken it!" feeling that feature crossly. The darkness in the room was almost palpable. After a little ineffectual groping to try and discover some furniture, a mantelpiece or table where there might be matches, Lord Satterlee found he had completely lost his bearings. Furniture there was in plenty, judging from the various things he had violently bumped against, but it seemed to be stowed anywhere and everywhere in confusion. When he had stubbed his toes for the fifth time he sat down in the dark on the last object which had assaulted him. It was a small table, which upset under him; and after this last downfall he sat where he was, utterly bewildered.

It was of no use to ransack his evening clothes for matches; he had none. Presently he spoke softly to himself in the black darkness:

"Well, I'm dished!"

CHAPTER V.

THE LOST GUEST.

Up-stairs the toilets of the ladies were slowly progressing. Kit, gazing at the glory of a white-crape frock made of shimmering peach-colored satin, was rather mournfully wondering if she ought not to put on something not quite so fine because of the forlorn condition of the wardrobe of her hostesses.

"I must look nice, but I mustn't look too nice!" she remarked to those ladies. "It would be too horrid of me."

Nerine laughed where she stood behind Agatha, deftly coiling her sister's smooth, fine hair. The three were dressing in Kit's room, for the sake of the fire and the Lispenard festal garments lay on a chair in a heap, with a great want of respect for their age and sobriety.

"Make yourself as fine as you can, my dear!"

Nerine said, gayly. "Agatha and I are so much handsomer, to begin with, that your efforts will all be required to outshine us!"

"And it's high necked!" Agatha chimed in, rather vaguely referring to the exquisite garment on the bed. "Oh, Nerine, that pin punctured me!" with a muffled shriek. "Give me the glass. I'll finish for myself."

"You are finished," returned the executioner, calmly running another large pin into the hair of her victim, which grazed the skin with some energy. "You may suffer, but your hair is done with divine elegance!"

As she spoke she gave a hasty glance at her own hair, and she twisted it up with a little care as though she were going to dine with Mr. Mayne. It was not so smooth as Agatha's, perhaps not so fine, and it rippled a little when it was brushed back from her low Greek forehead. Without another look at the careless classic coil, the girl slipped on her gown.

"If only I wrote for the *Lady's Pictorial*, I should say that the gowns of green velvet worn by the Misses Lispenard owed their charm to the antique simplicity of their style," she remarked as she buttoned the worn old dress, whose only trimming was a ruff of heavy yellow lace about the throat, a far more fashionable one, somehow, than Agatha's, though it was made of the selfsame duchesse point. Nerine's slim, round throat rose out of it like a stately flower stem; her hands were white and fine against the worn pile of the dull-green velvet, whose long, clinging skirt trailed unheeded after her.

"How slow you two are!" she said, leaning an idle elbow against the mantel while she warmed her shabby shoe on the fender. She was delighted at the flavor of forbidden fruit which hung about this dinner party doubly delicious was it to contravene the orders of the absent Mr. Mayne and to have so young and good looking a guest. She fairly bubbled over with laughter and nonsense as the other girls dressed.

Agatha, on the contrary, was very silent. A vague feeling of worry and trouble oppressed her. Something might go wrong about the dinner, and she was sure Lord Satterlee was very particular. And then the many Sundays when at afternoon service at St. Jude's she had felt his eyes upon her as she sat devoutly listening to the sermon were too fresh in her mind to make her anything but nervous. How dreadful it would be if he thought she had suggested his being asked to dinner!

"Agatha is a typical hostess isn't she, Kit? Look at her knitted brow of anxiety about her repeat. She might be having ten lords instead of one. By the way, he ought to be here; we ought to be down-stairs," with a look at Kit's little gold watch lying on the mantelpiece. "Do you know, my good girls, that it is nearly half-past eight?"

A bang at the door interrupted her.

"Girls, where are you?" shouted Maurice, and without ceremony he burst into the room.

"What? Aren't any of you down-stairs? Then where on earth is Satterlee?"

"He hasn't come yet," Agatha returned, calmly. "Where should he be?"

"He came half an hour ago!" replied Maurice, wrathfully. "And that idiot of a sister of Jane's thought he was a burglar or something and ran away and hid in the attic. Jane's just told me; but neither she nor I can find Satterlee, and I suppose he must have followed that nifty of a girl up-stairs and can't find his way down."

"How do you know it was he?" Agatha stood aghast with horror. None of her forebodings had come up to this.

"Who else could it be? Give me one of those candles and I'll go and look for him in the garret."

Kitty Belton sat down weakly and went into fits of laughter. She had finished dressing, as had Nerine, while Agatha still stood with her gown half-fastened, too terrified to proceed.

"Fancy him up in the garret in the dark!" Kit exclaimed. "What do you keep in the garret, Agatha? There are old mouse traps, I suppose, and chairs without any legs, and—"

"Why did he go up there?" interrupted Nerine as Kit became speechless with mirth.

"He followed Ellen, of course. What else could he do?" But Agatha got no answer to her indignant question.

A sudden flash of inspiration had checked Nerine's laughter. Like Maurice, she seized a bedroom candle and flew out of the room. If Lord Satterlee was not down-stairs and Maurice did not find him in the garret could he have possibly found his way into Mr. Mayne's part of the house? If so, he could never find his way back again in the dark.

Down the stairs the girl hurried as Maurice was striding up them, and along the baize-covered passage to the door which was the back entrance to the very palatial suite of rooms of which her stepfather had possessed himself.

But when she reached the door there was no sign of Satterlee. Nerine stopped short. Surely Mr. Mayne could never have forgotten to lock that door when he departed. If so, perhaps the last guest had found his way into the sacred chamber!

She gave the swinging door a vigorous push. It had no handle, only a peculiar catch on the inside, from which it only could be unfastened. It was hard and fast.

Nerine gave it a shake, more from impatience at the impossibility of her brilliant idea than from anything else.

"Then he must be in the garret," she said aloud. "He can't have got in here."

She was turning away, when a sound of rapidly displaced furniture inside the locked door startled her.

"Good heavens! Could Maurice have been mistaken and it had been Mr. Mayne who had entered the house so strangely, and not Lord Satterlee at all?"

Nerine knocked angrily at the door. If it were Mr. Mayne she would make him declare himself. He should not dare enter their house like a thief to spy upon them!

"Who is there?" she cried in her young, fresh voice, grasping her heavy silver candlestick hard the while. Suppose it was neither Clarence Mayne nor Satterlee she had heard, and in another minute she had to defend herself from a burglar!

"Answer me at once!" she commanded. "Is it you, Mr. Mayne?"

A strong and pleasant voice, assuredly not Mr. Mayne's, came rather ruefully from the other side of the door.

"It is I—Satterlee. And I can't manage to get out."

"How did you get in?" she demanded, with a total want of manners.

Lord Satterlee in the dark relapsed into helpless laughter. Who had ever gone out to dinner and been locked up and interrogated like this by his hostess? For he knew it was his hostess—he could recognize Miss Lispenard's voice.

"I—I followed the servant—and—managed to lose my way in the passage." He worded it as respectfully as he could, but for his life he could not help laughing as he remembered the flying maiden who had shrieked at him to go down.

Nerine did not laugh.

"Was the door open?" she inquired.

"It was—luckily for me. I brought up against it and it swung open. But it seems to have caught now."

"It has?" Nerine remembered the only time she had ever entered that room. Wild with anger at some order of Mayne's, she had run down that passage—a hot-headed holden of fifteen—and burst in unbidden, through that very door. She remembered how, five minutes after she had turned to go out again, tears of useless wrath and futile passion at the failure of her errand blinding her, even now she heard the bland tones of her stepfather's hated voice as he directed her, with calm politeness, to press a certain spot in the baize-covered surface of the door.

"Put your hand on the crack of the door," she ordered Satterlee. "Now feel about an inch inside the edge, rather high up. Can you feel anything hard?"

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There was silence. Nerine could hear her own heart beat. Could Mr. Mayne have altered the fastening?

"Can't you find it?" she impatiently asked. "No, I'm very stupid. Wait a minute. I think—I do," fumbling doubtfully.

"You do; you must!" the girl cried. "Push it; up, I think—any way it will go."

Almost as she spoke the door swung forward. As she moved quickly out of the way the light of her candle fell on the imprisoned guest as he towered in the low doorway.

It fell, too on Nerine herself in her velvet gown, with her head thrown back a little and her graceful, milk-white throat rising from the yellow old lace she wore. Satterlee thought he had never seen a lovelier sight than this tall, black-haired girl, holding her candle. But he thought, also, that it was Agatha.

"You will never ask such an unfortunate duffer to your house again, will you?" he said, holding out his hand. "I do not see how I managed to make such a consummate ass of myself!" his blue eyes full of mirth.

"It was not your fault; it was Ellen's," Nerine explained. "As for coming here again," laughing, too, "it is you who will probably never want to do that."

As she spoke her eyes fell on the table which Lord Satterlee had knocked over and on the disordered furniture. That must be put straight, and if once the door were shut she might not be able to get it open again.

"Hold the door," she said, abruptly. "If you don't mind, I must pick up that table."

As she spoke she crossed the threshold which she had never meant to cross until Mr. Mayne had left the house forever. Satterlee would have followed and repaired the havoc he had wrought, but she would not let him leave the door.

As Nerine picked up the fallen table a small drawer in it caught her eye. It was open from the fall, being apparently a secret receptacle, and a small book had fallen out of it. The little book was covered in Russia leather, and on it in letters of raised silver was a monogram, one of whose corners was loose and pricked her finger. Nerine looked down quickly. The letters were E. L., Esther Lispenard, that meant. The book had been her mother's.

Without a word and without the faintest compunction, the daughter slipped the book into her pocket. Clarence Mayne had enough of her goods without it! She snapped the drawer to.

"Come," she said, turning to Satterlee, who had not seen her action. "Do you know that Maurice is nearly distraught about you? I left him hunting wildly for you in the attic."

They both laughed as they hastened through the house to the drawing-room, where Kit and

Agatha were waiting.

"Then it was you," Satterlee demanded, "who thought where I might be?"

"I never really thought, though, that my stepfather would have left that door open. I suspected only that you had got into that passage."

Nerine opened the drawing-room door noiselessly. There were Kit, Agatha, and Maurice, all agitated; Kit hilarious, the others wrathfully despairing.

"I wish that confounded girl had been drowned in the Tyne before she came here!" Maurice was saying. "I've looked everywhere but in the coal cellar, and—"

He stopped short at the welcome vision of Satterlee, whose attire bore no traces of a sojourn in that grimy retreat.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he remarked. "Where have you been?"

Agatha, with wild relief in her heart, came forward quickly, holding out her hand with a kind of gracious shyness.

"What must you think of us?" she said. Satterlee glanced at her then back at her sister, as he shook hands. Honestly, he was not sure, even now, which of the two sisters he had seen so often in church.

No one noticed his silence, for Nerine was recounting how and where she had discovered him, and Maurice, somewhat impatiently, was desiring to give Agatha his arm and take her in to dinner.

"You must be starving," he remarked as he followed him with Nerine and Kit. "And if the dinner's burned to ashes we'll all go in a body and execute Ellen—eh, Agatha?"

"She deserves it certainly," said the girl whose hand lay on Satterlee's sleeve. He looked at her lovely profile quickly. Agatha, he knew, was the Christian name of his Miss Lispenard! He had heard some one say how strange it was that Agatha Lispenard's sister never went with her to St. Jude's.

Perfectly irrationally, Lord Satterlee felt the least bit disappointed that it had not, after all, been Agatha who had divined his whereabouts.

CHAPTER VI.

NERINE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

"Nerine!" called Agatha suddenly from her bed.

"What?" Nerine started where she sat bolt upright in her somewhat chilly couch, scrutinizing by the light of a candle a small object which at the sound of her sister's voice she hastily covered with the sheet.

It was late—after one, for Satterlee had not

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

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Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid picture and story book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

Uncle Charlie's Home Fund

Nearly Doubles in December

UNCLE CHARLIE'S friends will be pleased to learn that the fund, which COMFORT readers are raising for his benefit, to secure him a home and help provide for the necessities of his declining years, nearly doubled in December. On the first of January he reported that during the month previous he had received \$351.00, contributed by 536 people. This, added to what he had previously received, brings the total up to \$740.00 contributed by 918 individuals.

As the contributions are still coming there is a good prospect that the fund will reach respectable proportions by the third day of February which is the twentieth anniversary of the day on which he was stricken down to linger on a helpless, shut-in.

When I say "respectable proportions" I mean that if it doubles again in January, or even grows at the December rate, it will be a respectable beginning, a perceptible help, by the third of February though far from sufficient to buy him a home. But I believe our readers, who started this movement themselves, will keep boosting until they make the fund large enough to be a worthy testimonial of their love and admiration and a substantial help to him.

Now that it has just got in full swing don't let this worthy project fall; don't let your enthusiasm cool; don't slacken your efforts now that success is in sight. Now is the time to work with renewed energy with the assurance that if each does his or her share, together you can put it over in good shape. But it will not do to leave it all to be done by a few—not one in a thousand of COMFORT's great army of subscribers has contributed thus far. Every little helps, but the

total will not be much of a help if 999 out of every thousand leave it to the other fellow to do all the helping.

Remember that I did not start this project, neither did Uncle Charlie; and I was at first reluctant to give it publicity in COMFORT for fear it might not succeed to a degree that would be creditable to its promoters. Now that it is fairly launched it must be pushed to a satisfactory result, which all depends on our readers. Uncle Charlie is in the hands of his friends, and it remains to be seen how many and who they are.

Again let me remind you how you can help:

1. By cash donations.
2. By purchasing Uncle Charlie's books (see advertisement.)
3. Those who cannot spare the money for a cash donation or for purchase of his books can contribute by getting subscriptions to COMFORT in aid of the "Uncle Charlie Benefit Fund" and instead of taking the club premium or cash commission themselves direct that it be credited to the fund. In such cases I will pay over to Uncle Charlie one half of the subscription price of all subscriptions sent for this purpose. The regular cash commission on COMFORT subscriptions is 40 per cent, but for Uncle Charlie's Benefit Fund I will allow 50 per cent. Another way to help him and benefit yourself is to get up a subscription club and take one of his books as your premium.

In one or other of these ways every COMFORT reader who wishes to do so can help swell the fund for Uncle Charlie which has my hearty approval and will have my assistance.

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

neighbor before he gets a chance to do you, exploiting women and children, and boosting a hold up game of polite piracy. Look across at Europe, and see what education has done there. Look at our own country, the home of the brave and the land of the free with its tens of thousands of young girls herded in vice dens, and its devilish liquor traffic. And what's the cause of it all? Wrong education or no education at all. Give me the children of this or any other land for half an hour a day for two or three months and I'll give you a different world, a world worth living in and a world with something to live for. It is almost wasted effort to tackle the grown ups, but it breaks my heart to think what could be done with young people if somebody would only do it. But there I could take a whole edition of COMFORT and not say half I would like to say on this subject. Andrew S. Draper, State Commissioner of Education of New York, in his annual report says: "I confess that it startles me to find that certainly not more than two fifths and undoubtedly not more than one third of the children who enter our elementary schools ever finish them, and not one half of them go beyond the fifth grade. It is hardly less surprising to find that only about one third of the pupils that go to the high schools remain beyond the second year and that only about one sixth of those who enter remain to graduate. It also indicates that the lives of children are being wasted, that there is a sad lack of definite aim and purpose about it all, and that our educational plans do not rationally meet our conditions." The war is teaching them a good many things in Europe. In England they have discovered that their educational system is all wrong and they have started in to alter it. About a hundred years hence we shall probably do as England is doing. Why not do it now? Alva here is a verse about Tacoma taken from the Goat's joke book.

If you have thoughts of marriage,
And love gets your brain in a whirl,
Just hike off to far Tacoma
And take-home-a Tacoma girl.

Waverly, Neb.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am twelve years old. I go to the Pleasant Valley School, Lancaster county, Neb. I live a little over a mile and a half from school. We had examinations last week and my grades are as follows: Geography, 100; Spelling, 90; language, 92; Physiology, 95; Mental Arithmetic, 86; Arithmetic, 89; which made my average 92, the highest in the school. My teacher's name is Miss Bessie Malone. I will be in the sixth grade next year. I have fifteen chickens and eleven ducks of my own. I was born on a home-stead in El Paso county, Colorado. I have went to many schools in my life and lived in three states and been in four. We live now thirteen miles north-east of Lincoln, Neb. I have no brothers or sisters. I have a Scotch collie dog, his name is Woodrow. I have also a cat named Teddy. I always read COMFORT and like it very much. We have taken COMFORT for ten years, but missed it two years moving around.

Your friend,
MATILDA KIEL.

Matilda, I am delighted at the splendid average you got for school work. Waverly, Nebraska, ought to be very proud of you, and believe me I am quite proud of you myself. In mentioning the subjects in which you excel, you give them all capital letters except language. From this I infer you do not think language is as important as geography and arithmetic. I am a little surprised, Matilda, that you were graded so high in language, as I note you say: "I have went to many schools in my life." I have went is a most atrocious vulgarism of speech, a ferocious assault on our language. It is in class with "I seen" and "I done." It is strange your teacher didn't detect you in the act of perpetrating this awful break. Once more let me repeat that bright little story of the boy, whose teacher was determined to break him of the habit of saying "I have went" instead of "I have gone." She made him stay after school hours and write "I have gone" one hundred times. When the teacher returned to school she found the young gentleman had written "I have gone" a hundred times, and after completing he left this little note for the teacher: "Dear teacher: I have written I have gone a hundred times, and now I have went." In a cemetery out West a stone mason chisled these words on a tombstone at the request of a customer whose English he did not dare to correct: "She has went to join the angels." As you are a language expert Matilda, I think you had better write, "I have attended many schools in my life." That is better than "I have gone" or "I have been" to many schools. So Matilda you have a Scotch collie named Woodrow and a cat named Teddy. All you need now is a parrot named Bryan, then you will have a fine political menagerie. Billy the Goat says one thing still is necessary, you should have a monkey called Uncle Charlie. Excellent idea Matilda, look out for your letters best. I'll leave a little note behind for Maria and the Goat, so they will know I have went. I mean I have gone.

Kenna, W. Va.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a girl sixteen years old, have light hair and brown eyes.

I enjoy school work. I go to school winter and summer and will pass the examinations as soon as I am old enough. We can't hold a certificate here until we are eighteen. I have read the COMFORT for several years and enjoy your letters best. I live in a beautiful country, among the West Virginia hills. We have no wild animals here, except the rabbit, fox and squirrels. We have lovely flowers, both wild and tame. And Uncle Charlie I am a lover of flowers. Would't you like me to send you a bouquet?

I like to do most all kinds of housework. I can crochet and do most any kind of needle work. And the best of all I believe in woman suffrage and hope the day will come when the women of my state can vote.

I like music very much, and now Uncle, here comes the question. Do you think a girl of sixteen are too young to except the company of boy friends?

This being my first letter to COMFORT, will close, with best wishes to Uncle Charlie and all the cousins. Your new niece,
GERTRUDE MILLER.

So you have no wild animals in West Virginia. If you want to see wild animals in all their hideous glory come to New York. We have more wild animals here to the square inch than in the rest of the world put together. There is a place in Fourteenth Street, New York, called Tammany Hall, that contains the most ferocious specimens of wild animals ever known to the zoologist. You simply can't beat this collection. Talk about the mastodon, the dinosaur and the pterodactyl that roamed the earth hundreds of thousands of years ago, they are not in the same hemisphere with the Tammany Hall tigers. There are likewise a choice collection of wild animals in Wall Street, the saloons, movies and many of the theaters, and even in the churches—wild animals (more or less dangerous) crawling around, seeking whom they may devour. Don't go to the forests, mountains or jungles for wild animals. You are wasting your time if you do; don't even go to the zoological gardens or the circuses, for the wild animals you find in these are but a poor lot of four-legged pikers. Come to our big cities if you wish to see the most dangerous wild animals that have ever infested or cursed this earth. Food dopers, rum sellers, prize boosters, white slavers, black handers, stock waterers, crooks, thieves, murderers. They are all here. Some day we are going to shoot up these wild animals and get rid of them. Life won't be worth while until we do. We are an awful lot of fools to tolerate the presence of these two-legged animal pests. Some day we will get sensible and clean them out. It is the wild animal kings and emperors, nobles, aristocrats and junkies who are responsible for the war in Europe. A lot of them have been killed off but there are still a few hundred thousand we'd be well rid of. This will be a nice old world to live in when we get rid of all the wild animals, the ferocious human squirrels that prey upon the docile bone-headed nuts. I would love to have some of your flowers Gertrude, but it is waste of money sending flowers by parcel post as they are dead by the time they reach me. The trailing arbutus however, my favorite flower, that dainty, modest, exquisitely fragrant harbinger of spring, seems alone able to endure the journey. The arbutus seems to have the ability to survive a boxed up journey, but all other flowers succumb. These flowers for the girl who can do housework and who believes in woman suffrage. Gertrude you ask me if girls of sixteen are too young to "except" the company of boy friends. Girls of sixteen my dear, are just at the right age to "except" that company of boys, and just at the wrong age to accept. Before young ladies think about boys they ought to know the difference between except and accept. Except means to leave out, to omit, to object; accept means to take when offered, to agree to, to receive. So many people get these words mixed and often at times with grotesque and ludicrous results. You write a dandy hand, Gertrude, and I just can't understand how you have reached the age of sixteen and have gone to school summer and winter, and expect soon to have a certificate without noting the difference between except and accept, and they differ so widely and completely. Leave the boys alone for two or three years and make them leave you alone. Accept their friendship but when they spring the mush talk, close down the lid and leave them. You'll be happier and have a more contented mind if you do. You will probably get more than a sufficiency of them in later years. Let your girlhood be carefree and happy. Boys often have a habit of making girls anything but happy and at times they make them tragically and terribly unhappy. Am so glad Gertrude, that you are strong for suffrage. Keep pegging away and don't lose heart because your cause lost out at the last election. Agitate and educate and you will eventually tame those two-legged wild animals who refused the women of your state a right they possess even in far-away Finland, a Russian possession. Too bad the men of West Virginia, living on the free soil of this wonderful America, should lag painfully behind Finland in granting to women the right to have a voice in choosing men who make the laws under which they must live. The male workers of West Virginia have at times been shamefully maltreated by big, exploiting industrial corporation. The votes of women intelligently used would quickly make the more acute forms of this exploitation impossible. Men who cannot see this must be blind indeed. But there most men are blind to their best interests anyway. People who suffer from political and economic blindness ought to be mighty glad to have women help them to open their eyes.

BRASELTON, GA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Is there room on your knee for a "Georgia Crackery" age fifteen, five feet tall, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, blue eyes, fair complexion and brown hair. Most everybody has an occupation, mine is crocheting, which does my eyes no good. Don't you think I must take up something else? I am almost blind. My pet is a little hen which has but one foot. Wouldn't you like to see her? She follows me everywhere I go. I have four sisters, two of them are married, and five brothers, one married and one in Heaven. I go to school at Thompson Mills, a dandy little town, population about two hundred. I go to Sunday school every Sunday, P. M.

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I very often go out in the woods to crack hickory nuts and walnuts, they sure do eat well. Love to all COMFORT readers and Uncle Charlie.

Your niece,
EVA JANE LANCASTER.

Eva you ought to be proud of that last name of yours. It is some swell name. You are very foolish to be ruining your eyes with crocheting. Maria and the Goat (and they are both excellent judges) and some other lady friends of mine regard crocheting as a horrible waste of time. If I volplane down the ages on the wings of memory, I can glimpse my two sisters in far-away boyhood, making atrocious, hideous, abominable things they called antimacassars. They took an interminable time to make and it required quite some skill and dexterity I believe to turn them out. They were hideous things however, and they were generally used to cover up some perfectly handsome good-looking chair, utterly spoiling its appearance. I used to gather these abominations up in a heap and hide them, as they violated my canons of taste, and fractured my sense of the artistic and aesthetic. Oriental people have a wonderfully developed sense of the artistic. We occidentals unfortunately have not. The antimacassar craze didn't last long, but it was very deadly while it did last. There are so many pretty and useful things a woman can make with her fingers, and she can make with out fooling around with crazy quilts or crochet work. I know an invalid lady who supports herself by making wonderful sweaters and woolen baby wear and she sells what she makes. If your eyes are bad Eva, why make them worse? What the world needs at all times is food. Just now I am paying eighty cents a dozen for new laid eggs, and they are not so extra new laid either, and half of them at least had whiskers when Columbus landed. Some bear the imprint of Noah's typewriter. If you are anywhere near a patch of land, and I guess you are, all you would need to do to become richer than Rockefeller would be to raise one potato and one egg, then you could have a touring car for the one-legged hen and a limousine for yourself. Raising poultry won't hurt your eyes. Nearly all the food in Europe is being raised by women. They don't say to a woman in England or France now, "your place is in the home." Instead they say "your place is out in the wheat field or the cabbage patch." It is wonderful how quickly man can find a different place for woman as soon as he gets in a tight spot and wants help. Bathe your eyes in a solution of boric acid water. You can get an eye cup for five cents, and all the boric acid you want for another five cents. Now invest a dollar in a magnifying glass, and you will be able to read the finest print. Those foolish people who write me that they can't read portions of COMFORT because of its small print, make me very weary. A magnifying glass big enough to take in a whole line at a time will make the smallest COMFORT print nearly as big as a house. I don't need a magnifying glass to read by though the faint pencil scratches of you boys and girls, have almost ruined the best pair of eyes in the world. It is absolutely necessary however to keep a magnifying glass handy, so as to decipher some of the names and addresses of those who write me. I've been unable to thank some of the big-hearted souls who contributed so generously to the Uncle Charlie Home Fund because their names and addresses were written so carelessly, that all the magnifying glasses in the world could not aid me in deciphering them. Lots of people who live on Long Island (and Long Island is not a state but only a portion of New York State) write I, I without any period after the I and I, and they make the I look exactly like an A, with the result that all their books and papers go hiking off to Louisiana. Then they write us letters, call us thieves and want to murder us because they have not got what they paid for. They don't realize that they have wasted time, broken our hearts and forced us to pay a lot of extra postage through their carelessness. What we need in this world is a school for careless people. If we had such a school about nine out of every ten of us would be found in the front row. Never be careless when writing your name and address and don't crocheting when your eyes are weak, and don't crocheting at all if you can read. The time that has been given by women to what I may call useless needlework, if it had been used for study and brain development would long ere this have given them a vote, banished drink, poverty and war from the face of the earth. Now Eva, rest those eyes and start a chicken, duck, turkey, pheasant and squab ranch, and oh, yes, do raise one potato. Potatoes and eggs are dearer than houses in this section of the world, and if you country people are not all millionaires by now it is your own fault.

YUKON, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

As I have never sent a letter from this part of the dear state of Oklahoma, I thought I'd venture so far as to write a few words.

As I like to read letters that the descriptions are given, I'll describe myself. I am a girl thirteen years old, have blue eyes, brown hair, a freckled face, a big mouth and am not a bit good looking. I will be in the seventh grade next year.

I live on a large farm. We have some small chickens and several large ones. We have a dog and three kittens, and a number of horses and cattle. We live in a two-story house with six rooms. I can milk and play the organ sew and crocheting and bake cakes biscuits, light bread, pie, corn bread and many other things as good as any ordinary person. I live one mile from church and Sunday school and go every Sunday.

Your loving niece,
OPAL McCALLON.

Opal, I congratulate you on not being good looking and having the courage to tell us so. There is an old story which says: "My face is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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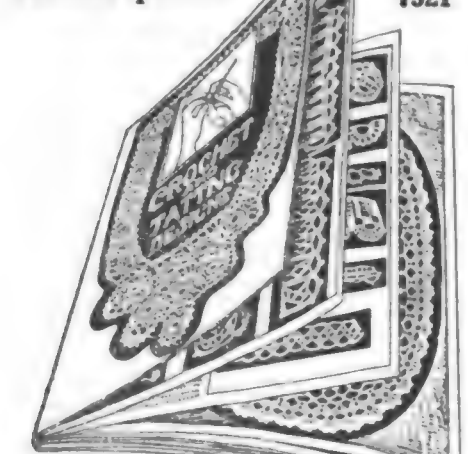
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Granny's Old Piano

How It Plays Spirit Music at Night

By Florence Briney Reed

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WHEN Elsie Brand returned from a visit to town, and described the fine library tables people were making out of their old-fashioned, square pianos, the Brands rejoiced that theirs had been saved, for Granny's sake, when the new one was purchased.

There, in the dim little parlor, the old piano had rested for years, in silent company with the haircloth chairs, the walnut bureau and other relics of a bygone time. When the Brands built their new house, they left the old log dwelling, their first home, to serve as a wing of the new building. It was used chiefly to house odds and ends of cast-off furniture.

The great old-fashioned kitchen had not been abandoned. Next to it was Dora's bedroom, Dora the orphan, whose willing hands served zealously in gratitude for a home.

The Brand homestead was one of the oldest buildings in the county, and there had been odd tales about it, such as come to be whispered of every old country house. In truth it was dark and lonely looking, with a heavy vine overhanging it, and lilac bushes almost hiding the small-paned windows. And, here it was that the old piano was stored—the piano which could be fashioned into such a fine table, with its carved trimmings and rosewood case. It was just the thing to do, they all agreed, that is, all but Granny. Granny protested.

Granny's protest was not peremptory, but it was an unusual thing for Granny to oppose anything, and the family was amazed. But as Anson's wife said, Granny must not be allowed to interfere, and if she began to insist upon her foolish notions, they must be firm with her. So it was settled, and Brown, the cabinet maker, promised to take the matter in hand as soon as he finished the pulpit of the new church.

Dora's sympathy for Granny, induced her to follow the old lady one afternoon to the long disused old parlor where she found her seated on the haircloth stool before the closed instrument, resting her head on its faded cover of maroon felt. Hearing Dora's step she looked up guiltily. "It's only me," said the girl, in her soft voice.

"Oh, Dorry," Granny cried, "they're going to chop it up. Going to take out its keys and wires and tear out its heart, so they can make a library table."

"I call it a shame," Dora exclaimed hotly. "Mr. Brand, surely won't do it if you tell him it's your piano."

"Oh, they don't mean any harm. They just don't understand. I'm an old woman now, anyway, and I shan't be here much longer. Maybe it's all for the best. But, Dorry, it was the first piano in the county, and it's stood right here ever since Pa brought it home for us children. Sundays we played hymns on it, and when there were weddings, we'd play the wedding march on it. And often the babies were carried in here by mother to keep them quiet. How still they'd be, as she fingered the keys! Then, when there was a funeral, we'd close it up, just like it is now. Pa would tiptoe in here and shut down the lid and pull the cover straight and we'd set the flower pieces on it. When it was father's turn to go, I had to close it. It all came over me just now! Oh, it's got my whole life in it. This old piano, and it seems as if it would kill me when they take it away to be cut up!"

Dora was smoothing out the faded cover, and for a minute she was silent; then, as the little old lady wiped her eyes and bravely tucked her handkerchief away, she said, gently:

"Did you play much, Granny?"

No, only hymn tunes. Pa took us over to Dover for our lessons, six miles each way, once a week, but they had no easy ways to teach folks then, and unless you were a born musician, you couldn't hope to be much of a player. But Sister Lucy, my youngest sister, was a fine performer. She learned the 'Evergreen Waltz', the 'Battle of Prague' and the 'Maiden's Prayer'. I remember in war time, when we got word that her sweetheart was missing, after a big battle, she never wept a tear, but just held her head high and seated herself at the piano and began to play the 'Maiden's Prayer', and she played it like her heart was broken. How we all cried! Mother beckoned to us to leave her and she stayed in here all by herself until clear dark, playing softly. It was summer-time and the windows were open, and I remember how the frogs down by the pond croaked and the katydids sang while the music ran on like a little wind through a weeping willow tree. Here's some of Lucy's songs. Crossing to the old-fashioned bureau, Granny opened a drawer crowded with yellow sheets of music.

"She didn't live long after her lover, did she?" Dora breathed compassionately.

"No," Granny replied. "She went into a decline the spring after the war ended, and she died before Thanksgiving. She was Pa's favorite, and the piano was really hers. Poor Lucy! She wouldn't rest in her grave if she knew what

was coming to it. But I must hurry child; they'll be missing me."

Even as she spoke, the figure of her daughter-in-law appeared in the low doorway.

"Mercy, Gran, what are you poking around in here for? It's like a tomb. You wouldn't catch me putting a foot inside this door, if I didn't have to. Dorry, I must say you keep it beautifully. The dust would be mountain high before I would come in here to dust the old furniture. Come, mother, you'll catch your death of cold in this musty air."

That night, at about midnight, the Brands awoke with a start. Dreamily tender strains of music from the old piano were sounding through the house! With white faces, the family talked over the event at breakfast, recalling to mind the stories they had all heard about the old wing. In early days an Indian had once been killed there, right on the doorstep, and there was a tradition about a child having been found in the snow one cold night not far from the door—a little girl who had afterward died of cold and exposure. Granny listened without a comment. Then she broke in sharply:

"Could any of those ghosts play the piano? I tell you it was the old piano I heard."

"Did you hear it, Dorry?" Mrs. Brand questioned. Dora nodded.

"There, you see!" Granny said in triumph. From that time on the music was heard as often twice or three times during the week.

"They played the 'Maiden's Prayer' last night," Granny announced one morning, "as plain as I ever heard anything, the runs going up and the octaves coming down, and the cross-hand part, too." The family stared at her in shocked surprise, as she added solemnly: "That was Sister Lucy's favorite piece."

"Goodness, Granny," cried her daughter-in-law, "who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Lucy's buried over there, across the field, in the old Talbut burying ground," Granny added. "It's not five minutes' walk from here."

At this unanswerable statement, the family exchanged startled glances and the meal ended in silence. The old-fashioned music tinkled through the quiet house at unearthly hours, and when the neighbors learned about it, they nodded their heads, declaring that there had always been "stories" about the old Brand place. That the spirit of sweet Lucy, dead and buried fifty years ago, had come back to revisit her old haunts, no one doubted, but why she should return after resting quietly all these years, to terrify the family with her ghostly music, no one knew.

And then Talbut Brand came home. Talbut was a young man of whom great things were prophesied, and his visits were eagerly looked forward to, elaborate preparations being made for his entertainment. At the strange tale of the midnight music, he just laughed, and declared he must hear it before he could say anything. For a few nights it seemed as if his coming had frightened away the gentle ghost. Then the soft strains awoke again and Talbut, roused from a troubled dream, heard them. There could be no fancy about it. The music certainly came from the old piano in the west wing. He dressed hastily and, followed by the thoroughly frightened women, descended the front stairway, and passed through the kitchen to the closed door of the parlor. Knocking sharply on the panel he called Dora. At his command, Dora opened the door, holding her blue kimono about her with one hand and blinking in the lamplight.

"Was it the music again?" she said sleepily. "I've listened to it so much I guess I've kind of grown used to it." Talbut started for the parlor door.

"Let me by, Dora! I'm going into that room!" he cried.

"I always keep the door locked," she explained, as she turned the key.

"You can carry the lamp," Talbut said. "Are the rest of you coming?"

"Mercy no!" cried his mother. "I haven't been near the old parlor since the music first started, and neither have the girls. You go in, if you're bound to. We'll wait outside."

So only Talbut and Dora stepped over the worn threshold into the quiet room. The air seemed to vibrate yet with the music. The heavy felt cover fell in mysterious lines over the rosewood case of the old-fashioned instrument. The girl held the lamp high while Talbut's keen eyes searched every nook and corner.

"This is uncanny," he said, at last. "I certainly heard something like music. It was not imagination. Could a mouse have been running across the strings? Hold the light a little more this way, Dora. Ah, what's this?" He stopped and picked up something which lay in the circle of the lamplight—a spring of faded vine with tender leaves and fine white blossoms. Dora leaned forward and cried in a frightened tone: "Why—it's—it's myrtle, graveyard myrtle! Oh, where could it have come from?"

With a frown, Talbut thrust the sprig into his pocket, and taking the lamp from the girl's trembling hands, replied, "We'll let the matter rest for tonight." Locking the door, the two passed out.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN MARCH.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

LAKE MILLS, IOWA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I have been reading your department in COMFORT for some years and thought you could send me suggestions for organizing a club. There are about fifteen girls and young women in the neighborhood and we would like to organize a social club, something that will benefit each one.

If you can help us in any way we would be very grateful. Sincerely yours, ELIZABETH OTTO.

Miss Otto. Possibly you didn't want your letter and request published, but I feel that you will receive more help from the sisters' letters than I could give you in a personal letter (and I haven't time for very many of them), and more original ideas too. Here is a chance for club members to tell us about their particular club and the good accomplished by it.—Ed.

FINDLAY, 337 East Lincoln St., OHIO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: After reading so many nice letters from the sisters I want to add my "mite." I live in a thriving little city of twenty thousands (last estimate). We have good school and churches, and no saloons. Findlay was voted dry eight years ago, and has grown steadily since.

How many of the sisters, I wonder, that live in a city, crave for the country life? Although I have never lived in the country, it has always been my desire to have a home there.

Isn't it wonderful what a real home-like place the Sisters' Corner is? I have made several dear friends through COMFORT, and am always more than anxious to get my paper to read the sisters' letters. We may gather a great deal of knowledge from them.

I am greatly interested in crocheting, so you can see I enjoy other parts of COMFORT also.

Can any of the sisters tell me what will keep a fern healthy through the winter? As soon as there is the least cold weather my fern begins to fail.

I would like to hear from those interested in crocheting, and all others who care to write.

Best wishes to all COMFORT readers.

MRS. C. L. KRING.

Mrs. Kring. A friend of mine whose plants, and ferns particularly, are the envy of all, told me that the only additional treatment she gave her ferns during the winter months was an occasional dose of Castor oil, about a tablespoonful

once a week, poured around the roots of the plant. You might try that with your plant.—Ed.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1370 Sanchez St., CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I feel the need of a sister to come in for a chat. I'll sit by Mrs. C. E. Martin and Mrs. C. Smith, as I'm going to give my opinion on the divorce question. In the olden days divorce was not known but now it is an every-day occurrence? The histories of the old Italian cities state that when no divorce was possible, murder by poisoning was committed. Alarming as it may seem, divorce is a better solution of doing away with misery than poison, etc.

I think when two people find life together unhappy the only moral course to pursue is separation. It is not fair that either should live a life of misery because someone else thinks divorce a crime. One had better live by one's self and be happy than waste their life by living with someone who is unkind. Some men cannot be pleased no matter how one tries. I heard of one man who made it a point to quarrel with his wife on Saturday so he wouldn't have to share the contents of his pay envelope with her. One Saturday he came home and picked the dust from the cracks in the floor, telling his wife she didn't keep the house clean. Unreasonable? Yes? No?

I agree with May Day in keeping up one's personal appearance after marriage as well as before. Some women forget this important fact. When a woman becomes untidy in her appearance after marriage it looks as though she had been striving for a certain goal—marriage—and after she had reached that goal she didn't care about appearances or anything else. Crochet cords last much longer than ribbons in corsets and can be laundered without being spoiled.

Will answer all letters enclosing stamp.

Best wishes to COMFORT and all the sisters.

Sincerely, ELVA WALTON.

NEBRASKA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Every time I read the Sisters' Corner I feel that I want to write. It is not only interesting but educational. We will all admit that everyone has a right to their own ideas yet I believe many (if not most of us) think that if the other person doesn't agree with us they are wrong.

Certainly A. B.'s letter on Mother Love in the October number is true and should be remembered by all. Some wish to hear opinions as well as the divorce question. I agree with Mrs. C. Smith that when people cannot get along together they should get a divorce and go their own ways. I don't mean that after one or even several little quarrels they should quit but after they have tried different ways and means of living peacefully together and then nothing but quarrels and misery follow, then it is certainly better for both parties to



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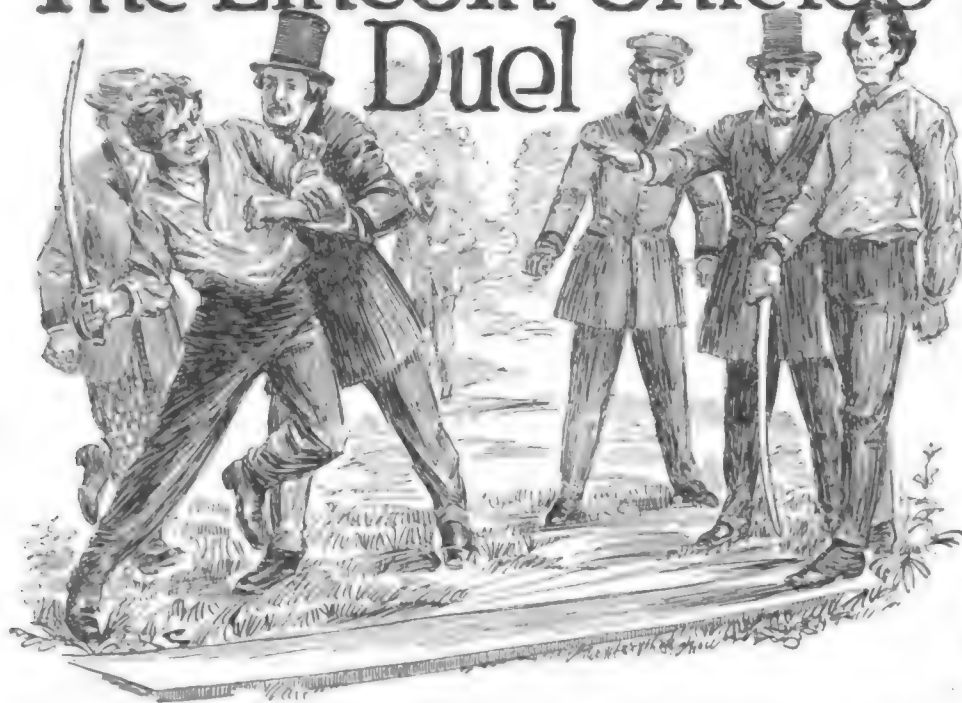
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The Lincoln-Shields Duel



By A. G. Morrill

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FOR a man so much in the fore front of the bitter political strife that made memorable his time and generation Abraham Lincoln had remarkably few personal quarrels. As an outspoken, fearless, aggressive leader he made enemies, but his fairness, magnanimity and imperturbable good humor made it difficult to pick a quarrel with him. A unique exception was his personal difficulty with James Shields in which he became involved through no fault of his own and which brought him to the verge of fighting a duel to save a lady's name from being dragged through the mire of political animadversion.

Shields was an aspiring young politician and held the office of State Auditor of Illinois. The finances of the state were in disastrous condition which called forth severe criticism from the political opponents of the party in control of the state government. The treasury was empty and a harsh measure to enforce collection of taxes was promulgated, of which the most oppressive feature was a refusal to accept payment in State bank bills which constituted the bulk of the money in current circulation among the people. This action was very unpopular and the blame for it in large measure fell upon Shields who was accused of distressing the people in his anxiety to provide the means for the prompt payment of the salaries, his own included, of the State officials, and that too in money that was scarce and of higher value than the kind commonly in circulation.

Shields was vain, pompous, boastful, arrogant, intolerant, quick tempered, quarrelsome and revengeful, which all railed made him the butt of much ridicule and the target for many witty gibes. Among the published criticisms that attracted most attention was one in the form of a letter dated "The Lost Townships," and purporting to be written by a poor widow, in the back country, who complained of the hardship of the new tax collection order and contrasted her distressing circumstances with the ease and luxury enjoyed by Shields and the other State officials. It was written by Lincoln, then a rising young lawyer and getting to be somewhat of a figure in



THE FAIR JOKERS CAUSE TROUBLE.

politics, and was printed, without his name, in a Springfield paper. It was a telling political thrust but, though it provoked some merriment over Shields' attitude, the personal allusions were not of an obnoxious character to arouse his anger. However, it inspired other wits less considerate of Shields' feelings to be funny at his expense, which soon got Lincoln into trouble.

Some joker published in the same paper a letter purporting to be from the same widow ridiculing the State Auditor unmercifully and winding up by proposing that he square the grievance by marrying her. Shields was wrathful, but even this might have passed without serious consequences had it not been followed by a poem which heaped yet more scathing ridicule on him.

This satirical rhyme was the joint product of two witty, aristocratic young ladies who could not resist this tempting opportunity to exercise their talents in the line of comic verse. One was destined to marry a U. S. Senator; the other, the leader in this fun, was Miss Mary Todd, soon to become Mrs. Lincoln.

Shields was in a furious rage and, believing all the letters and the poem to have emanated from the same source, demanded of the editor the author's name under threat of dire vengeance in case of a refusal. The terrified editor, having obtained a concession of twenty-four hours in which to consider the matter, immediately applied to Lincoln for instructions. Lincoln's reply was: "If Shields repeats his inquiry tell him that I accept the responsibility for the poem."

On learning this Shields sent his friend, Gen. Whitesides (who was also a State Treasury official), to demand satisfaction of Lincoln, who refused to make any explanation, as none was possible without involving the young ladies whose identity he was determined to conceal at any cost. The General urged Lincoln to return a satisfactory answer in order to avoid serious trouble as he believed Shields to be in a bloodthirsty frame of mind. But his efforts were unavailing and the result was, as expected, that Shields challenged Lincoln to a duel.

Although the law prohibited dueling and Lincoln hated the barbarous practice, he felt constrained to accept the challenge because the sentiment of the community at that time regarded a refusal as an act of cowardice. As the challenged

party he had the choice of weapons, and he wisely selected cavalry broadswords of the largest size which, because of his large stature and great strength, would give him an advantage over his adversary. As he told his friends, he did not intend to harm Shields in the coming fray and believed that with his long arms he could keep him off so not to get hurt himself.

To avoid the penalty of the law a little island in the Mississippi river, a "no man's land" which was not within the jurisdiction of any state, was selected as the place for the encounter. Here, at the appointed time the principals, accompanied by their respective seconds and a few friends met. A board was laid on the ground, and across this the combatants were to fight, each keeping always on his own side.



SHIELDS THREATENS THE EDITOR.

Everything was in readiness and the fight was about to begin, but just before the starting signal two mutual friends of the would-be duellists reached the island in a canoe and intervened just in time to prevent the opening of hostilities. Their efforts were successful in persuading the hot-headed State Auditor to listen to reason and accept Lincoln's statement that he had written only the first letter and had not intended any personal indignity. And so a reconciliation was effected without exposing the young ladies to unpleasant notoriety.

Here the matter should have dropped, but Shields and Whitesides were not satisfied to let it rest with such a tame ending, and so the latter in a spirit of braggadocio wrote and published a highly colored account of the affair in which he drew a halo of glory about his friend and himself and cast obloquy on Lincoln. That this was a disastrous blunder they must have realized with mortification and regret when Dr. Merryman's caustic reply appeared in print a few days later. The doctor, who had acted as one of Lincoln's advisers from the beginning of the difficulty and had witnessed its finish on the island, had a genius for dramatic narrative and a remarkable gift of pungent wit and cutting sarcasm so that his version left the Shields partisans utterly discomfited.

Lincoln always regarded the affair as a regrettable incident which he would like to forget, yet he held himself not blameless as the quarrel was thrust upon him and there appeared no honorable way to avoid accepting the challenge; and such must have been the verdict of public opinion, for his enemies never deemed it expedient to try to use the incident to his discredit.

Shortly after this episode Lincoln married Miss Todd, and any man base enough to have taunted him for his gallantry in defending, in the cus-



LINCOLN TAKES THE BLAME ON HIMSELF IN ORDER TO PROTECT THE LADIES.

tomary manner of the time, the honor of his intended wife would have incurred the contempt of the community.

That he held no ill will toward the man who had challenged him to mortal combat appears from the fact that years later, as President, Lincoln appointed Shields a brigadier-general of volunteers. The latter proved his bravery on the field of battle and afterwards was elected to the U. S. Senate.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

my fortune." A pretty face might have been a fortune once on a time, but believe me it is more of a misfortune today than anything else. The trouble usually with a girl who is pretty is that she knows she is pretty and becomes so thoroughly conscious of that fact, that whatever charm her beauty might create is utterly spoiled by her egotism and conceit. There is another strange thing about the pretty girl. You will invariably find that she is married off to a homely, cock-eyed, dog-faced guy of a man. The five prettiest girls that I have known during the last ten years, and three of them were great beauties, are married to the homeliest ginks of men that ever came up the pike. And by the way you will rarely find a beautiful girl and a handsome man linked together. The handsome man makes a dead set for the beautiful girl, but as beauty and brains seldom go together (except in my case of course) she makes no effort to please him, and as he is accustomed to hero worship he makes no particular effort to please her. What the average woman falls for is not so much good looks, as attention, devotion and a little dattery. These are the breath of her life, and the handsome man is too busy posing and throwing bouquets at himself to hand out much of this line of dope. The homely guy is all determination and persistence, and he can dish out the salve in buckets and will pawn his back teeth to get money to spend on the idol of his heart. He simply dogs the pretty girl's steps, chokes her with candy, and smothers her with flowers, and harasses the life out of her, until there is nothing left for her to do but to marry him in order to get rid of him. The average girl uses a few of the same tactics in stalking down the handsome man, and she generally succeeds in putting the dog collar of matrimony on him at the finish. It sometimes happens that the beautiful girl is jolted into believing that she can make a fortune on the stage or in the movies, but unless she has a bunch of money and somebody to keep a check rein on her, she finds she can't make a fortune at anything unless she pays the price. It is a price that is paid in honor, decency and virtue, not in gold. In the city the pretty girl finds there are a lot of other pretty girls all striving for the same goal as herself. A bunch of swift male hawks are on the trail of each one of them. They flatter her, jolly her, dine her in garish restaurants and finally induce her to drink. She sees all the other girls of her class doing the same thing and what everyone does of course must be all right. After a few months of that kind of life, the bloom vanishes from her cheeks and the paint is slapped on thicker and faster. With her freshness and bloom gone, her admirers go too. Then she begins to think and count up the cost. Her thoughts are not pleasant. Then she takes an extra drink to make her forget, and finally she becomes so homely and haggard that she does not care and when you cease to care that is the beginning of the end. Don't envy the pretty girl. Facial beauty is shortlived. A beautiful mind, a lovely disposition, a strong and blameless character, these are the things which last forever. These are the things, if you have them not you should cultivate, and they can be cultivated if you try. Ruth I'm sorry we can't see you when you milk and play the organ. I should awfully like to taste some of that musical milk. You might send us a picture of yourself when you are milking the organ. I should also like to see you crochet sew and bake cakes. That must be even more fun than milking the organ. Doesn't it get awfully tiresome and lonesome? Opal, living in a house with six rooms? I hope the six rooms are all nice well behaved rooms, and trust they are temperate in their habits and not quarrelsome. I think if I were you I would rather live in a two-story house with my folks, instead of six rooms. I'd try it anyway if I were you.

BRASHEARN, MO.

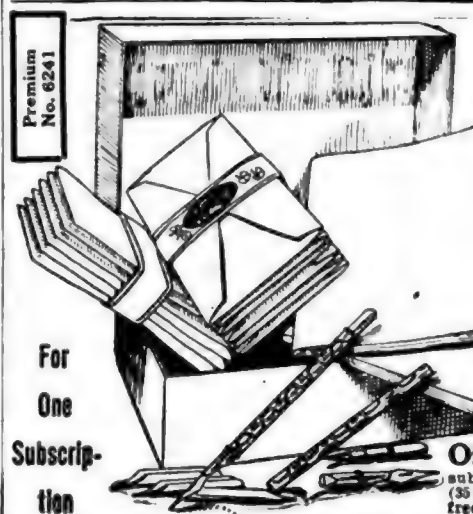
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Please inform me what is the present correct way for a young man to wear mourning for his father who has been dead about three months. Should a man wear mourning the same for any relative and how long? Resp'tly yours,

CHAS. E. STROUD.

Charlie, if you have not already worn mourning for your father, I don't think I would do it now. I believe it is customary to wear full mourning for a year for one's parents, and a shorter period for relatives who are less near and dear. A band of crepe round the left arm on week days and black clothes on Sundays I believe would suffice to show your respect for the departed. I am glad to note that people are not adhering as strictly to external forms of grief and mournful habiliments of sorrow as they did twenty-five or forty years ago. In the olden days it was quite depressing when the death rate was almost treble what it is now to find so many people dressed in somber black. This was especially noticeable on Sundays when one went to church and found half the congregation in mourning. Black at the best is an exceedingly depressing color and when the heart is torn with grief the whole nervous system is under a severe strain, quite often a dangerous strain. When the body is frail and the heart weak, overwhelming grief is liable to be exceedingly dangerous. The wearing of mourning never allows us for a moment to escape from our sorrows. It is desirable and at times absolutely necessary that one's thoughts should be diverted from the dark channels of sorrow and despair into brighter and more cheerful avenues. If death were annihilation we might well drape the world in black, but it is only a "beautiful adventure" a stepping stone to higher things. We should not allow grief to make us morbid or indulge too much in black raiment and black-edged stationery, and other outward and visible signs of an inward sorrow. There are many people who carry their griefs on their backs and none in their hearts. Let us lovingly remember those who have passed on. Let us give them at least one tender thought every day of our lives, for every day brings us nearer to the time when we shall meet them again. Those whose hearts are raw with the jagged wounds of grief should memorize the following beautiful and inspiring lines:

Yet 'twill only be a sleep;
When, with songs and dewy light,
Morning blossoms out of night,
They will open wide their eyes



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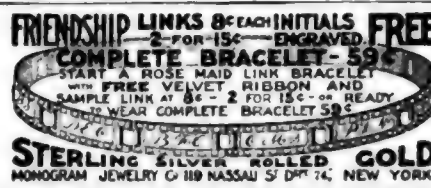
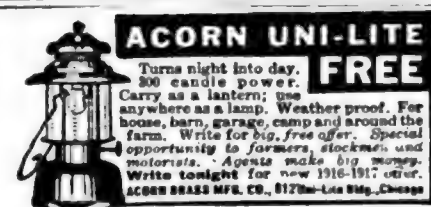
'Nenth the palms of Paradise,
While we foolish mortals weep.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the latter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do is keep in good standing in to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)



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Through a fortunate business deal we have secured a few thousand fine Favorite Song Collections consisting of seven good old-time songs—each song beautifully illustrated with an appropriate and richly colored picture, handsome enough to frame and hang in any room in the home.

The pictures embellish the backs of the songs they represent which are printed full sheet music size with all the verses and complete score on smooth heavy paper 10 1/2 x 14 inches in size. The first lines of the song in an artistic panel appear underneath the title at the bottom of each picture, as shown here:

"Home Sweet Home"

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

The other six songs are all familiar old-time favorites—"Lead Kindly Light," "Cottage by The Sea," "Rock of Ages," "Sweet and Low," "Old Oaken Bucket," "In the Gloaming"—and every song is complete and illustrated just as described above.

We did not attempt to illustrate this fine Song Collection because no illustration could do it justice—you must see it to appreciate it. Although originally made to sell at a fixed price, this collection fell in our hands at a greatly reduced price, and as the quantity is small we are compelled to limit this offer to our own subscribers and furthermore we can hold it open for 15 days only as our supply certainly will not last any longer than that.

You can obtain free and prepaid one of these valuable Illustrated Song Collections by sending us only one year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents. Or if you prefer you can send your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all.) Remember that this offer is good for 15 days only, so be sure to send in your order at once. When writing please mention you want Song Collection No. 344. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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The Goddess of Lonesome Ranch

By Hapsburg Liebe

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PART II.

"WELL, he won't bother around here any more. He'll leave here—fact is," said Allen, "he's done gone."

"But why did you set him free?" demanded Seldford.

"Because," "Woman's reason, and you ain't no woman. Pokerface, by a blamed sight! Say," suddenly, "what are we goin' to do about our bills? We owe—or, rather, I owe—some fierce bills here. It would take a month to write to Lonesome Ranch and have some cattle sold."

Allen rubbed his chin and frowned. "I'm wonderin' if old Ward didn't do you, Bill. Don't you reckon he did?"

"Do me!" flared Seldford, resentfully. "Why, he's broke too. He's borrowing money from his friends. No, I don't blame Ward, not in the least, for my bustup. There must have been a chance for loss where there was a chance for gain, old pal. No, Ward is on the square and level; you couldn't make me believe nothin' else, if you was to talk to me until you was as blue as ink in the face."

"Well," frowned Allen. "All right. About them there bills you and me owes, you leave that to me. I ain't exhausted none of my resources yet."

The following morning, Seldford was sitting with Miss Ward on the hotel's bayshore veranda, when Allen walked up and bowed stiffly. In one hand Allen held a newspaper and a small package.

"Here is the paper, Mister William, sir," he said, "and here is the package from your New Orleans bank, sir. And below, 'e 'as just wired, sir, that there was a 'accident in loading the big car, which is the reason hit 'asn't been shipped; and 'e says, sir, that hit will take a week longer to make the necessary repairs. Hi would like to ask you, Mister William, sir; may Hi 'ave the day hoff to go down to Lester's Point a fishing, sir?"

Seldford's jaw dropped. He had been prepared for none of this. But Miss Ward, doubtless, was watching, so he recovered himself.

"Certainly, you may have the day off. Harmsworth, my man," he said evenly. "And I hope you enjoy yourself!"

"Thank you very much, indeed, Mr. William, sir," said Pokerface Allen, and he bowed and left hastily.

Seldford's curiosity was at a high pitch. He opened the package as carefully as he could, and peeped inside. In it there was a roll of banknotes, most of them of a two-figure denomination, big enough to choke a government mule!

Where had Allen got the money? Had Allen been gambling again? He looked absently out across the bay, and wondered. The answer was not long in coming. Old Ward brought the answer.

"Good morning, Seldford," he smiled floridly. "Have you heard the news? No? Simpson Caudle came back and robbed four of the hotel's guests—new guests—last night. He robbed them between the railway station and the hotel. Held them up at the point of a big, blue gun, and took their money in the good old-fashioned way. He had a black mask on his face, too. He got something like six hundred dollars, I understand."

"Is that—a fact?" muttered Seldford.

Now Bill Seldford knew where his roll of banknotes had come from, and he knew now why Pokerface Allen had liberated Simpson Caudle—Caudle would be blamed for Allen's holdup!

"Have they caught Caudle?" he asked.

"I think not."

Seldford rose and went to look for his resourceful valet. Allen had already departed for Lester's Point. Seldford returned to his rooms, and there he fell into his old habit of talking to himself:

"It was for me that you done it, Pokerface," he drawled. "You done it so I could stay here and court the goddess. But you oughtn't done it, old pal. It was bad. It was thievery, rotten thievery. And you left as soon as you'd handed me the money, to keep me from giving it back to you. You knowed I wouldn't have it. That is, you thought I wouldn't. You figured that if I had it in my possession long enough, I'd yield to the temptation o' payin' up my scores here. And you figured right, Pokerface. I'll pay my scores here, and some ahead. I can't leave here now, on account o' her. But some day I'll pay them fellows all back, every cent of it. If I have to sell every longhorn and jackrabbit on Lonesome Ranch to do it!"

He went down to the bayshore veranda, and called old C. C. Ward aside.

"I've made a raise; if you're still pretty hard pushed, I could let you have a hundred or so," he said in a half apologetic manner.

Ward glanced quickly toward his daughter. Her blue eyes were turned out across the sunlit and shimmering bay. Then Ward looked back to Seldford.

"I'll be mighty glad to get it," he whispered eagerly. "Heaven knows I need it!"

And he slipped the money into a trousers-pocket.

Allen came back a little after nightfall. He received no word of chiding from his master, and he appeared to be in high spirits.

daughter not to worry! The blood on the ground at the veranda steps, the note said, had come from the abductor's nose, and not from any wound of Ward's. Beatrice took the mysterious communication straight to Seldford, and again Seldford gloried in the fact that she had come to him first—it augured well. He eyed the note carefully, and later compared it with the handwriting of Simpson Caudle on the hotel's register. It was not in the least like Caudle's small, cramped chirography, nor was it in the least like any other signature on the register. But Caudle, Seldford told himself, might easily have disguised his handwriting.

"Anyway, he's safe," Seldford assured the girl. She took hope quickly, and then she gave him a smile that reminded him once more of the smile that was on the face of the six-year-old calendar out at Lonesome Ranch.

But she soon grew restless again. Late that afternoon she walked through the grounds with him, and when they had reached an isolated spot she said to him this very pointedly:

"You have declared, a hundred times, your willingness to die for me; to go through fire and water and seas upon seas of blood for me; to endure centuries and centuries of torment for me; to move the entire universe into new quarters for me—and many other impossible things. I don't want you to do anything like that for me. But—I do want you to find my father for me! You seem to me the biggest and the strongest and the most capable man here—and I want you to find him, Mr. Seldford!"

She leaned forward her face aglow and her blue eyes shining, and kissed him on one of his sunburned cheeks. There was no one to see; perhaps it would have made little difference if there had been a multitude present. Bill Seldford took her into his arms.

"And you love me?" he whispered.

"I do," she admitted. "You're rough, as rough as a cliff but you're as beautiful, under your roughness."

"And you'll marry me?" Seldford interrupted, eagerly. "And go away out West with me, to live on a big ranch that is so lonesome that I named it Lonesome Ranch?"

"Yes. But it won't be lonesome to us. Now go and find my father, will you, my sunburned giant?"

"If he's on earth!" declared Bill Seldford. He went rapidly toward the hotel. Allen met him on the veranda, where a score of guests sat talking over the mysterious disappearance of Mr. C. C. Ward.

"Hi s'y, Mister William," began Allen, his countenance as blank as a board. "Hi 'ave a telegram ere from Belle about the big car, and another one about the big boom in the holl market. 'Ere they are—"

"Cut it out, Pokerface—saw it off right where you're at!" interrupted Seldford. "Hike yourself up-stairs and get into clothes you can ride in! We're goin' to scour the surface o' this mundane sphere until we find C. C. Ward, if it takes the rest of our lives—now get that!"

Forgotten forgotten, was everything but Beatrice, Beatrice who had kissed him of her own free will, Beatrice who had promised to marry him. He swept Allen before him, and they dashed into their rooms like a pair of embryonic cyclones. There they dressed themselves in the good old familiar garb of the plains, then they hurried to a liveryman and hired a pair of saddled horses.

"You mean to ride the whole blessed night?" asked Allen, as they entered a broad stretch of jungle.

"Sure. Day and night until we find C. C. Ward. He's tied out in some such place as this, and he may be starvin'. Oh, but I won't do a thing to that villain Caudle!"

"Then I guess I'll save you a lot o' hard ridin'." Bill, muttered Allen, frowning heavily. "Just turn into that there pigpath there at your left, will you?"

Seldford obeyed. Twenty minutes later, they drew up before a slender pine, and, sitting at the base of it, with his arms bound tightly around it, was Beatrice Ward's father!

"You done that, Pokerface!" accused Seldford, as he dismounted. He quickly cut the ropes, and Ward rose and stretched his cramped limbs.

"I ain't denyin' I done it," replied Allen. "I thought you wasn't goin' to get the girl, and I knowed I couldn't never tell you that Ward was buncoin' you! Why, you loaned him money? If ever I seen a man done gone bust-headed, it was you. I wasn't doin' nothin' but only tryin' to make him give you your money back, you old cayuse!"

"Get my girl!" cried Ward, weakly. "What does he mean—who's going to get my girl?"

"Me," said Seldford. "I'm going to marry her. She's promised me she would."

Old Ward went to pieces. He loved his daughter. She was all he had to love. Yes, his copper dealings were a fake. He had dealt honestly in copper until he had become almost penniless—and he had had a considerable fortune to begin with. The girl didn't know; he didn't want her ever to know. Seldford could have all his money back, and so could Simpson Caudle—Simpson Caudle, in spite of his villainous appearance, was merely an honest up-country grocer who had been duped just as Seldford himself had been duped!

So Beatrice Ward married Bill Seldford and became the flesh-and-blood goddess of Lonesome Ranch, but the ranch is not lonesome any more, and Pokerface Allen—he wanders, and wanders, through the vast and silent reaches, and now and then he sings to himself as he wanders:

"I'm a goin' to live, anyhow, 'til I die—I'm a goin' to live, anyhow, 'til I die! Anyhow, anyhow, 'til I die—Anyhow, 'til I die!"

Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

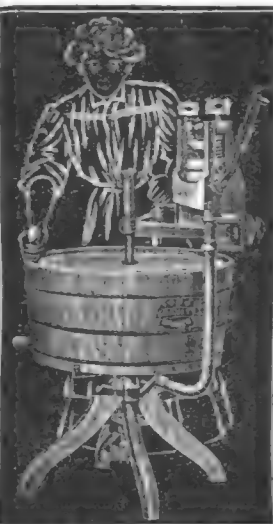
diet, and exercise, and sleep, and pay particular attention to taking care of yourself, especially if you are not feeling well. Keep your ankles warm and do not indulge in much exercise—and be careful not to get chilled or over-tired. Lie down when you can, and let Nature have as much rest as possible. If the "dark pores" are really blackheads, follow the directions in this month's talk of mine. For the brown neck, try the following bleach:

For a Brown Neck

Into one ounce of strained honey stir one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds and the whites of two eggs (without beating). Now add enough fine oatmeal to make a paste which you can spread thinly. Cut a piece of cotton cloth long enough to go about the throat and about three inches in width. Wrap around the throat, and keep in place with several wrappings of surgical gauze or cheese-cloth. You can fasten it firmly with strips of adhesive plaster if you have some in the house. Keep on over night. In the morning wash off. Do this four or five times. Oil of bitter almonds is a poison and you should be careful not to leave it within the reach of children; for this reason, also, do not use this bleach on the face.

G. Hagerstown.—The complexion brush is your remedy for the red, oily nose with enlarged pores. Use nightly. A red nose, and an oily one, frequently comes from an impaired digestion, so be careful what and how you eat. I am inclined to think that your trouble lies here. Also note that the eliminative functions of the body are in free, working order daily, and I believe your nose will improve.

Have You Confidence in the Publisher of "COMFORT"?



Watch the Woman!

Do you think she is really working? Not a bit of it! Yet she is doing a big week's washing. The real work is done by the 1900 Gravity Washer, which makes most of its own motion. The thing that helps to make it go is under the tub.

If women knew what a wonderful help the 1900 Gravity Washer is, not one would be without it. It saves work and worry and doctor's bills. Takes away all the dread and drudgery of wash day. It saves soap, saves wear and tear on the clothes. Never breaks buttons or injures the most delicate fabrics. It certainly does beautiful work.

Send No Money!

The Washer Pays for itself

We ask no cash in advance—no deposit—no notes. The trial is absolutely free. If you keep it, simply pay us a little each week, or each month, out of what it saves for you. If, after a full month's free trial, you decide not to keep it, simply notify us to send for it. We will take it back without a word of complaint. The trial will not cost you a penny and will place you under the slightest obligation.

the face free from hair, except by constant attention to it.

Mrs. C. S.—I am sorry that the rules of this department prevent my answering letters by mail. As to your questions about your hair, read what I have to say to "Worried."

Blue-eyed, Genoa, Wis.—All yellow hair is "blonde," whatever its shade, so it is evident that you are a blonde. To make it grow heavier and longer, keep it well brushed nightly, shampoo once in two weeks (since your hair is oily), massage the scalp, and look to your general bodily health. See answer to "Worried." As to your hair turning darker, it is quite likely it will as you grow older. For your freckles, if they are not very old it is probable that they can be removed by the following:

Simple Freckle Eradicator

One teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of new milk. Dissolve the salt in the milk, apply to face and arms (if freckled), let dry, then rub off all the salt that is on the surface. Go to bed, and in the morning wash off as usual. Keep this up until the skin peels.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Of course you have. For W. H. Gannett, Publisher of COMFORT, not only holds the key to over a million and a quarter of homes, but to the hearts of his readers as well.

The fact that you have such a high regard for the publisher of your favorite paper is all the more reason why you will be doubly interested in a letter we have recently received from his wife. Mr. Gannett himself says that the helpfulness and good cheer that radiate from the pages of COMFORT have much of their inspiration from her. Here is her letter, word for word, just as we received it:

Mrs. W. H. Gannett, Wife of the Publisher of COMFORT,

Writes that She Would Not Take \$1,000 for Her 1900 Washer

ANGUSTA, MAINE, Nov. 9, 1908.

The 1900 Washer Co., Binghamton, N. Y. GENTLEMEN:—I tell my friends I would not part with the 1900 Washer for a thousand dollars. It works to perfection; washing my clothes as white and as clean as possible and doing my washing very easily and quickly. It happened the machine came one of the hottest days of the year, and as my wash woman was late that day I thought it was a nice time for me to give it a good trial. I was certainly very happily surprised to find how quickly and easily a large washing could be done without my getting so very tired. Thus I was able to do my washing, hang out my clothes and visit my friends out of the City all in the forenoon. At another time I arrived home at ten o'clock Monday morning and as the woman I had engaged to help me was ill at home, the 1900 Washer again came to my rescue and I was able to get the washing all done before noon. The more my servants use it the better they like it, and we could not keep house without the 1900 Washer. It has saved the price of the machine many times and there is no wear and tear on the clothes washed in this way.

I am voluntarily writing you this letter hoping it will be the means of helping other housekeepers to overcome some of the difficulties and drudgery of wash day, for if they will only TRY the 1900 Washer I know they will always use it, as I find it works just as well washing small linens as it does for heavy wool blankets or bed spreads and table cloths. Hoping you will be able to place a 1900 Washer in every home in the land, I am,

Yours very truly, (Signed) MRS. W. H. GANNETT.

How to Wash Without Work

Write for Free Book About the Wonderful Washer That Almost Runs Itself

This Washer has a whirling motion and moves up and down as it whirls. No peddles or machinery inside. Yet it takes the dirt out so quickly that a tubful is washed in six minutes! Washes anything, from rugs to dainty laces. Does it better than is done by hand or with any other washer. And actually pays for itself.

Women who have used the Washboard all their lives just rub their eyes in amazement the first time they see a 1900 Washer at work. They exclaim—"Can it be true that it washes clothes clean in six minutes?" They take out the clothes when the six minutes are up, and sure enough—they're white and clean, exactly as Mrs. Gannett says. You just ought to write and get one on Free Trial, so you can see for yourself.

Four Weeks' Washings Done FREE! Washers Shipped Everywhere on Trial

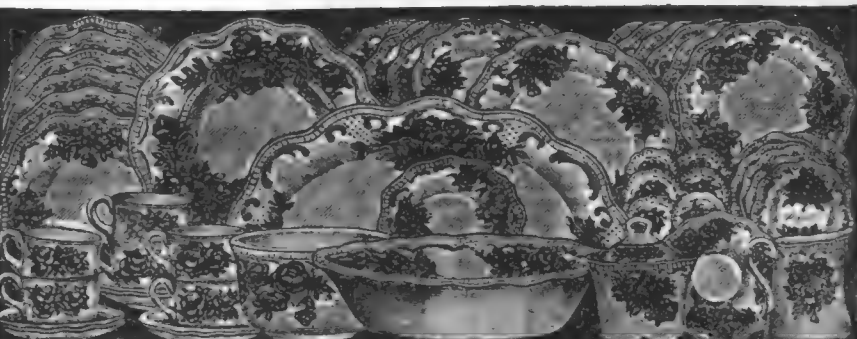
We pay the freight. We give you a genuine Free Trial. We don't ask for cash or notes. You get the Gravity Washer just by asking for it. An entire month's use of it (four weekly washings) FREE. This free trial will tell you more than we could in a page of this paper. How it saves backache and arm-ache and perspiring over a steaming tub, rubbing the skin off your fingers. Thousands of women are now using the 1900 Gravity Washer. They tried it first—at our risk. We simply sent the Washer and let it sell itself. Send for the beautiful free book, "Washing a Tubful in 6 Minutes." This story of the 1900 Washer is of fascinating interest. You should read it. Address, The 1900 Washer Co., 1634 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. Or, if you live in Canada, send to The Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Electric Candy Shops

Electric confectionery shops are to be found in St. Paul and Minneapolis. The owner of these shops is a great believer in electricity, and he has equipped his tables with candle lamps and desk telephone sets. A customer seats himself at the table, looks at a handy table directory or menu, finds the particular number of the dainty he desires, and gives his order by telephone. A minute later the order is placed on his table by a waiter.

The system says the owner, saves a great deal of time because the waiters do not have to make a trip to the table to find out what the customer wants, nor do they have to wait while the customer is deliberating over his choice.

GRANT WOMEN RIGHT TO PREACH.—The New England Southern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church went on record, at their annual session, as favoring the licensing of women to preach. A memorial to the General Conference was adopted in which it was urged that "the right to competent women to enter the pastorate be not denied."



MAGNIFICENT DINNER SET FREE.

The Most Gigantic Offer Of The Century. You Need No Money. We Trust You. We Pay Freight.

To gain a wider distribution for our strictly pure, high-grade groceries and family supplies, we now offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, a magnificently embossed, artistically floral decorated, full size 52-PC. DINNER SET for sale of 12 BOXES OF SOAP

of extra quality and finely perfumed, giving as premiums, with each box of 7 large cakes, Baking Powder, Perfume, Talcum Powder, Tea-spoons, Shears and Needles (as per Plan 2551) here illustrated.

QUALITY as well as QUANTITY are in this offer, as we buy in such large lots that we can afford to give more good goods for less money than any other concern in the entire country.



60¢ PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

on Soap, Dinner Set and Premiums, allowing you plenty of time to examine, deliver and collect before paying us one cent. Write at once for FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT and other things. If, after receiving them, you decide not to get up an order, you may keep everything we send you FREE of charge for the trouble in answering this advertisement. No license needed. We protect you. Our methods are honest. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reference: First National Bank, Provident Bank, Postmaster.

SPECIAL FREE PRESENT.

We give a 25-Pc. Silverware Knife, Fork and Spoon Set, or 7-Pc. High-Grade Granite Kitchen Set, or Elegant 10-Pc. Decorated Toilet Set FREE of all cost or work of any kind. Simply send us your name and address and ask for this FREE PRESENT.

We also give Beautiful Presents for appointing one or more Agents to work for us.

You advance no money. You have nothing to risk. Remember, the SPECIAL PREMIUM AND SAMPLE OUTFIT are both absolutely free. A 2-cent stamp or post card is your only expense. WRITE TODAY.

THE PURE FOOD CO., 168 W. PEARL ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO.



PLENTY OF LIGHT FOR EVERY HOME

Brighter Than Gas or Electricity
300 CANDLE POWER
Try It FREE

For your own satisfaction you should investigate this wonderful new light. Try it in your own home. See for yourself how brilliant it is. Take advantage of our Free Trial Offer. "Seeing is believing."

80 Hours on a Gallon
Think of it, a 300 candle power light—brighter than 13 acetylene gas jets, 19 electric light bulbs, or 30 common oil lamps. All for a cost of one tenth of a cent an hour—less than a cent a night.

Burns Kerosene (Coal Oil)

Absolutely safe—can't explode. The Kero Safe is the only lamp on the market that perfectly burns kerosene. Safe in any position. Don't use dangerous gasoline or old style oil lamps. Safety First—Buy the Kero Safe.

300 Candle Power Lantern

For farmers, teamsters, hucksters, plumbers, dairymen, campers, etc. For work about the house and barn at night, the Kero Safe Lantern is the only light. Mica shade makes it wind, rain and bug proof. Can't set fire to anything. Gives a 300 candle power light. Makes night work as easy as day—brightens everything.



AGENTS

\$10 TO \$30 A DAY
and Auto Furnished

Agents making unheard of sales and profit. Tice and Hollman give sworn statements of \$30 daily profit. Hart averaging \$800 a month. Jennings made over \$12 in one evening. Geo. Klenk of Idaho, made \$30 first day. King of W. Va., averaging \$20 a day. Cuyler of Iowa, making \$250 a month. Enders of Pa., averaging over \$2 an hour. ALL Kero Safe agents making big money. Sell on sight. A demonstration means a sale.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Send at once for your sample Kero Safe on 10-day FREE TRIAL. Write today before some one else gets ahead of you.

Thomas Mfg. Co., 8530 East St., Dayton, Ohio



FREE WATCH AND

10 YEAR GUARANTEE

Many other valuable prizes for selling only 25 beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10c each. Order pictures at once and other handsome picture machines. GAIN \$750.00. Dept. 301, Chicago, Ill.



THIS GENUINE FRIENDSHIP RING FREE

Sterling Silver finish. To introduce our jewelry catalogue, we will send this ring your size, your initials, hand engraved for 12 cts. to EAST JEWELRY CO., Dept. 38, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

SILK WONDERFUL BARGAINS. 4-Pound

Bundles of beautiful Silk Remnants for fancy work, quilts, portieres, pillows, etc. SEND 10 CENTS for big package of large lovely smartly styled petticoats. All seams are double stitched. It comes in sizes 34 to 44 inclusive and three of the season's most popular colors—green, blue and black. When ordering be sure to mention size and color wanted.

CLUB OFFER. For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each or three three-year subscriptions at 50c each we will send you one of these fashionable "Fit-top" Hudson silk petticoats free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention size and color wanted. Premium No. 7246. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

she tauntingly returned. "That air of injured innocence is vastly becoming to you, and would be very effective, if I did not know you so well; but it has disarmed me for the last time. Pray never assume it again, for you will never blind me by it in the future."

"Explain yourself, Anna. I fail to understand you."

"Very well; I will do so in a very few words; I was a witness of your interview with the girl just after dinner tonight."

"You?" ejaculated the man. "Well, what of it?"

"What of it indeed? Do you imagine a wife is going to stand quietly by and see her husband make love to her companion?"

"What nonsense you are talking, Anna! I went in search of one of the housemaids to button my gloves for me, met Miss Allen instead, and she was kind enough to oblige me."

"Bah! Gerald, I was too near you at the time to swallow such a very lame vindication," sneered his wife. "You were making love to her, I tell you—you were telling her something which you had no business to reveal, and I swore then that her fate should be sealed this very night."

Gerald Goddard realized that there was no use arguing with his wife in that mood, while he so he shifted his ground.

"But you must have plotted this thing long ago, for your play was written, and your characters chosen before we left the city," he remarked.

"Well?"

"But you said you had two reasons; what was the other?"

"Emil's love for the girl. He became infatuated with her from the moment of his coming to us, as you must have noticed."

"Yes."

"Well he tried to win her—he even asked her to marry him, but she refused him. Think of it—that little nobody rejecting a man like Emil, with his wealth and position!"

"Well, if she did not love him, she had a right to refuse him."

"Oh, of course," sneered madam, irritably. "But you know what he is when he once gets his heart set upon anything, and her obstinacy only made him the more determined to carry his point. He appealed to me to help him; and, as I have never refused him anything he wanted, if I could possibly give it to him."

"But this was such a wicked—such a heartless, cowardly thing to do!" interposed Mr. Goddard.

"I know it," madam retorted, "but you may thank yourself for it, after all; for, almost at the last moment, I repented—I was on the point of giving the whole thing up and letting the play go on without any change of characters, when your faithlessness turned me into a demon, and doomed the girl."

"I believe you are a 'demon'—your jealousy has been the bane of your whole life and mine; and now you have ruined the future of as beautiful and pure a girl as ever walked the earth," said Gerald Goddard.

"Pshaw! don't be so tragic," she said, after a moment, and assuming an air of lightness. "the affair will end all right—when Edith comes fully to herself and realizes the situation, I am sure she will make up her mind to submit gracefully to the inevitable."

"She shall not—I will help her to break the tie that binds her to him."

"Will you?" mockingly questioned his wife.

"How pray?"

"By claiming that she was tricked into the marriage."

"How will you prove that, Gerald?"

The man was dumb. He knew he could not prove it.

"Did she not go willingly enough to the altar?" pursued madam. "Did she not repeat the responses freely and unhesitatingly? Was she not married by a regularly ordained minister? and was she not introduced afterward to hundreds of people as the wife of my brother, and did she not respond as such to the name of Mrs. Correll? I hardly think you could make out a case, Gerald."

"But the fact that the Kerbys were called away by telegram, and that some one was needed to supply their places, would prove that Edith had no knowledge of the affair—at least until the last moment," said Mr. Goddard.

Madam broke into a musical little laugh as he ceased.

"Do you imagine that I would leave such a ragged end as that in my plot?" she mockingly questioned. "The Kerbys were not called away by telegram, and no one can prove that either was ever told they were. The Kerbys are still here, dancing away as heartily as any one below, and they have known, from the first, that they would not appear in the last act—they and they only, were let into the secret that the play was to end with a real marriage."

"It is the most devilish plot I ever heard of," said he. "Your insane jealousy and suspicion, during the years we have lived together, have shrivelled whatever affection I hitherto possessed for you."

"Gerald!"

The name came hoarsely from the woman's white lips.

It was as if some one had stabbed her, and her heart had died with the utterance of that loved name.

He left her abruptly and descended the stairs, never once looking back, while she watched him with an expression in her eyes that had something of the fire of madness in it, as well as that of a breaking heart.

When he reached the lower hall, she dashed down to the second floor and into her own room, locking herself in.

Fifteen minutes later she came out again, but in place of the usual glow of health upon her cheeks, she had applied rouge to conceal the ghastliness she could not otherwise overcome, while there was a look of recklessness and defiance in her dark eyes that bespoke a nature driven to the verge of despair.

Making her way back to the ballroom, she was soon mingling with the merry dancers, and with a forced gaiety that deceived every one save her husband.

To all inquiries for the bride, she replied that she had recovered consciousness, but it was doubtful if she would be able to make her appearance again that night.

Then as her glance fell upon a tall, magnificently framed woman, who was standing near, and the center of an admiring group, she inquired, in a tone of surprise:

"Why! who is that lady in garnet velvet and point lace?"

"That is a Mrs. Stewart, a very wealthy woman, who resides at the Copley Square Hotel," was the reply.

"Oh, is that Mrs. Stewart?" said madam. "Yes; but are you not acquainted with her?" questioned her guest, with a look of well-bred astonishment.

"No; and no wonder you think it strange that she should be here by invitation, and I have no personal acquaintance with her," the hostess remarked, with a smile; "but such is the case, nevertheless; a card was sent to her at the request of my brother, who has met her several times, and who admires her very much. What magnificent diamonds she wears!"

"Yes," she said to be worth a great deal of money."

"She must have come in while I was upstairs, inquiring about Edith," madam observed. "I must find my brother, and be presented to her. Excuse me—I will see you later."

With a graceful obeisance, madam turned away and went in search of Emil Correll.

But, as she went, she wondered if she could ever have seen Mrs. Stewart before.

The woman's face seemed strangely familiar

to her, and yet she could not remember ever having met her.

She met her brother near the door, he having just come in from the house, to excuse himself to his sister, after having been to Edith's door for the sixth time to inquire for her.

His face was pale, his eyes heavy with anxiety.

"Well, how is she now?" questioned his sister.

"She has fallen into her third swoon, and the doctor thinks she is in a very critical state. He says her condition must have been induced by a tremendous shock of some kind."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Goddard, looking relieved. "Judging from that, I should say that the girl has not yet revealed the true state of affairs."

"No; Dr. Arthur did not appear to know how to account for her condition, and asked me if I knew anything that could have caused it."

"Of course, you did not?" said madam, meaningly.

"No; except the excitement, etc., of the occasion."

"Well, don't worry," Mrs. Goddard returned; "everything will come out all right in time. It is a great piece of luck that she did not wall and rave and let out the whole story before the doctor and the maids. Your Mrs. Stewart is here—you must come and greet her and introduce me," she concluded, glancing toward her guest as she spoke.

"I was coming to tell you that I am going to my room and to bed—I have no heart for any gaiety tonight."

"Nonsense! Don't be so absurdly foolish. Indeed! I think it would be improper for me to remain when my wife is so ill," he objected.

"Well perhaps; do as you choose. But come and introduce me to Mrs. Stewart before you go; she must feel rather awkward to be a guest here and not know her hostess."

TO BE CONTINUED.

How Oysters Produce Pearls

By C. L. Cheever

IN Japan there is a great oyster farm where the bivalves are taught to make pearls. A well-known scientist conceived the idea that oysters might be educated and made to work for man. After many years of costly experimentation Dr. Mikimoto discovered the method in use today.

The farm has an area of about fifty square miles and the water varies in depth from five to fifteen fathoms. The farmer selects the spots where the larva of oysters are most numerous and then he plants small rocks and stones. These are soon covered with oyster spat. They are then removed and placed in special beds, where they lie undisturbed until the third year.

It is said that an oyster will not produce a pearl unless it be irritated by some foreign substance. As soon as it feels this it proceeds to cover it with nacre, layer on layer, until after a few years it has made a pearl. When large enough the oysters are taken from their beds and carefully opened; a tiny speck of some foreign substance is introduced into their bodies, and they are replaced in the sea. By the end of from three to five years the oyster has coated the foreign substance with nacre and this has become a pearl.

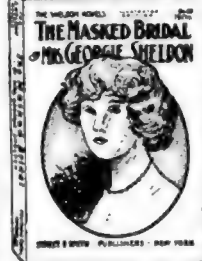
All the work on this oyster farm is done by women, who look most picturesque in their diving suits of pure white.

Great fortunes have been made by cultured pearls. The largest cultural banks are located along the shore of the Bay of Ago and operated by a special grant of the Japanese government.

YEAR'S "CONSCIENCE FUND."—Contributions to the treasury's "conscience fund" for the fiscal year recently ended amounted to \$54,923.15, making a total of \$498,763.54 returned by persons whose consciences were uneasy over frauds against the Government. Figures at the Department show returns were larger during last year than ever before. In 1811 the first \$5 came with a letter saying the writer had taken that amount from the Government, and hence wished to return same.

BACHELORS' CARE FOR BABIES.—An order was recently put into effect in Memphis, Tenn., requiring every unmarried man in the city to undertake to provide for the maintenance of at least one baby whose parents are unable to properly care for it. The plan is said to be proving a great success; little ones are provided with many advantages which were formerly denied them. The bachelors seem to enjoy this.

How You Can Get This Story In Book Form



If you do not care to wait for the monthly installments of this serial as they appear in COMFORT we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. You will enjoy reading this thrilling story of mingled romance and tragedy for it is one of the very best Mrs. George Sheldon has written. The heroine is a refined and beautiful character that will challenge your wonder and admiration and stir the heart's strongest emotions. The story is full of action which moves rapidly through a succession of startling events to the final chapter. The "Masked Bridal" will run as a serial in COMFORT through the fall, winter and spring months, but you need not wait in order to get the complete story. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25c, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25c and 5c additional (30c in all) and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

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Oh! the Charm of Beauty

Let Stuart's Calcium Wafers Restore the Color to Your Cheeks and Remove the Cause of Pimples Blackheads, Etc.



"Life to Me Now Is a Beautiful Thing, for I Have Made All Skin Troubles a Thing of the Past."

Every one envies a beautiful skin, just as every one envies a healthy person. Unusually faces filled with pimples, discolorations, blackheads, etc., are nothing but unhealthy faces due to blood impurities. Cleanse the blood and the facial blemishes disappear.

You must not believe that drugs and salves will stop facial blemishes. The cause is impure blood filled with all manner of refuse matter.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers cleanse and clear the blood, driving out all poisons and impurities. And you'll never have a good complexion until the blood is clean.

No matter how bad your complexion is, Stuart's Calcium Wafers will work wonders with it. You can get these little wonder-workers at your druggist's for 50 cents a package.

Try them free by writing the F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. 38, 352 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich. for a free trial package.

2 LACE CURTAINS FREE

Sell 6 boxes Rosebud at 25c per box return to us \$1.50 and we will promptly send you postpaid 1 pair beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains, nearly 3 yds. long, and a handsome pair of Lace Pillow Shams FREE. Rosebud is a rapid seller. Write for it today; we trust you.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Dept. 161, Woodburn, Md.

LOVERS' BUDGET FREE

To get acquainted with you, we will send our great LOVERS' BUDGET, consisting of—12 Love Letters, 14 Flirtation Stories, 7 Fortune Telling Secrets, 10 Funny Readings, 1 New York Fortune Teller, 11 Flirtation Cards, 11 Parlor Pastimes, 20 Jokes & Ridiculing the Amosities Experiments in Magic, 6 Comic Poetry, also bargains in cards and premiums. For only 10c to help pay advertising. THE AUCTION CO., DEPT. 68, ATTLEBORO, MASS.

CARDS

Send for large Sample Album of 25000 Names, Silk Fringe, X-ray, Friendship, John's, Love's and all other kinds of Cards. Post Cards and Premiums. Near Best Catalogue and list of 5000 Soups given Free. OHIO CARD CO., 214 Caddis, Ohio.

SILK MUSLIN SCARF

A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in the morning is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats. When ordering be sure to mention color wanted.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50c, we will send you one of these Scarfs free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 3312. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Last Chance



PRICES are going up! You may have to pay \$5 to \$10 more for your clothing if you do not act quickly. Most things are costing again as much today as they did a year ago. Raw wool has gone up so high that almost all the clothing manufacturers have had to raise their prices—and they expect to raise prices still more.

Act Quick! Get your name on our preferred customers' list at once. We have not doubted our prices because we bought WAY AHEAD, but we can't hold this offer open for more than a few weeks. Prices are going UP! UP! UP! We admit we have been compelled to raise our prices—but only a little! Only \$1 more, that's all.

\$15.50

Our record-breaking \$14.50 line (see Catalog) **Genuine All Wool Serge** Tailored to your measure. Think of it—only \$10.50—only \$1 more—while others have raised prices way up! Last season's \$17.50 now \$18.50, and so on. All wool. We are making a big sacrifice in profits for the benefit of our preferred customers.

3 Months to Pay! Yes—and what's more, you can compare this suit with other high grade clothing before you decide to buy. Then pay \$5 a month—like you pay a tailor.

SPRING Style Book and Samples of Our Latest Fabrics—FREE! This is your last chance! Don't delay a minute in sending for this book showing all the latest New York styles. We'll also send 44 generous samples of real cloth showing the exact fabrics you have to choose from. (Get your name on our preferred customers' list by sending for this book today—Now.)

BABSON BROS., Dept. 394219th Street, CHICAGO

Drilling Wells is a Year Round Business

Drilling Water Wells is a profitable, healthful year-round business. There are wells all around you to be drilled. Don't you want to get into a money-making business for yourself? Write for particulars—**Star Drilling Machine Co.** 675 Washington St., Akron, Ohio

AGENTS If you make less than \$1200 a year, you should get in touch with us, the largest manufacturers of transparent handled knives and scissors in U.S. and we will show you how to make more. Special outfit offer.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 76 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO

1000 WOMEN WANTED TO SELL NATIONAL DRESS GOODS Silks, Waistings, etc. Steady income. The "NATIONAL" line is the best. Newest goods—big assortment—prompt deliveries. Our plan will appeal to you. Write TODAY. National Dress Goods Co., Dept. 1, 8 Beach St., N. Y.

December Prize Winners

The eighteen contestants whose names appear below have been paid the December Monthly Cash Prizes. The names of the January Prize Winners will be printed in March COMFORT.

Mrs. G. N. Baillio, La.	1st Prize (Doubled)	\$60.00
Mrs. T. S. Strong, Iowa.	2nd Prize (Doubled)	40.00
Mrs. H. E. Logan, Texas.	3rd Prize (Doubled)	20.00
A. L. Allen, Texas.	4th Prize (Doubled)	5.00
Nannie Henson, Calif.	5th Prize (Doubled)	10.00
James McCready, Pa.	6th Prize (Doubled)	10.00
M. G. Christensen, Minn.	7th Prize (Doubled)	6.00
Agnes Wynn	8th Prize (Doubled)	6.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn.	9th Prize	3.00
Otis Rafter, Okla.	10th Prize	3.00
Robert C. A. Parnell, Connecticut.	11th Prize (Doubled)	4.00
Mrs. Wm. Hall, Ill.	12th Prize (Doubled)	4.00
Miss Susie E. Hamock, Ala.	13th Prize	2.00
Mrs. Florence Tull, N. Y.	14th Prize (Doubled)	4.00
John S. Stephens, Ky.	15th Prize	2.00
Mrs. Edie Lind, Nebraska.	16th Prize	2.00
Mrs. Robert Ascheweller, W. Va.	17th Prize	2.00
Mrs. W. P. Kimball, Maine.	18th Prize	2.00

This Guaranteed Alarm Clock Given To You Free For A Club Of Four



Premium No. 4574

HERE IS an Alarm Clock that you can really depend upon—a clock that will keep perfect time all the time and having a patent shut-off alarm which will never fail to ring when you want it to ring. If you set the indicator on the hour and minute you desire to rise in the morning. This is not a cheap "imported" clock but is made right here in this country by the Western Clock Co., of Illinois, the same company which manufactures the famous "Big Ben" which is advertised and sold throughout the entire civilized world. It stands over 6 inches high, is beautifully nickel plated, has a 4-inch dial with large Arabic numerals and will run twenty-four hours on one winding. The movement is the best American made, including frictionless pivots, self-centered wheels and hard steel pallet escapement. This is an alarm clock which we can heartily recommend, in fact, we would not offer it as a premium if we were not positive that it would give the best of satisfaction. You can have one of these guaranteed Alarm Clocks and it will not cost you one cent by accepting the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this Alarm Clock exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 4574. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through the questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given to any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

E. R. Versailles, Ind.—You are like a great many other COMFORT readers who want to sell things in their own neighborhoods and don't know whether they should have a license or not—instead of asking your own local officials the simple question you write to an outsider a thousand miles or so away to learn what nobody knows but your own people. Ask your local officials.

Mrs. H. J. W., Catawauqua, Pa.—Match statistics for the whole world and separate countries are not to be had. We suppose about 437 billion matches are made in the United States, but we suggest that you write to the Sup't of U. S. Census, Washington, D. C., for details.

Mrs. G. W. S. Cordele, Ga.—Address letters to Sup't City Hospital, in any town or city that you want to know about and they will be delivered either to City or leading hospitals, where they exist. Put your address in corner of your envelopes for return if not delivered. We may say that not nearly as many towns in this country have hospitals as should have them. (2) Before going into raising sunflower seed write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for information on the subject, including addresses of possible purchasers of your crop. What you need more than anything just now is knowledge.

Mrs. G. M. B. Ray, Okla.—We would not give you the address of an astrologer, but you lost him when we had. The U. S. Post-office Department has put the ban on astrology and it cannot get through the mails. This is the 20th century, not the Dark Ages. (2) We have no personal knowledge of the manufacturing firms you mention.

Mrs. J. A. Norfolk, Va.—Easter Sunday, 1887, fell on April 10th.

A. Elkhorn, Iowa.—The Danish Consul at New York City is George Berch, 8 Bridge St.; at Omaha, Neb., Otto Wolff. (2) May we suggest to you and to other COMFORT readers that the way to get in touch with great manufacturers who want agents is not to write to them for agencies without any knowledge or experience, but to take hold of such agencies as you already know about and work at them until you have acquired such knowledge and experience as will put you in touch. The big concerns want experienced agents and until you can go to them with experience you might write to their addresses forever and get nothing. Begin with the small concerns and work up to the big ones gradually. Long before you get to them you will have learned the addresses and what about them. If you have the stuff in you to make a successful agent, inexperience is practically ignorance, and the ignorant have no show among the many well informed, or experienced.

L. M. M., Keewauquin, Pa.—For information about the position of government matrons and what are the necessary qualifications write to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. Most emphatically, respectable ladies fill such places and no others need apply.

U. S. S. Joplin, Mo.—The laws in the various states regulate carrying weapons, especially concealed weapons and firearms. In New York no one can have in his possession arms of any kind without a permit. Ask your city officials about local licenses of any kind.

B. C. D., Johnson City, Tenn.—Don't try to write photo-plays until you know enough to write them. You know who are buying scenarios and what kind they want. You cannot expect to sell turnips to people who want only strawberries, can you?

Mrs. B. H. M., Tinsman, Ark.—The Knights and Ladies of Honor was founded in 1877 and had a membership last year of 65,855. Headquarters, Indianapolis, Ind. Secretary, Walter W. Connel, Indianapolis.

C. M., Mellen, Wis.—Before making corn whiskey, or studying how to make it, you will have to get several hundred dollars together to buy the necessary still and machinery, and apply to Uncle Sam for permit and payment of special tax. Maine, which is constitutionally opposed to corn and all other whiskey, is the last place where you should attempt to get information. Write to Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Washington, D. C. and get official information on the subject.

N. M., Doniphan, Mo.—For information about soldiers write to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C., giving full names, regiments, companies, etc. The Department keeps a record of all enlisted men and their movements.

Miss E. M., Minden City, Mich.—Though Thomas Jefferson is recognized as the founder of the Democratic party, the party did not take the name until Jackson was elected in 1824. Jefferson, Madison and Monroe being known as Republicans. The Democratic Presidents who followed Jackson are Van Buren, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, Cleveland and Johnson. Steve Jackson, Wilson is the only one to be re-elected. (2) Ask home people about Michigan home rule.

Anxious, Netawaka, Kans.—For information about raising navy beans in large quantities and also for farm herbs, barks, roots and butts, write to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. No place in the world is equal to that for getting reliable information about just such matters as you want to know. (2) In localities where pedagogic talent is very scarce examinations are much more lax than in those where it is abundant, but we cannot direct you to the localities where it is scarce. You are more likely to find them in the South than in the West. Eastern Kentucky, for instance, might accommodate you. (3) We haven't the faintest idea what is the best coming occupation for young women who are not high school graduates. Efficiency is the cry nowadays and those who are not efficient must give way to those who are. In our opinion farming along special lines offers the best opportunities to young women not equipped with high school education. There are hundreds of women in this country on small farms doing beautifully with fruit, flowers, fancy vegetables, or poultry and along many other special lines. But these young women didn't have to be told what to do. They read farm papers, heard talks on farming, got government information on the subject and made their choice of what they felt they could best do and did it. We have too many people, young and old, who have to be shown. They lack initiative and unless they have that they never will amount to much more than hired hands always needing to be told what to do and how to do it.

W. M. H., Pineville, Fla.—Why write all the way from Florida to Maine to learn about things in your own neighborhood? Any teacher, or preacher, or other intelligent person in your town can tell you where your nearest circulating libraries are. We cannot, but we congratulate you upon your desire to get books to read. You will find them all right, if you want them enough.

Mrs. G. W. S., High Rock, Pa.—Both glass and aluminum may be melted.

H. Kirkland, Ill.—Regular colleges do not confer degrees for work done in correspondence schools unless the student has in addition to that without it, such learning as would entitle him to a degree.

Carnation, Marion, Utah.—Beeswax may be bleached by machinery, but the simple plan is to cut into thin slices and expose it on a coarse cloth, fixed above the ground on posts, to the sun and weather, dampening

it occasionally with soft water, if there is no dew or rain. It should be turned over frequently and will be bleached in four or five weeks. If it does not bleach through in that time, it should be melted and again exposed in thin slices to the sun and weather until it is as white as wanted.

Police, Newburg, N. Y.—If a young man in his own city doesn't know enough about how to get on the police force and must send five hundred miles away for information where there isn't any, he hasn't the stuff in him of which good policemen are made. Ask the Chief of the Newburg police what he thinks about it.

G. W. B., Island Pond, Vt.—For information about your state offices and officials write to Secretary of State, at the state capital. Other COMFORT inquirers please note.

Pauline, Albany, Ala.—Nay, nay, Pauline, you should not seek to become a screen actress. There are already as many of them looking for the same job as there are writers writing photo-plays and the market is disastrously overstocked. You may think you are a "movie star," but you are not. Really, you are not.

Mrs. L. Tolstoy, N. Dak.—To become a flour tester, or blender, requires not books of instruction, but actual practise in the mill and such positions are filled by persons who have been working in the mills along other lines until they have become conversant with that branch. In addition they have a special faculty, a tea and wine fasters have.

Broken-hearted, Etna, Neb.—Red ink writing in a letter means that the writer has no other ink, or has very bad taste. It has nothing to do with broken hearts.

J. B., Hillsboro, Ill.—A boy born in this country and living here until he is twenty-one years of age becomes a citizen whether his father is a citizen or not. (2) In those states where women vote the voting age is twenty-one for them as it is for men.

F. W. S., Hereford, Texas.—There is no federal law against a man voting who has not paid his taxes in the state where he wishes to vote. State laws control in such matters.

Lulu, Boonton, N. J.—The word "Aloha" is Hawaiian and means "Love," but it is very generally used in salutation, greeting or parting.

J. J., Long Bottom, Ohio.—You are taking too gloomy a view of the public school situation in Ohio. There may be individuals, or even remote sections, which are not getting full benefits, but taking the schools by the large, we may say that if every state in the Union had as good schools as Ohio, they would have reason to be thankful.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

or more will not buy such a helper as that kind of calf may be made to develop into when old enough to breed or when springing.

The effort everywhere is to have cows produce a pound of butter fat a day as the minimum and such a minimum is going to be necessary where land, feed and help are high. Only by right breeding and judicious selection and feeding can such cows be produced and luck is the man who manages to build up such a herd, keep it healthy and hand it down to posterity. Make it the invariable rule never to raise any animal that is not known to be from perfectly profitable stock on both sides of its pedigree or breeding.

Stimulating Milk Flow

We recently received a letter from a farmer who asks this peculiar question: "Is it true that the feeding of too early cut hay that has been heavily salted will fill the gutters with urine and at the same time increase the milk flow?"

To this we must answer that there is much truth in the allegation. The too early cut hay is liable to be moldy and moldy hay will be sure to increase the flow of urine. Salt has a like effect, first loosening the bowels. Such feed will even cause dangerous diabetes in the horse and also is objectionable and even dangerous for cows.

We must strongly object to the stimulation of milk flow by purposely irritating the excretory organs. The mammary glands (udder glands) are intended for milk secretion, not for excretion; but they are liable, in a measure, to join with the excretory glands when these are irritated so that diarrhea and diuresis (profuse flow of urine) may mean a like profuse flow of milk. Such milk cannot be considered wholesome. It will tend to cause summer complaint or other derangement of the bowels of infants drinking it and when mothers blame the stomach teeth for these often deadly ailments they should be looking into the source of the child's milk and may find the cause of disease there.

It is for this reason that condenseries refuse to accept milk from cows fed on wet distillery or brewery grains. They also reject milk from cows fed the refuse of vinegar factories, beet sugar plants or any feed, including sour or acid silage, which greatly influences excretion from the bowels and kidneys and incidentally the udder.

Let every man who feeds cows make it a ruling principle that the milk he markets shall be fit and wholesome food for his own little ones, then he will not be willing to stimulate manure and urine production with the hope of increasing milk flow. The idea is disgusting, revolting and deserving of general condemnation, and we believe the practise is contrary to the pure food laws.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmers subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

SAWDUST AS FERTILIZER.—Please tell me whether

Save One Third On Farm Engines

Buy direct from the factory. Save money. For instance, our famous 28825040.

3-Speed SATLEY Guaranteed Engine

Fully equipped, for \$30.75 about one-third less.

Shipped to you from the nearest of our warehouses in Albany, N.Y. 60 Days' Trial Free Jackson, Mich., Springfield, Ill., Des Moines, Ia., Fargo, N.D., St. Paul, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., and Lincoln, Neb. Write for our Farm Book—FREE. You can save 10% on everything you need or use on the farm. Everything guaranteed to give complete satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded.



Montgomery Ward & Co. Dept. A235 New York Chicago Kansas City St. Louis Portland, Ore. Write home nearest you.

sawdust is a good fertilizer. Some say it scours the land. C. E. H., Keokuk, Iowa, N. Y.

A.—Hard wood sawdust is of some benefit on very heavy, sticky clay as it tends to open up the soil. Sand would be preferable, while sawdust may be used as bedding where plentiful, it would not pay to haul it and use as fertilizer alone, or for opening purposes. The ashes remaining after burning the sawdust would be more valuable, being rich in potash and other salts. Pine sawdust is unsuitable for use on land. Sawdust used as bedding absorbs and holds the liquid manure, which is the most valuable part, and to that extent is valuable as a fertilizer when used for bedding.

WHAT ABOUT SUNFLOWERS.—I am thinking of planting twenty or thirty acres to sunflowers and would like to know how they will do on sandy soil; what variety to grow; where to get the seed; how to plant and cultivate; how to harvest and cure; what the yield; how and where to market the crop; would it pay me to plant 20 or 30 acres?

M. M., New Rome, Wis. A.—We refer you to answers to similar inquiries in January COMFORT where you will find all your questions answered so far as possible to answer them. See also in this issue what we advise under heading "Start New Crops on a Small Scale." We repeat: Don't gamble by making big plantings are simple and untried crops. Start on a very small scale and if results prove satisfactory spread out the next season.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

A Handsome Tray Cloth



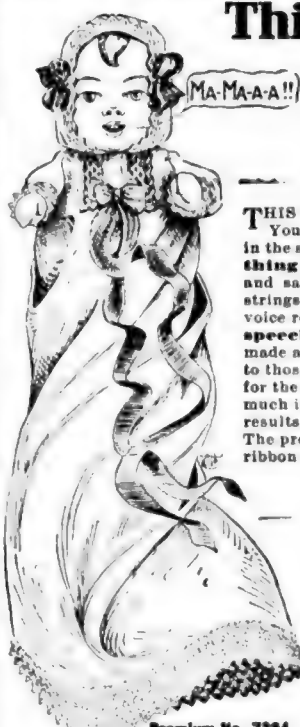
20 x 26 Inches For One Premium No. 7841 Subscription

We call the above one of the handsomest designs in a tray-cloth we have yet seen to say nothing of its large size, which is 20 x 26 inches and yet in spite of its size it does not require an unusual amount of work to finish it. The stitches themselves are simple as it may be worked either in solid or eyelet embroidery with button-hole edge. It looks the neatest when worked all in white, although one or more colors may be used if desired. This extra large, attractive tray-cloth comes stamped on pure white "Butcher cloth" which in reality is very fine lineal finished cotton—a material which has the appearance of pure linen and will if anything give longer service. We will make you a present of this tray-cloth upon the terms of one of the following special offers.

Offer 7841A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25c we will send you this handsome tray-cloth free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer 7841B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25c and 10c additional (35c in all) we will send you this tray-cloth free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7841. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

This Dear Little Infant Doll Talks And Cries For Mama LIKE A REAL BABY!



THIS is the very latest in talking dolls and without doubt the best one ever invented. You have probably heard the "so-called" talking dolls that have heretofore been sold in the stores and which don't talk at all but simply make a noise which is not like anything human—simply a "squeak" or a "squeal". Here is a doll however that speaks and says "Mama" so plainly that it actually startles everyone who hears it. No strings to pull. You simply press it gently in the back and the wonderfully life-like voice responds instantly. The vocal mechanism by which this doll imitates human speech completely fills its chubby body. The marvelous contrivance is thoroughly made and its distinct articulation of "Mama" is surprising, not to say bewildering to those who hear it. Therefore it is nothing like the ordinary crying or talking doll for the principle of reproducing a baby's voice in this new infant doll has been so very much improved that it hardly seems possible to add more and all are pleased with the results. Including dress and all this little infant measures 14 inches in length. The pretty white infant's dress and hood is trimmed with lace and handsome blue silk ribbon bows. She has blue eyes and a cute baby curl peeps out from beneath the hood in a truly life-like manner. This doll is unbreakable, the head being made of a special indestructible composition of a natural flesh-like color so that in appearance as well as in voice it more closely resembles a real baby than any doll made up to the present time. No matter how many dolls the children now have, they will surely be delighted with this doll which talks as if it were really alive and every mother who reads this offer should take advantage of it at once. We will send you this new talking infant doll exactly as described upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each or two three-year subscriptions at 50c each we will send you this talking infant doll free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7284.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Kittycat, Gonzales, Texas.—When a lady's escort asks her to select a box of candy, she should not ask the clerk the price, but she should select a medium-sized box so as not to strain the generosity of her escort. She should thank him for it on the spot. What else could she thank him for?

Q. T. Raleigh, N. C.—It may be nice enough and proper enough to ride a motorcycle with a young man you have been going with, but we think it is much safer not to, unless he has a side-car. A lady on a motorcycle with a man doesn't look very nice, either. (2) You may do as you please about assisting the young man to put on his overcoat. They all like to have the girls help them that way.

F. L. Remus, Mich.—If the escort who took the lady to the party does not object to her going home with a different one, etiquette will not object. To do so without his consent would be worse than etiquette and no lady would do it. Unless the party were over by ten o'clock the escort should not go into the house at all, except in the case of a regular caller who usually remained quite late, or the lady had prepared a small feast for her escort, as is sometimes done after evening entertainments, outside.

Blonde, Dahinda, Ill.—A very little society, so called, and the association of young men should be indulged in by a girl of any age while she is at school. A little is not objectionable. If of the best, but a girl who is giving proper attention to her studies can have very little time for social diversions. When she is through school there will be time enough for society and beaux. (2) When you are older and are better acquainted with men and women you will be more careful in the selection of what you call true friends and you will not be so disappointed in them. Your experience with your present and previous selections is teaching you that now. You can find plenty of true friends, who are really true, but you can't pick them up everywhere and you cannot make the right selection without proper care.

Black Eyes and Brown, Bolivar, La.—Don't believe any man who tells you he will quit drinking on condition of something you may do for him, whatever it is. One time in a thousand maybe, he can be believed and you never can tell which time that is until it is too late. (2) It may not be wrong for two girls to walk three miles at night to a party with two young men, but it is wretchedly bad manners for two young men to ask two girls to walk that far. They should not go unless they could afford a conveyance. (3) Unless there is some very good reason for it the gentleman should not pay the lady's way on the train. If she is with him by invitation, he should pay. (4) A very great many good men drink, but never get drunk. Yet they would be better men if they did not drink. Alcohol is one of the finest things in the world to let alone.

Unhappy, Bow Island, Alta, Can.—For the children's sake you must bear with the father, at the same time your duty to them and to yourself does not compel you to submit to indignities from the father and if you will assert your rights as a wife and mother and insist upon his recognizing and respecting them, we believe he will realize that he is not fair with you and will improve in his conduct. Most husbands have to be taught by their wives how to be the right kind of husbands and it is for you to teach this one.

M. O. Daxer, N. Dak.—A finger bowl should be used by dipping the fingers daintily into it and cleansing them and also the lips, using the serviette afterwards. Some people use a finger-bowl as though it were a wash-basin, which is very bad form. (2) If a friend on whom you are calling asks you to stay to dinner, or other meal, you accept with thanks—if you accept—and when you leave you should say how pleasant a time you had and how nice of her to ask you, or something like that by way of expressing your appreciation. Don't overdo it.

Noname, Lost Creek, W. Va.—Let the girl alone till you get out of school. If she has refused to answer any one of your four letters you should take it as a quadruple sign that she doesn't want to write to you or hear from you. You know that she is afraid of her parents and that they object to you and why do you want to make things any more disagreeable for her? Have a heart, young man, and also have some sense. N. B. Before you leave high school you should take a special course in letter writing. No wonder the girl didn't like your letters.

Soldier's Girl, Detroit, Mich.—As between a soldier you know nothing about and a civilian whom you know nothing about, the preference would be for the soldier because he must have character and respectability or he could not be a soldier. At least, in the regular army. The civilian might be an ex-convict or something of that sort. But why become engaged to a man of any kind whom you know nothing about? Do you think such ignorance is a good foundation for a happy married life?

Chum, Lenox, N. C.—No matter how young a married woman is she is no longer in the girl class and she must dress and deport herself as a mature woman. (2) What a married woman should say when any one wishes her joy depends upon how she feels about it. The usual response is "Thank you, very much."

F. D., Crookston, Minn.—Ordinarily boys and girls in school do not wait upon etiquette to become acquainted and it is just as well that they do not. But neither should presume upon this to act otherwise than as ladies and gentlemen. (2) You may make any pleasant answer you please to: "I am glad I met you." The common reply, which is very common, is: "The pleasure is mine."

Va. Girl, Lexington, Va.—The attendants—not waiters—at a wedding group themselves at the sides of the bride and groom, and a little to the rear, or they may arrange themselves according to the space they have before the officiating clergyman. They may precede or follow the couple, going to their respective sides before the altar. At supper they may take their places according to their rank, the highest being next to the bride, or better, they should sit so that ladies and gentlemen alternate.

Two and One, Mt. View, Va.—It is proper enough for a lady to wear a ring if a gentleman loans her, but she will certainly not do it if she knows it belongs to another lady. (3) Third cousins are really no kin and they should be treated as strangers in kissing. (3) A gentleman may call on a lady, even though she likes another gentleman better. She can't like everybody alike, can she?

Oliver, Pleasant Valley, N. J.—It depends upon how far past forty a woman is before she becomes too unattractive to marry, and some never do, especially if they are rich and some young men want their money. Many girls who are neither good looking or attractive in their youth develop into charming women when they are forty and after. (2) There is no time limit in the matter of acquaintance before becoming engaged. No girl, however, should become engaged to a man whom she had known only a few months. A year's acquaintance is none too long and even then marriage develops many qualities, not always desirable, which had not been previously suspected.

Blossom, Malen, Miss.—About the only thing a lady can do, without creating a disturbance, when a caller wants to put his hands on her, when she sits near him, is to leave him and sit at a distance, if he persists after that, she can walk out of the room and leave him there to get away as best he can. A lady

should not permit a man of that type—and there are plenty of them—to call on her, or ever see her alone. (2) Why a gentleman, who is always polite to a lady when meeting her anywhere, and may be even attentive for an afternoon or evening, does not call on her, or seek to extend his acquaintance with her, is something that etiquette cannot determine. You will have to ask him. He may have a reason, or he may be merely careless about calling. But the lady should not worry about it.

Jim, Flowery Branch, Ga.—If a young lady of twenty finds a boy of eighteen worth her while it is quite proper for him to go with her. Most girls of twenty, however, prefer more seasoned timber. An eighteen-year old boy is about the greenest thing that grows in the garden of girls. (2) Third cousins may legally marry if they want to.

Ignorant, La Follette, Tenn.—Card etiquette is a much more complicated matter in city society than it is in the society of smaller communities. It takes practice to learn it in the city, but in the country, a caller need only leave her card when she calls. If there are visitors at the house where she calls she may also leave a card for each visitor, though this is not always done. It is a sensible thing to do, though, because it identifies the caller to the visitor and she may take the card home with her for future reference. If the lady is accompanied by her husband, or her grown son, the men's cards should be left. So with one or more daughters. Usually in smaller communities everybody knows everybody else so well that these formalities are not very strictly observed and no great social harm seems to result from the breach of observance. Cards are not usually left when the person called on is at home, though if a servant let the caller in, a card is given to be taken to the person called on.

Cultivation of Golden Seal

By C. B. Irvine

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AN advertiser who has the seed and plants for sale breathes hope and encouragement in every line when he says "Golden seal is one of the most important drug plants in the world, and for the last sixty years it has steadily gained in price until now it is a sublime wealth producer. The shade from the north side of your house can be coined into money by planting golden seal seed." His words were so optimistic that inquiry was made, with the resultant discovery that golden seal farmers are the real little landers. They seemingly have Bolton Hall and his three acres and independence backed off the map. The seed men will tell you that this same golden seal is one of the greatest money makers of which they have any knowledge, when a cent of area amount of capital invested and labor necessary are taken into consideration. A few square feet of ground are said to insure the grower a living after he is once started and the plants become seed bearing. They say your neighbors and friends will all want to go into the business after they see your garden and watch you reap a harvest of dollars selling seeds while the roots are maturing.

Golden seal (hydrastis canadensis) is better known as yellow root, orange root, Indian dye, yellow eye and jaundice root. It is a small herbaceous perennial plant with a thick, fleshy rhizome from which extend in all directions long fibrous rootlets. It has a single stem from six to twelve inches in length, crowned by two unequal leaves. A small flower appears at the base of the upper leaf. The fruit is a size and color resembles a raspberry, but is not edible. Its natural home is in the moist, rich woodland. The root is the portion most extensively used in medicine, but during recent years the demand has been such that the stem and top are now utilized. As early as 1860 the United States pharmacopoeia recognized its value, which had from earliest days been appreciated by the aborigines. It is much used in the cases of dyspepsia and affections requiring tonic treatment.

The Year Book of the Department of Agricul-

ture for 1912 made the statement that it has been shown that many valuable drug and related crops can be grown in favorable regions throughout the country, and added that "the culture of golden seal has been successfully established." In a previous article on the same subject the same authority stated that the demand of the United States for medicinal substances of plant origin includes products drawn from widely separated parts of the earth. Many plants growing either as weeds or in an otherwise uncultivated state are made use of in large quantities, and in some instances have become subjects of foreign demand. This steady call has gradually increased until the number of tons of crude drugs gathered in the different parts of the country is enormous. In certain sections of the country there is, as a result, a great diminution in the quantity of the higher priced products collected. In some cases plants which were formerly abundant and apparently exhaustless in quantity are today not to be found. This difficulty has been greatly increased by the cutting of the forests, thereby removing the conditions necessary to the growth of large parts of the flora of the region. Thus the stock of native drug products has decreased from year to year, with the result that prices paid to collectors have steadily risen. "A shortage has already become keenly felt," says the bulletin, "in the case of golden seal and a number of other relatively rare drug plants, and this shortage is certain to continue with increasing demand and to affect a larger number of products until the last available wild stock is in the drug-dealer's hands." But one remedy is suggested for this situation. The rare native drug plants must be brought under cultivation. The author of the bulletin says the necessity for cultivation seems to be near at hand, and cites the case of the golden seal as typical. The same authority says the price of this staple has steadily risen until it would seem that the growing of golden seal is worthy of a trial as a possible agricultural resource of limited scope.

Eighteen years ago dry golden seal roots were worth 18c per pound. The Agricultural Year Book for 1903 quoted them at 75c per pound in the wholesale market—and the drug difficult to obtain even at that price. Last year a grower sold his crop at \$4 per pound and a few months later saw the quotations advance to \$4.75. These last figures seem rather high, although it is the statement of the grower and is so given, without verification.

Rich, loose garden soil made to resemble as closely as possible that seen in deciduous forests, is required for golden seal. The growth would be stimulated by an abundance of decayed vegetable matter. It has been demonstrated that roots obtained by division will, when allowed to grow, reach a size suitable for harvesting and drying in about three years. It would seem that the cultivation of golden seal is still in its infancy, with price advancing, and these facts have been given due consideration by the Department of Agriculture, which sounds a note of warning in giving the advice to the prospective drug grower to be cautious.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS SAVED.—Junkmen in the United States collected \$114,000,000 worth of scrap iron and other metals last year. This was recently announced by the Geological Survey.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Total cost only \$7.50 by our 7 MONTHS TIME




to prove to you that this magnificent Royal has the strongest motor, the best reproducer and tone arm and the most ingenious devices to start, stop and control the music. Shipped with a supply of 10 inch double disc records of your selection, so you can enjoy the finest entertainment for one whole month. Return the entire lot for any reason you do not wish to keep it. Drop a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonials. Letters are free.

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Will make your complexion as white as the virgin snow. 2-cent stamp for free particulars. Address

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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at druggists.



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SILK Or Velvet REMNANTS—Exquisite designs—Charming colors. 1 lb. \$1.10. 3 for \$2.50—7 for \$5c.

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FREE POWERFUL AIR GUN

See how easy it is to shoot. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 625 CHICAGO



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The Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 51 Tyron, Pa.



12 Everblooming Rose Bushes

A Magnificent Collection Of The Newest Varieties In The Most Beautiful Colors

Given To You For A Club Of Two!



OUR GUARANTEE
THESE ROSES are all strong healthy plants on their own roots and will be packed in damp moss and sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as when they left the greenhouse. You may accept this offer with the perfect assurance that these beautiful ever-blooming roses will grow and develop into rare specimen beauties. If any fail to grow we hereby guarantee to replace them for you free of all cost.

Premium No. 6722

BEAUTIFUL Charming Roses in profusion that anybody can grow in any climate and in almost any soil. We will give you a whole garden of them free and they will bloom and bloom all summer, surrounding your home with a veritable paradise of delightful fragrance and radiant colors. The different varieties described below are strong, well-rooted one-year-old bushes ready to be transplanted to your garden as soon as you receive them and we guarantee that they will grow and thrive beautifully if given proper care and attention. No matter in what part of the United States you live, our growers will send them to you at the proper time to plant according to the schedule printed below. Please remember, however, that these dates may vary from ten to fifteen days in event of an extremely early or late spring, so you need not become anxious if they should not reach you just on the date named in schedule. The rose growers who supply us are perfectly familiar with planting conditions in your locality and you may depend upon them to forward the roses to you at the best time for you to put them in the ground. Following is a brief description of each of the different varieties of beautiful ever-blooming rose bushes given you free on this great offer. Complete instructions on how to plant and care for roses will be included free of charge.

Melody
For years rose growers have tried to produce a genuinely yellow rose, and when this Irish beauty was introduced, it was hailed with delight for it represented a new color in its class and has now become the greatest of all yellow roses for the home planter. It grows to perfection in any ordinary garden soil in all localities and from the time it is planted in the early spring, it bears continuously great numbers of lovely flowers of immense size, which stand out well from the plant, giving it a regal appearance and stamping it as the most extraordinary rose of its color. The color is a lovely shade of yellow, deepening to apricot in the center; in fact, it is a rose of sterling merit, which has proved hardy in all localities.

WHEN TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of	State	after	Feb.
Florida, Calif., Tex.,			1
Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,			15
Wash., Tenn., Va.,			15
Nev., Kans., Mo.,			15
Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,			15
Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States			1

Frau Karl Druschi This brilliant rose is renowned as the best snow-white rose ever produced. The foliage is heavy and of rich texture; but the glory of this plant, is its magnificent flowers, huge in size and produced with the greatest freedom on long stiff stems. A single plant will produce hundreds of bloomers, which are full, very deep and double. The color is marvellously white, positively without a suggestion of any tint or shade of color. The fragrance is exquisite; in short this glorious Rose seems to have been endowed with all the charms and grace of the entire rose family.

Maiden's Blush A beautiful rose for bedding or decoration. It is very vigorous and healthy, hardy enough to withstand all climates and quickly forming a handsome shapely bush the first season planted. It will thrive in most any soil or situation, clothing itself with beautiful ornamental foliage and having the vitality necessary to produce the handsome double flowers all through the season. Everyone exclaims over its exquisite beauty and after having seen it in bloom, we can well appreciate their enthusiasm. The delicate blending of colors is almost impossible to describe, rose tints in the center of the flower gradually shading off into pale blush and creamy white.

Etoile De France This rose has been selected from the almost unlimited number of hardy red roses, because it seems the acme of perfection. The bush grows upright, covered with beautiful, bronzy, green foliage, which is subject to insect attack. The growth is so luxuriant and lusty that great masses of beautiful crimson roses are borne all summer. This is one of the finest of all garden roses.

Radiance
This wonderful new everblooming rose is one of the most beautiful varieties ever introduced. We want every lover of beautiful roses to plant Radiance for there is no other like it, either in color, growth, or beauty. It is the ideal garden rose, thriving in practically any soil under the most adverse conditions to a perfection seen in no other rose. The splendid flowers are produced in amazing profusion. They are immense in size, and the color is a beautiful blending of shades of carmine rose with opal and coppery reflections, extremely brilliant in effect, exquisitely beautiful but most difficult to describe. Radiance is the premier garden rose of today, and its numerous charms will delight you.

Red Dorothy Perkins This is the most valuable addition to the popular class of Rambler roses ever produced. Its magnificent foliage is fine, dark and glossy, remaining intact to unseasonable weather and withstanding all diseases. This quality alone assures an ornamental climber which is nearly evergreen and its graceful pendulous habit will place it first among pillar roses. The marvelous production of bloom is really sensational; it is produced in great clusters; each individual rose being perfect in form and very double, the color being deep intense scarlet which retains its vivid brilliancy as long as the flower lasts.

We will send you twelve of these rose bushes (two of each variety) or six bushes (one of each variety) on the terms of the following special offers:

Offer 6722. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you twelve of the above described rose bushes (six different varieties) free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 6722.

Offer 6721 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you six of the above described Rose Bushes (six different varieties) free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6721.

Offer 6721 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents, and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you six of the above described Rose Bushes (six different varieties) free by Parcel Post prepaid Premium No. 6721. If you want us to fill your order immediately be sure to say so in your letter otherwise the roses will not be mailed until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden. Premium No. 6721. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

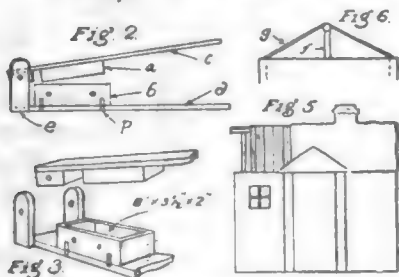
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

HELLO boys, how does this month find you? It is the shortest of the year but we dare not sneer at it, because it is richer in great days than any other, at least to Americans. Can you enumerate them? St. Valentine's and the anniversary of the Maine disaster. There is an analogy between the importance of this pigmy month and the importance of your life, which you may, at this time, consider of little moment to the world at large. The prizes do not all go to those who are big and brawny by nature. It is the hard worker and the one with persevering spirit that wins out in the end. When discouraging thoughts try to steal into your consciousness think of the little month that virtually laughs at the others because her children have led the world so far ahead. Your thoughts are your children and your thoughts will have value just as soon as you transmute them into action.

Snow Block Building

Here's a brand new way of building with snow. With the simple mould shown in Fig. 2 we form it into bricks and with these we build walls, using wet snow for mortar and a pointed shingle for a trowel. Fig. 2 is a side view of the mould. The box "b" is made of one-inch boards and has pegs on the bottom edges, as shown, which fit into holes on the baseboard. To make a brick, fill "b" with snow and scrape it off level on top and then press "a" into it by standing on "c." Lift "b" straight up and brick will drop out. They may be used immediately or left over night to freeze hard. The inside walls of the box must be kept greased and the inner space should be a trifle larger at the base to allow for easy removal of block. To make a gable roof, the ridge-pole must be supported at the ends with uprights like "f." When the slant boards "g" are on they may be covered with snow. Fig. 3 is a picture of a trowel made of a shingle, a spool and a piece

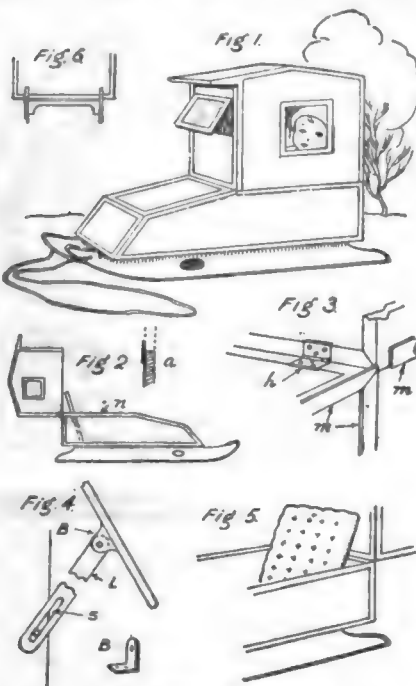


THE SNOW BLOCK HOUSE.

of broom handle held together with a single stove bolt. The bolt head is countersunk into the face of the trowel. With this outfit and plenty of snow your supply of building blocks will never run out.

Covered Sled

This picture suggests a way to make a limousine covering for your sled. It is six inches shorter than the runners and extended six inches over each side of the latter, as in Fig. 6. The making of the box is too simple to waste time explaining. The rough work might be covered with canvas and moulding strips nailed along all edges. This will make your finished article quite as neat as Fig. 1. The top section is hinged on and swings, as shown in Fig. 2. A side view, with the position of hinge shown is marked "a." Fig. 3 shows the hinge, "h," set into the wood its own depth or thickness, and the moulding strips "m." Fig. 5 shows part of the lower section with a back rest that may be made of a board padded with excelsior or hair and covered with cloth. Fig. 4 shows how the ventilator



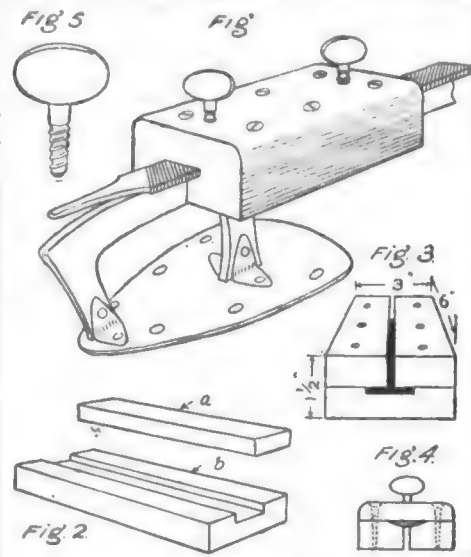
LIMOUSINE BABY SLED.

In the front works, it is hinged at the top and a bracket piece "B" is screwed to the inside of each end, a little below center. A metal lever piece, ten inches long, two inches wide, one sixteenth inch thick, with a slot one quarter inch wide and five inches long in the center of the

lower part, is used to hold it open. The round-headed screw that goes through the slot in the lever bears on it hard enough to hold the ventilator open, and of course it may be screwed a little tighter at any time. A coin or the back of a knife blade will do for a screw-driver. The glass in the sides and front make the box more comfortable to the person riding. The sled is ideal for your little brother or sister.

Skate Sharpening Tool

It is very difficult to sharpen skates properly without some kind of a guide to hold the file rigid and level. In the accompanying sketch, I have attempted to show a home-made file holder, which I have used with great success and which,



DEVICE FOR SHARPENING SKATES.

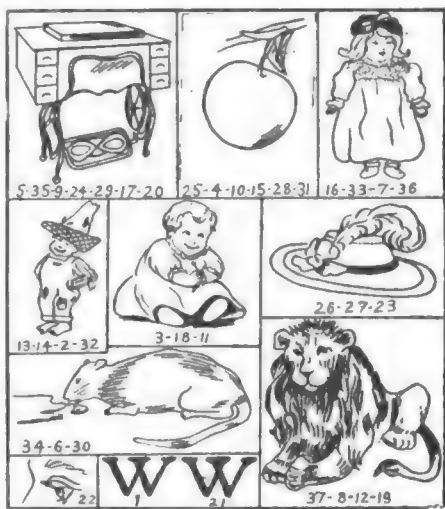
I believe, any boy of average mechanical ability can make for himself. Fig. 1 is a view of the tool in use. It is pushed back and forth with firm, even strokes, while the skate is held in a vise. The block, "b," Fig. 2, is three quarters of an inch thick, three inches wide, six inches long and has a groove running lengthwise in the center one inch wide and one eighth inch deep. The long sides of the groove may be sawed to the proper depth and the intervening strip shaved out with a chisel. Make the space between the two blocks "a" just wide enough for your skate to fit snugly. Use hard wood and assemble the parts, as shown in Fig. 3. Each screw is one and one quarter inches long and fits into a hole already bored. The thumb screws, Fig. 5, when turned to the right, press against the file and hold it solid. Fig. 6 is an end view of the sharpener, with a curved file in the groove. This is used to finish the sharpening process and gives a slightly concave surface to the skate runner. The latter is very desirable when the ice is smooth and glary.

Lincoln's Wit

Abraham Lincoln was noted for his wit and resourcefulness. On many occasions it served to extricate him from embarrassing situations, but probably never more palpably than during the Black Hawk war. Lincoln had been chosen captain of a volunteer company by his townsmen and with his nondescript band was marching to join the regular troops at the state capital. He did not know much about military tactics, and when his men, marching four abreast, came to a high stone fence with a gate only a foot wide, he could not, for the life of him, think of the proper order to give, to get them through it single file. "Halt," he cried, endeavoring to gain time, then a bright thought came to his rescue and he drawled, "This company is dismissed for one minute. When you form ranks again, please do so on the other side of that fence."

Puzzle

Write down the words represented by the pictures and rearrange the letters in the numerical order given by the figures under each. You will



then have an expression or sentiment, uttered by a famous American, whose anniversary comes in February.

Puzzle Answer

With malice toward none, with charity for all. Machine, 5-35-9-24-29-17-20. Cherry, 25-4-10-15-28-31. Doll, 16-33-7-36. Wolf, 13-14-2-32. Tot, 3-18-11. I, 22. Hat, 26-27-28. Lion, 37-8-12-19. Rat, 34-6-30. W. W. 1-21.

Riddles

Why can't a man shave with a cake of yeast or a wagon jack?
Because neither one is the right kind of a raiser (razor).
What is the difference between a prophet and a boy giving directions to a lost quartet?
One foretells, the other tells four.
Why is a man with a ten-year-old derby like George Washington?
Because he has his little hatchet (hat yet).
Why is the forest lonesome in the springtime?
Because the trees are making boughs (bows) and getting ready to leave.

This is all the space I can allow you this time. I hope you will find the articles of interest and that, at least one of the plans, will meet with your approval. The COMFORT family is so large and the climate and environment of my readers so diversified that I cannot make all the ideas fit one particular section of the country. To please the largest number in my aim and I am willing, at all times, to listen to the friendly advice of correspondents. If you write in a strain that requires a personal reply, please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Whatever suggestions you offer will be carefully considered.

UNCLE JOHN.

500 Shot Repeating DAISY Air Rifle

FREE

Absolutely Free—for a limited time only—this famous Daisy Air Rifle if you order from this advertisement. A constant source of amusement for any boy. Teaches accuracy of eye. And trains steadiness of nerves. Best of all, gives loads of fun. The same Daisy Air Rifle that storekeepers ask \$1.25 for!

Why do we give this remarkable rifle free? Because we want to add a large number of new customers right away. We want several thousand mothers to send for this wonderful 8-piece outfit and learn what extra value is in our boys' clothing. Just mail P. O. order for \$1.00. Send now—while this offer lasts.

\$1 And You Get This Boys' New Stylish 8-Piece Outfit (Complete from head to foot)

Amazing?—Yes! For here's better quality at a lower price than others sell for cash. You will be proud to see your boy in these snappy, up-to-date clothes. A wonderful, yes, a wonderful money-saving bargain. Don't miss this!

On Credit!

We ship on approval. Money back if you say so. Outfit includes:—
"Manley" Pinch Back Norfolk Suit. Is specially well made and up-to-date in every detail. Has 3 outside patch pockets with flaps on two lower pockets; one inside breast pocket. Popular pinch back with 3-piece detachable belt. Lined with good-wearing serge. Semi-boy knickers with belt loops and watch pocket. Adjustable buttons at knees. Furnished in smooth finished best striped cassimere in blue, brown or gray. Sizes 7 to 17.
Sturdy Shoes. Our Best Ever quality leather shoes. Strongly made. Comfortable last. Sizes up to 6.
Latest Pinch Back Cap. To match suit. Made of same cloth. High stiff lining. Sizes 7-14 to 7-18.
Percale Waist. Military linked collar. Handsome Tie. Silk knitted. Fast color. Zatek stripes—percale. 3 Pair Stockings. Reinforced knees. Famous Rockwell brand.

Order Today! Send only a dollar bill or P. O. Order and we will send you this wonderful 8-piece outfit for your approval. Remember, the Daisy Air Rifle is absolutely free if you order from this advertisement. We guarantee satisfaction. Send now while this offer lasts. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. ALSO FREE—Big Bargain Catalog of women's, men's, boys' and girls' clothing. Send for this catalog whether you order outfit or not. Shows you amazing bargains—on credit.

ELMER RICHARDS CO., 35th St. Chicago, Ill.



Order by No. S-55

Order by No. S-55

Money Back If Not Satisfied

Indoor Game

The "Postman" game is a merry pastime for a mixed gathering of young folks. It may be played as a social entertainment or at a school party. A cardboard box with a slot in the top cover is placed on the table and the players are provided with post-cards or sheets of paper. Upon them they write humorous messages to other members of the party and as soon as a card is complete, they drop it into the box. Each card is properly addressed to some one present but it is signed with some other name than that of the writer. Besides this every effort is made to disguise the writing and hide the identity of the sender of the message. When the mail box is opened and the cards delivered, each reads his aloud and tries to guess who wrote it. If he names the writer the first guess the latter must acknowledge his guilt and perform whatever forfeit is asked of him by the injured person. Hilarious laughter prevails while the notes are being read and the penalties paid. The penalties consist of performing silly stunts such as winking an imaginary clock or crowing like a rooster or speaking some baby rhyme. In playing the game, be careful not to offend any sensitive person and be sure not to get offended yourself.

THRIFTINESS.—The average amount of savings per capita of the people of Switzerland is \$47; in America the average is said to be less than \$5. The latest available figures show that about 10 per cent of the people of the United States have savings bank accounts; while more than half of the Swiss population have such accounts.

Wonderful New STEREOSCOPE



With 100 Views For A Club Of Two!

Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals. Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days. Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopos at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful entertainment keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereosopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following Club Offer.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this Stereoscope with 100 Views free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6462. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

32 NICE POST CARDS different sorts, and one year. The WHOLE THING for only ten cents. ROBERTS & CO., 326 MADISON ST., CHICAGO



Myers "Lock Stitch" Sewing Awl. Sample complete \$1.00. Low price to agents. C. A. Myers Company, 6334 University Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

FREE Fine Tone \$20 UKULELE MANDOLIN, VIOLIN, GUITAR OR CORNET. We have a wonderful new system of teaching music by mail. To first pupils in each locality, we'll give a \$20 superb Violin, Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar or Cornet absolutely free. Very small charge for lessons only expense. We guarantee to make you a player or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write at once—no obligation. SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept 78, Chicago, Ill.

Large Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best 10 Playmate Inches A Boy High or Girl And Ever Full Jointed Had



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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Toughey's Travels and

Adventures Abroad

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

little while with their own eyes tightly closed. Toughey's interest in the Evangelist and his picturesque denunciation of sin and sinners waned instantly she discovered that Norma and the children had gone. Soon she left to look for them, though she had told Norma to take them to the grove or beach if they grew tired. But the habit of knowing where they were was too strong to resist, not finding them in the picnic grounds at the swings and seesaws, nor any signs of them from the edge of the cliff she rushed down the path toward the beach almost colliding with Norma and John and hearing Norma declare vehemently: "I am not an Indian and I will never, never marry an Indian."

"Where are the children?" asked Toughey sharply, feeling that Norma should be with them. "On the beach," the girl answered in confusion, running down the path. As she half tumbled after the girl Toughey noticed the Indian's dejected air. The two girls looked eagerly for the children who were not to be seen. Racing in opposite directions they explored the shore to where the cliff dropped down into the flat meadow land. Wild fear seized Toughey.

"Get John, hunt everywhere, in the grove, tell Mr. Brooke the children are lost or—"

"She could not say what she thought. She spoke pantingly, for she could not take a deep breath. When Norma had gone, Toughey stepped up the pier which extended out into the deep water quite a distance as large boats from Toronto and other big towns docked here. Walking clear to the end she forced herself to gaze down into the water up one side of the dock and down the other. Her whole body was shaking and the weight on her breast grew heavier every minute, dragging her to her knees as she left the pier.

If Mr. Brooke would only come; perhaps he could do or say something. He did come and other people, but none who could tell of the children. Toughey turned sick as she noted others walking the pier with grave faces, peering down into the water just as she had done. She looked up into Mr. Brooke's white face and spoke at first inaudibly for her lips were stiff.

"Mamma—telephone; don't tell her till—till we know."

He nodded, looked at his watch.

"They won't expect us yet. I'll wait and if he could not trust himself to dush."

Toughey sat on the sand wondering if it were really she—Toughey Deering upon whom this unspeakable horror had fallen.

The meeting ended, the crowds left, ignorant of the situation on the beach, but many of the cottagers heard the story of the lost children and became pathetically anxious to help. Norma and John returned breathless from a fruitless search.

Two men with motor boats offered their services.

"They might have gotten into a row boat and drifted away, suggested one, 'we'll go out on the lake and take a look around for them.'"

Norma uttered a cry. She recalled the little boat on which she had placed the coats. Where was it? Gone! And she distinctly remembered it had been there. Hope leaped up in Toughey, lifting the weight that was threatening to choke her. She rushed to the water's edge and made Norma repeat what she knew about the boat and the coats.

The two men started off in their boats, assuring her that if the children were on the lake they would be sure to find them. Then in came the steamer from Toronto. Mr. Brooke told the story to the Captain and the big boat put off again in search of the little girls. Mr. Brooke telephoned to the farm. His wife was to tell Mrs. Deering they were delayed and would be a little late. She was not to worry. They'd have supper at the Park.

"What's the matter?" insisted Mrs. Brooke.

"A broken dray wheel," answered Mr. Brooke mendaciously, "have to fix up another. No, no, body hurt. Good by," he ended with a shout. He looked at his watch; a steamer was to leave Hamilton in fifteen minutes. He rang up the company.

"Look out for three little girls in a rowboat, supposed to have drifted from the Park dock about two hours ago."

"Yes," came the answer. "All hands would keep a sharp lookout."

Toughey's fear increased. She dreaded lest the children become panic stricken and overturn the boat.

"Those little girls have good heads and plenty of spirit, they'll come out of this all right," cheered Mr. Brooke more hopefully than he felt for he knew how easy it was for people untrained to sit still in a boat to upset it.

Afternoon passed, the sun went down, darkness came. Men passed softly with grappling hooks using them from the pier and small boats. But Toughey saw and heard, though she made no sound but lay upon the sand, her face hidden. Through the weary vigil that followed, Mr. Brooke and his son and daughter sat by her. Norma moved about restlessly sometimes breaking forth into a storm of tears. John stood like a sentinel, ready for any service and obeying an occasional direction from Mr. Brooke.

After a time, according to Toughey's count, had become eternity, the faint sound of a motor boat came across the dark stretch of water. Toughey started up; everyone became painfully intent upon it; it was coming nearer; it must bring news of the children. As the chug chug of the little engine grew more distinct they hurried involuntarily to the end of the pier. Mr. Brooke put Toughey's arm through his. She was trembling violently.

They awaited the boat in silence. Several men with lanterns raised them and presently into the feeble circle of light the dory darted, behind it trailing an empty rowboat. Out of the shadows there loomed up first the big bulk of the owner; next came two little white faces and two little figures, one of them with a sleepy child in its lap. Toughey's lips were unclosed at last—she uttered a cry of joy that was taken up and repeated and multiplied by the crowd on the pier and shore. The little people were handed up in strong arms and there followed an indescribable scene of weeping and laughing and embracing in which two scores of strangers joined. Everybody concerned in the near tragedy was so excited and nervous that Mr. Brooke made them all sit down and be quiet for a time. Toughey kept her arms about the children feeling as though she could never let them go again. Norma held her little sister, now awake and cross. Mr. Brooke sent his son ahead to one of the hotels in the Park to order hot soup for the party. They must not be hysterical when they reached home for Mr. Brooke and Toughey agreed that her mother and grandmother might well be spared the anguish they themselves had suffered. There seemed to be no one to blame; it was just a dreadful accident that might properly be forgotten. Tears flowed, however, when the little girls described their terror at finding themselves far from shore. Plainly the rocking of the boat had caused it to slip down into the water. The rope was evidently simply thrown around the post, and while they were pretending, in order to quiet the little Indian, they themselves had dropped off to sleep.

A land breeze accomplished the rest.

After they had the hot chicken broth at the hotel, and everybody was fairly normal again, Toughey called her mother on the phone, to say they were starting home and would arrive in about an hour. She also made the children say "hello" and say they were not a bit sleepy. "Having had a nice long nap?" murmured Toughey with a grimace.

Mrs. Deering and Grandmother were awaiting them under the big willows and Toughey was thankful for the darkness. It hid all tears and emotion. Rushing them through the usual good nights Toughey hurried the children and herself to bed.

It was long after their return to Washington

that Mrs. Deering learned of the facts of that day at the Park. By an appeal to their affection for their mother and Grandmother, combined with some threatening and considerable bribing, Toughey had succeeded in keeping the children quiet.

Though the incident was published in the Canadian paper as the identity of the children was not known, and Mrs. Deering had a plentiful supply of Washington and New York dailies, Toughey with Mr. Brooke's connivance, was able to keep the local publication out of her hands until the matter ceased to be news. The story finally leaked out, but for years both Mrs. Deering and Grandmother believed that the boat had simply slipped its moorings and a kind man had promptly towed it back.

Indian John's love affair did not prosper, for word came that the Deerings that a year later Norma married a French farm laborer.

The next chapter will tell of the Deering family adventures in Mexico.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

years, a constant reader of dear old COMFORT, and I derive much help from the letters in the Sisters' Corner, as I am a young housekeeper, I proclaim COMFORT as being one of the most beneficial papers published. I eagerly read every topic, especially those concerning home and home ties. I am very young, just out of the "teens," and I like to see how others manage.

Husband and I have been married a little over three years, and we are happy. We live in a cozy little country cottage, that nestles among the sun-kissed hills of Mississippi, and I wouldn't exchange it and my husband's love for a mansion and millions. I think, like all others, that I have the very best husband on earth. We are still "sweethearts," and he is so good to help me with my work when he is around. I am sure a more devoted husband cannot be found. We have a little golden-haired blue-eyed girl, Edith Ellen, aged twenty months. She is just a little fairy God has sent to complete our little home—only a gift from our father on high.

In one of the past numbers of COMFORT I read a very touching letter from a girl. I do not remember the initials, but my heart goes out to her. I can just imagine how her poor heart craves parental love. It is natural for children to long for just one affectionate word, one loving caress from mother. My dear girl, your parents love you, but have just neglected making any demonstrations of their love. I am going to show my love for my little darling. I am going to let her know that mother is her very best friend. I want her to confide in me. I want her to feel free to "chum" with mother. She never closes her little eyes without a good night kiss. She thinks she can't sleep without it. I think parents should show their love for their children and then they will have nothing to regret. There will never come the thought of "what might have been." There would be less broken hearts and fewer outcasts. Lack of love from parents, or a failure to show their love, is the cause of so many wrecked lives. It's the cause of boys and girls growing out into the cold world to work. There they do not find the love they crave and they think no one cares. Fathers, mothers, give the desired caresses and loving kindness to your children. Let them know you love them and then you'll have nothing to regret.

I do not feel competent to discuss the subject most discussed, "suffrage." However, I do not object to those who wish to vote doing so. I will say that when we can have a hand in the making of the laws, I will go to the polls with my husband. I do not think it a disgrace for women to vote.

I do a great deal of fancy work. I make tatting, crochet and I embroider some. I do not neglect my household duties for my fancy work. I can find many more moments in the afternoon and I can find nothing better than fancy work to improve the time.

I trust all enjoyed the holidays and may 1917 bring all more happiness than have the years before in the wish of A New Sister.

MRS. MARY GRAYES.

MONROE, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

It's three years since I visited our corner and want to say I have made many friends through COMFORT. I smiled when I read Mrs. Thixton's letter and I quite agree with her on the divorce question. If they start right, the wife won't allow any abusive treatment. Now, many wives are very unhappy because their husbands carry the pocketbook, and they never have a penny to call their own. Now, before I married, I had a complete understanding with my husband that our marriage would be a partnership and that the financial part would be shared equally. When my husband gets his wages he tosses it in my lap and says, "here you are," and it's quite cheerfully spoken. We both know to a penny how much money we have, so we don't have any trouble on that account.

I don't believe in large families, and that too, we discussed, and agreed that if we raised two children, strong, healthy and well educated we would be doing the world and society at large far more benefit, than if we had twelve that might be weak minded, criminals and beggars, depending on the community for clothing and food.

In other words I believe in eugenics; and am much interested in every strong, healthy baby that I see.

I don't believe in that married fifty years and have never had a quarrel. That's out of date.

I wouldn't give two cents for a man or woman who wouldn't speak up when they know they are right and say that they are. Yes, someone is offended or has a huff on for a while, but see how much you like the making up part. It's like the sun—it shines brighter after the storm.

I believe in suffering, and although not an active worker I always express my views on that subject whenever I have a chance.

I am running a chicken business on a small scale. Last spring I hatched fifteen hundred chicks. Some were hatched with a small incubator, but mostly with hens. I sold lots of broilers and besides we had "frys," often ourselves, to say nothing of fowls, eggs, etc. There are good markets here and within easy reach of New York City to ship eggs, fowls, etc.

I have had opportunity to observe city life as compared with farm life, and want to say it would come dreadfully hard to have to put my hand in my pocket-book for the price of a meal instead of going down collar for the supplies. I don't see why more people don't go to the country to live. They don't know what living is until they plant their garden and watch it grow.

I am starting a State quilt and would be grateful for pieces of calico, velvet or woolen goods.

I want to make a flower garden next spring, and would like to get a few seeds from every state. In return I'll send some hollyhock seeds. I have some lovely.

I will be glad to hear from all who enclose a stamp, and would like to receive a card shower for my birthday, May 19th. I will be twenty-three. Who is my twin? Will answer all who write.

Cordially yours,

Mrs. HARRY BENJAMIN.

RANGER, NEBR.

TO THE SISTERS' CORNER:

I have been reading the sisters' letters this morning and have decided to write too. I hardly know what to start on for there are so many interesting topics. The talks on rearing children are always of interest to me for I have two boys of my own who are ever a source of pleasure to us. The older is five, just at the questioning age, and such questions! It is often a puzzle how to best answer in a truthful and satisfying manner. How little a child knows and how much we must teach. If we would do our duty. As to divorce, I am neither for nor against it. There are always two sides to each case and often it seems necessary. But seriously, now, don't you think it is too common and too much the fashion? It isn't frowned on as it should be. If there were no such thing as divorce there would be no divorcees, but there you are, and we have both. I used to think it was more prevalent among the real, idle rich, and it was, but anyone who takes the time, has time for such foolishness. This divorcing one mate for another.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

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John H. Ferguson, Acme, Alta., Canada, says: "I was not a little amazed when I found I could play in a few minutes." C. Pittmann, Memo, Okla., says: "Have two children, one is 12 and the other 10, who in a very few minutes could play it well, and they did not know one note from another in the old music." V. R. Perkins, Romney, Ind., says: "I studied 'Easy Form' music fifteen minutes and then started to play." Thousands of similar reports are in our files. Doesn't this convince you that you can play by this wonderful new method? Any child can now understand and play music without previous knowledge. No teacher. No tedious instructions by mail.

If you can't play the piano or organ, send a postcard today, stating the number of white keys on your instrument and we will mail you 100 pieces of the World's Sweetest Music, regular sheet music size, together with instructions that will enable you to play any one of the pieces in one evening. If you can play at the end of 5 days you pay only \$1.50 and \$1.50 a month for 5 months or mail the music back to us and owe nothing. All you need do is simply send your name and address to Easy Method Music Co., 168 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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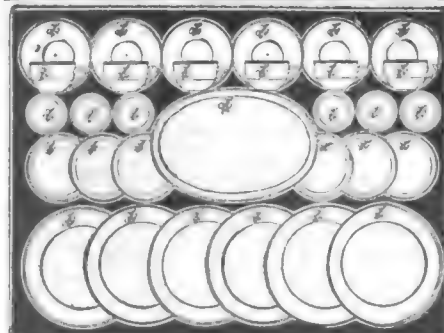
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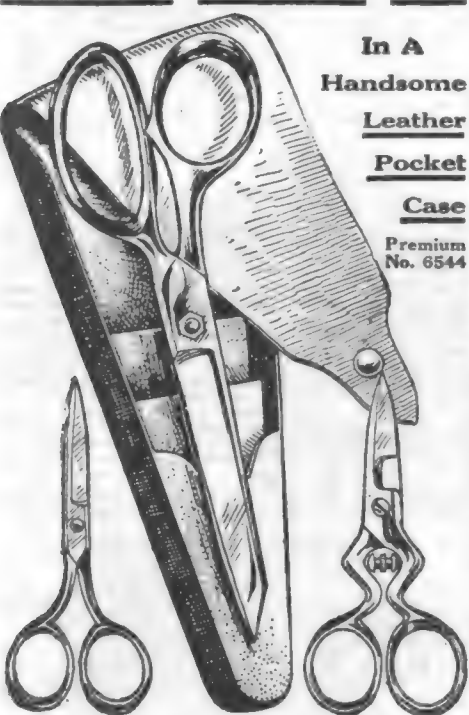
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

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Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once, and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for February

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Martha Carter, Clinchport, Va. Widow. Helpless from rheumatism. Needy and worthy. Send her a dime shower. J. A. Wolfe, Bancroft, W. Va. Has broken back caused by accident in coal mine. Has wife and three small children. No means of support. Very sad case. Help this afflicted family. M. Moran, Pinnacle, R. R. 2, N. C. Crippled and badly ruptured. Needs operation. Send him some cheer. John Robinson, Buffalo, Ill. Sixty-five years of age. Almost blind. Sick and poor. Give him a boost. Mrs. M. R. Dobson, Walling, R. R. 1, Box 34, Tenn. Invalid. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and any assistance you care to send. Mrs. Anna Young, Kingsville, Mo. Helpless from rheumatism for fifteen years. Son aged sixteen her only support. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Nellie Burris, Price, N. C. Shut-in. Needy and worthy. Send her a dime shower. Well recommended. Bettie Wilt, Shuf, Va. Invalid. Widow with two little children. Needy and worthy. Send her some cheer. Tavis N. Collum, Mulberry, Ark. Invalid for many years. Would appreciate letters, cards and financial assistance. Well recommended. Mrs. Lucinda Weed, Curtis, Mich. Has tuberculosis. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and financial aid. Give this poor, suffering soul a boost. Walter B. Estes, Coffeeville, Ala. Invalid for eleven years. Send him some cheer.

The poor souls whose names appear in the above list are in too desperate need to care for anything but substantial financial aid. They cannot eat or wear sympathy, and they despise tracts. Fork out your silver or your currency. It is the only thing that goes with God or man. Sympathy and cash make a splendid combination, but sympathy without cash cuts no ice. For God's sake be practical. Do to others as you would have others do to you.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems Will Make You Laugh, Scream and Yell!

This is exactly what they will do, and they are the best and cheapest medicine for the blues in the world. Only one in two hundred of our readers have availed themselves of the opportunity to secure this exquisitely beautiful 160-page volume of screamingly funny verse bound in lilac silk cloth, free for a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. This elegant book also contains splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and his family and a touching account of his life. It contains too, the funniest recitations ever written. It is a present fit for a king and no home should it be without it. If you won't get it for yourself, get it for your children and make them happy. Free for an hour's easy work. Start your subbing today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book is a Knock Out! The Best Ever!

A home without music is a home without joy. Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written, songs for church, parlor and concert platform. Here you have a great, big, beautiful music folio containing some gems of mirth and melody as "My Beautiful Queen of Dreams," "The Dream That Never Came True," "The Old Village Choir," and "Broke Again." Five dollars' worth of music with full score for voice and piano, a splendidly gotten up folio with a handsomely decorated cover on which appear several pictures of Uncle Charlie equal to photographs, and all free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of six. These premiums count toward our great cash prize competition. Greatest premium bargains ever offered. Work for them today.

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

left until twelve o'clock—and the three girls had been loath to leave the drawing-room fire for their beds. As Kit had said, "One got no beauty sleep if one wasn't in bed before twelve, and as that was past one might as well sit up and enjoy one's self."

Nerine had forgotten her theft from Mayne's room until she was at last hastening regretfully up the wide stair and through the cold halls to her bedroom in Agatha's wake, and the book in her pocket banged against her as she ran.

Should she speak about it or not? She waited until they were in their rooms which opened into one another. For a time she fidgeted about instead of undressing. Agatha was not like her; she had a set of principles and lived up to them. Mr. Mayne's whole library might have been spread out before her and she would not have touched a volume.

The younger sister pinched the stolen book through her dress and took courage. It was her mother's, and it belonged far more to herself and to Agatha than to Mayne. She advanced toward Agatha's room.

"What do you think? I—" She stopped short in her disclosure.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39.)

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed, so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted, information of Layon Lewis or J. H. Gilbert, last heard of in Murphy, N. C. about four years ago. M. W. Roberts, Lumberton, Miss.

I will pay \$1.00 for W. T. Hale's new address. Last heard of at Friley, Miss. S. R. Eaks, Union, Miss.

Information of my father's sister, Mandy Bowman (nee Bridges), or heirs. Last heard of in Illinois. Mrs. Bud Cooley, Vanderpool, Texas.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Ethel Dean, Centeroach, Box 7, N. Y. Miss Hazel McLaugh, New Sheffield, Pa. Lester O. Lounsburg, Athens, R. R., N. Y. Charles H. Warner, Rogerson, Idaho.

HUGE SUM IN NATIONAL BANKS.—Financial prosperity and strength is greater in the United States than ever before. This is the interpretation placed by Comptroller of the Currency on figures made public showing conditions in the national banks of the country. The returns show that the total resources of national banks are \$13,838,000,000, an increase of \$2,271,000,000 or 20 per cent in a year. The total deposits are \$10,760,000,000, an increase of \$2,198,000,000 or almost 25 per cent in a year and an increase of \$411,000,000 since December 31, 1915. The increase in resources exceeds the entire resources of the Reichsbank of Germany.

TO ANY WOMAN FOR FREE

Giving Away 48 Packages Soap Powder

1 This beautiful fabricator leather, bluetufted, 25-inch spring parlor couch, over 6 ft. long by 27 1/2 in. wide for distribution. (not to sell) only 40c. plus, of our famous washing powder FREE among friends and neighbors, to introduce. No money or experience needed. NEW METHOD CO., 731 FRANKLIN ST., CHICAGO

ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Locket set with sparkling stone, 22-inch chain. Headset Watch. GUARANTEED TIME. KEEPER, one of the most reliable timepieces ever made. These 2 gold plated Rings ALL GIVEN FREE for telling only 24 pieces of our jewelry for 10c each. Write for jewelry today. COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 285 East Boston, Mass.

Comfort's Bedtime Stories For Little Folks!

A Library of Cute Little Books

40 WONDERFUL TALES IN STORY AND VERSE 40



Library of 12 Sent For One Subscription!

The stories of our childhood—how well we remember them. After all it seems but a short time since we listened with rapt attention to the adventures of Robinson Crusoe cast away on his lonely island—of beautiful Cinderella, the fairy and the prince—the tragic fate of poor little Red Riding Hood—these were only a few of the marvelous tales that thrilled our childish imagination and helped us spend many blissful hours.

The children of today are the same as they were fifty years ago. And these good old-time stories are just as popular with the young folk now as they were then. So we have decided to give our little boy and girl friends a fine big collection of these stories including some of the old-time favorites as well as a number of newer and later books equally as interesting. We have arranged three different sets or "libraries"—each library consisting of twelve books, no two alike, and you can have your choice of any one library, or two libraries, or all three libraries. Library No. 7951 comprises the following twelve titles:

Robinson Crusoe, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Mother Goose, Animal Pets, Purring Pussies, Playmates, Our Pets, The Three Bears, The Sleeping Beauty, Playful Pets, The Teddy Bears.

Library No. 7991 has these twelve titles: The Shepherd And His Sheep, Young America, The Deep Blue Sea, Land of Tulips, Rex and Rover, Our Farm Yard, Little Darlings, Childhood of Hiawatha, Faithful Friends, The Fancy Dress Party, Our Country, Happy Days.

Library No. 8001 consists of these twelve titles: Little Sweethearts, The Story of Little Piglet Wig, In The Jungle, The Big League, Doggie Doings, Fred's Feathered Friends, Uncle Jerry's Laddies, Pussies' Pranks, Faithful and True.

As these stories are intended for the younger children some of them have been "holled down" to the fewest and simplest words so that they are not as complete as the original editions, but all of them are printed on fine paper in large clear type that is easy to see and read and have no less than five beautiful full page illustrations in colors.

Some of the titles named above of course need no introduction. The other titles are just the sort of stories

Great Bicycle Offer!

Write for new 1917 catalog. Wonderful 1917 ARROW—new motorcycle type—shipped no money down. Free inspection. Nothing like this bicycle ever offered before. Electriclight, Flat Non-Skid Tires, built like a motorcycle. Free catalog gives full description. All sizes for boys, men and women.

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19th St. & California Ave., Chicago, Ill.

TOTAL OF MILITARY AGE.—According to the census taken in 1910, the total male population in the United States of military age was about 19,183,000. Estimating a 10 per cent increase since that time, we should have now about 21,000,000 men capable of performing military service.

EARN GOOD PAY copying addresses; particulars six stamps. HIRCHET, 171, MIDDLEPORT, N. Y.

DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU?

Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. B. CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE Fine Camera and complete outfit for selling 20 Large Colored Art & Religious Pictures or 20 stamps. Beautiful Post Cards at 10 cents each. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Order your choice today. GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 325, CHICAGO

FREE ELECTRIC FLASHLIGHT for selling 20 stamps. Art & Religious Post Cards at 10c. Keystone Co. Box 533 Greenville, Pa.

We Will Give You This Story In Book Form

If you do not care to wait for the monthly installments of this serial as they appear in COMFORT we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. You will enjoy reading this thrilling romance by Adelaide Sterling. It is a beautiful story having a pathetic appeal and heart interest that compels the reader's sympathy and admiration for the lovely and lovable heroine. To the bleeding heart disconsolate because of unrequited love it bears a message of transcendent hope that lights the pathway out of despair up to the heights of triumphant and enduring bliss.

We are sure our readers will enjoy this delightful story which will run as a serial in COMFORT through the remainder of the winter and the spring months, but you need not wait in order to get the complete story. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (20 cents in all) and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

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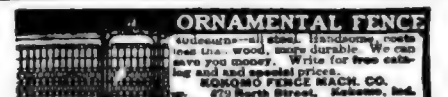
which adjusts naturally over the bust, is dainty, durable and easily laundered. Send today for finest quality. Price \$1.00.

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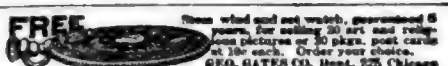
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Made of "Everbright Silver" guaranteed to give satisfaction. Bright polished, beautifully set with proper stone for your birth month. Send \$2 to help pay advertising.

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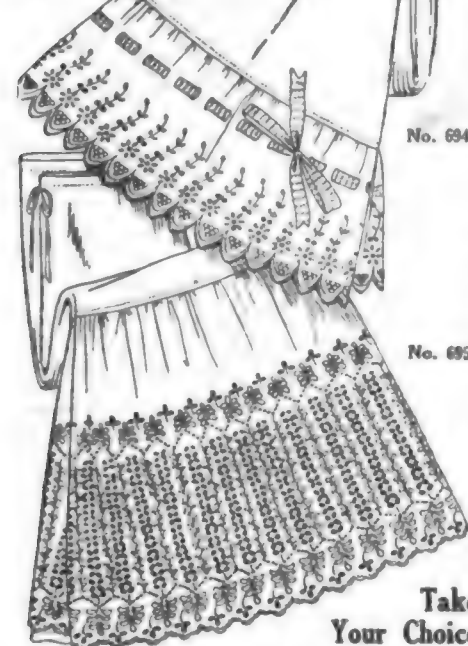
For a Club of Four!

We will also include free of charge one Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and a complete instruction book. This is the well-known "Premo" camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1 1/4 by 1 3/4 inches, is fitted with the best quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter adapted for snap shots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include one Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and instruction book, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you Free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete instruction book. Premium No. 7314. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Cambric Underskirts

Two Of The Latest Styles



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Take Your Choice

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THESE two very attractive and stylish underskirts are made of fine quality cambric with flounces of maslin embroidery and come in sizes from 36 to 44 inclusive. The skirt shown at the top is made with a narrow flounce 3/4 inches deep with a heading about one inch from the top of flounce through which is drawn pretty lingerie ribbon. The skirt shown at the bottom of the illustration has a 1 1/4 inch flounce of handsome eyelet embroidery. Both these skirts are up-to-date in style and shape being cut along straight lines which give them the fashionable narrow effect now in vogue. The regular retail value of these skirts is one dollar. Be sure to give number and size of skirt wanted.

Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of either skirt free by Parcel Post prepaid. In ordering be sure to mention also address whether you want skirt No. 6944 or No. 6954. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, my dears, did you get through the first month of the new year with all your resolutions just as nice and unbroken as when you began with them? But there, you don't have to answer. It is none of my affair whether you did or not. If I guess that you didn't it is simply because I am a horrid old thing who doesn't make any allowance for youth and temptation and all those. But you may think what you please, I didn't break any resolutions, because I didn't make any. However, let's forget it and this time next year we can go over it all again in the same old way. Now to work instead of talk.

The first letter I take up is from Water Lily of Kaufman, Texas and she is in love with the best man in the world, even if he is divorced, and he is in love with her, and her mother won't let them see each other and the Lily wants to know what she should do. I wish I could settle all the questions that come to me as easy as I can this one. The Lily is of age, or soon will be, the man is really a nice man, and it is so perfectly easy for them to marry and be happy that I don't understand why they don't do it. They have my blessing, if that will be any help.

Girlie, Cosmos, Okla.—Forget the insignificant deformity which will not count for anything if you have an attractive character and a kindly way with you. If the young man you admire—don't begin to love him till he is ready for it—cares for you as he should he won't notice that you are not perfect in looks. Love, you know, is blind anyway. Besides, skin beauty fades while soul beauty never does.

Faithful, Chowchilla, Cal.—It's a poor way to win your friend from a girl who is more attractive to him than you are, whatever her character may be, by writing letters to her people making her and her family worse than she is. If he doesn't care enough for himself to go into good company, and that company yours, you should keep hands off and let him go his way. If you have not stopped your crusade against your rival, do so now and be sorry you went as far as you did.

Four Girls, Mauriceville, Texas.—Four of you and each sweet sixteen, each in school and each in love. Well, stick to your school and by the time you have finished it, you will have forgotten the loves of today and will be just as much troubled by the later loves. You can finish your schooling, but you never can finish your loving. P. S. That young man who is so bashful and is yet a flirt, is so different from ordinary bashful ones that you should put him in a museum.

Freckles and Dimples, Olathe, Colo.—In old-fashioned days gentlemen always kissed the hands of ladies when they met. In the new-fashioned times hand kissing is not what it used to be and you should not permit it. (2) Of course, the young man, who tells you he loves you every time he meets you, says the same thing to every other girl. It's a silly way some young men have and only silly girls believe them. (3) Treat all the nice young men exactly alike and if you happen to care for one of them for more than the others he will not know it. Talk at the gate and walk along the leafy lanes is quite proper and permissible. Rules of etiquette do not apply to four people who don't know any better than to crowd into a buggy built for two.

Violet, Roberdell, N. C.—If he has all the qualities that make a good husband and you love each other, don't bother a minute about his age. Maybe if he were younger he wouldn't be half as nice and he might be flirting with other girls as some young husbands love to do. I think you have a prize, and you have my blessing.

Slavery, Hardin, Ky.—For a motherless girl of fifteen to have charge of a family of seven with a father who does not appreciate her position and help her all he can, is indeed hard, but don't marry to escape it. You are jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Meet your responsibilities as best you can and it will not be long until you are old enough and are capable enough to go out and work for yourself and be independent of everybody. Of course, if you meet some nice man when you are old enough to marry, it will be right and proper for you to marry, but don't ever marry just to get rid of other troubles.

Discontented, Palestine, Texas.—What else, my dear, could he do but forsake you when he proposed to you in writing and you did not answer though he waited two years for you to do so? How long did you expect him to wait? You had no right to question his sincerity, but should have answered yes or no and settled it. Now that you have lost him, through your own devices, you must find him again that way because I cannot help you, and wouldn't if I could. (2) It is not wise for a girl to ask even her "close" friends to take her to places, because men are apt to resent it. The only exception is to church and there a girl may ask any man to take her, because that is spiritual, not social.

Two Girls, Greensboro, N. C.—The only safe course to pursue when a girl is in love with two young men is to drop them both, because if she drops either one she will pine for the other and be unhappy. (2) Listen, girls, omit the osculation.

Brown Eyes, Iola, Texas.—My, my, but you are awfully silly. When he was fifteen he didn't want you around and now that he is seventeen and still doesn't want you, can't you understand that he is not for you? You are enough older than he is to know that much, I should think.

Elbe, Melrose, N. M.—For the benefit of postal clerks who have enough other troubles I will only give you the postage stamp language. The only sensible place for a stamp is the usual one where it may be most easily cancelled. The inside of the envelope is the proper place for the expression of your tender sentiments.

Calla, St. Michael, Pa.—There is no rule by which lost lovers may be restored, and those who do come back, do so because they want to and not because of any effort to bring them. Leave him to do as he wishes, and leave the rest to Providence.

Wildflower, Breese, Ill.—If he deceived you into loving him by not telling you he had a wife from whom he was not yet divorced, do you think he is the kind of man who would become a husband who could be trusted? You may be willing to risk him, but I wouldn't.

Undecided, Thornton, Texas.—You say you are in love with "to boys" and want my advice, but what are "to boys"? I never heard of any boys like that and I can't find it in the spelling-book.

Blue Eyes, Webb City, Mo.—Your chief mistakes are in being too flippy over small matters and in trying to harmonize with a young man who is about as flippy as you are. Harmony cannot exist under such conditions and you might as well give it up and find a different disposition to harmonize with. The greatest mistake of all is in two people of such dispositions getting married. P. S. As you are in the high school you should not write: "I have a gentleman friend which I admire." "Gentleman friend" is bad form and "which" isn't that kind of a relative pronoun. Ask your teacher.

Myrtle, Hany, N. C.—Never try to get a sweetheart back who has deserted you without your giving him cause. You can't get him back. He's tired of you and he is glad to get away. It is sad and it is bad, but you know if you were tired of him you would treat him just as he treats you. They always do.

Springtime, Tampa, Fla.—If you love him with his faults and spiteful ways, why ask you should do? I could only tell you to give up that kind of a sweetheart and choose one who was not false and not spiteful and you don't want that kind. So you must put up with what you like best, my dear.

Troubled, Ellerton, Ga.—I think I can see this young man with tears in his eyes telling you you do not love him or you would let him kiss you. Let me tell you, my dear, that if you marry him as he asks you to, he will never cry to kiss you, though

he may cry to kiss some other woman. You are very foolish if you do not take your father's advice and go to college.

Marie, Ware, Ill.—I am very glad to hear that my advice has stopped the kissing until you are engaged. If the young man wants to know why there is to be no more promiscuous kissing, tell him I told you it wasn't right and you would believe me before you would believe any young man who wants to kiss every girl he sees with.

Freckles, Dayton, Ohio.—The trouble with you, my dear, is that you are too narrow minded to understand that a girl should have friends among young men, not necessarily lovers, and that when one wants to be attentive for the moment, it does not mean that you have a claim upon his exclusive and permanent attention. Take a wider view of human association and don't narrow it down to your own selfish notion, or to the belief that every young man you meet wants to marry you. Most of them don't.

Dimples, Crookston, Minn.—As both of you attend the same school and have not met each other and you seem to be more anxious to meet him than he to meet you, suppose you ask your teacher to introduce you to each other properly.

Down Hearted, Bluefield, W. Va.—Don't be down hearted this soon. You can't have him till he's through college and that will take four years, plenty time enough for your heart to be up and around and all right again.

Brown Eyes, Parkersburg, W. Va.—When a sixteen-year-old girl and an eighteen-year-old boy get the silly idea that they noddles that they must marry, they should be put in charge of a nurse with instructions to spank them every time they mentioned the subject. Show this to your parents, with my regards.

Amrl, Cleveland, Minn.—Marriage is not always a failure, but when it is, it is often so because foolish girls like you are going into it without the least idea what it really means. Now you listen to your mother. She knows what it is and she will not give you any bad advice.

Wondering, Austin, Texas.—He sounds all right, my dear, but beware of the smooth tongue and ingratiating ways. He may be exactly as represented, but I have my doubts, because you say he drinks and goodness knows what else he does. You have told him you were never kissed and I am inclined to think he is trying to see if he can't be first in the field. That he seems to be so anxious to marry you and is able to support a wife are two things in his favor, but he might change if you kissed him. It is difficult case and you must exercise your own knowledge and wisdom. It is too much for me to decide.

Fairy, Colonial Beach, Va.—So far you have handled the young man properly and treated him as he deserved to be treated. He isn't bad at all, just too young to know any better and as you are older than he is, you might as well tell him not to come around any more until he has grown up. You will not miss a great deal, I imagine.

Dolly Dimple, Ripley, Tenn.—Don't give up your school next year to go into a store and don't give it up at all until you have learned how to write a letter that no school girl should be ashamed of. Yours is a sad reflection both upon you and your teacher.

Violet, Gatesville, Texas.—As you don't want to marry the one who has asked you and you do want to marry the one who hasn't, suppose you wait till the other has proposed and you won't want to marry him either. Still a girl twenty-five years old shouldn't be too saasy.

Birdie, Elkin, N. C.—When a girl always quarrels with any young man who is attentive to her it is a good sign that she should not marry and be tied to a quarrelsome existence for life. Remain a bachelor girl.

Dixie, Maben, Ala.—The trouble with you, my dear, is that you are too superior to your associates and the women and girls can't help being envious and jealous and saying mean things about you. My advice is for you to keep in the background and let the other take your place in front. You say you always are nice to everybody and good and kind to all, and this is your chance to be popular with everybody by effacing yourself. What do you care anyway, having so fine a man for a real sweetheart? It is quite the proper and customary thing to seal an engagement with a kiss, whether the Maben married ladies did that or not.

Nineteen, Marcellus, N. Y.—Maybe true love isn't built on candy, as sweet as it may be, but there are plenty of girls these days who wouldn't think of loving a young man who would not feed them on caramels and such. As between this one who doesn't feed you on candy and the other one you never saw, but have been writing to for three years, I think I would choose the one who didn't give me candy.

There, my dears, how many of you are not satisfied with what I have said to you? I'm sorry if you're not, because the less you like it the more you need it. However, it's all for the best and may all of us be a thousand times better than we are. By, by and the good Lord watch over us.

Poultry Farming For Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

might be to blame, though it is not very probable. Did you use any strong insecticide on the chickens or the house? One who has been in the poultry business occasionally heard of one chick being blind in a flock, but never of a large number, as you describe, and it is especially strange, as you say they are well and strong, with eyes that look quite normal. If any of our readers have had similar experiences, I should like to hear from them, and to know what ideas they have about the probable cause.

J. C. H.—I cannot answer letters by mail. Your questions were answered in this column last month.

E. H.—Please read answer to J. D. in this issue. (2) The small egg you sent have been carefully examined. The larger one looks quite normal, but the smaller one was black and oblong in shape when received, so I imagine it must have been in that condition when you opened the bird, though in your letter you only remark on the eggs being hard. There must have been some abnormal condition of the egg passage, the eggs were really hard, but as they were still so small when the hen was killed, it is difficult to say what they might have developed into before being laid. When a laying hen, or a hen who is about to lay, is killed and opened, a cluster of eggs which look like grapes will be found; this is called the ovary. These, however, are but rudimentary eggs, and are in size from a pin's head to the full-sized yolk of an egg. Each of these eggs is contained within a thin transparent sac, and attached by a narrow pipe or stem to the ovary, and during the laying period of the hen these eggs are maturing, and thus keep up the supply which she lays. These rudimentary eggs have neither shell nor white, consisting wholly of yolk, on which floats the germ of the future chick, and as they become larger they arrive at a certain stage when, by their own volition, weight, or other cause, they become detached from the bunch and fall into a sort of funnel leading into a passage called the oviduct—this organ in the hen being from twenty-two to twenty-six inches long. During the passage of this egg or ovum to the oviduct it becomes covered with a thin layer of albumen—the white—which is secreted from the blood vessels of the oviduct in the form of a thick glairy fluid, and is prevented from mixing with the yolk by the membrane or sac which surrounded it before it became detached from the cluster. It is also strengthened by a second and stronger membrane, formed around the first immediately after falling into the funnel, and having what is like two twisted cords of a more dense albuminous character, called by anatomists chorioallantoic, which pass quite through the white at the ends, and being, as it were, embedded therein, thus preventing the yolk and germ from rolling about when the egg is moved, and serving to keep the germ so that it may best receive the heat imparted during incubation. During the passage of the egg through the lower part of the oviduct that it gets covered with the two skins which are found inside the shell. These, although lying close around the egg, at the thick end become separate, and form what is called the air bubble or chamber. Eggs are produced from the surplus food, which is that above what is required for the sustenance of the hen, and, if such is too stimulating, or given in excessive quantities, the result is that in the former case the ova are produced so rapidly that sometimes two of them drop into the oviduct together, which results in the eccentricities which frequently possess the poultry keeper. These ova travel along together through the passage and become separate, but become enveloped in one shell, and when laid are commonly known as double-yolked eggs, but more properly it is a double egg, the white being duplicated as well as the yolk. Should these yolks be fertilized and the egg hatched, we get the occasional four-legged or other chicken monstrosities. To overfeeding is also attributable

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the further irregularity of one perfect egg being found within another, and caused by irritation of the oviduct, which, contracting in front of the perfectly formed egg instead of behind it, forces it back until it meets another yolk, when the two join and again become coated with the white and the shell, thus producing another wonder. To the internal fatness of the hen are due other eccentricities than those mentioned, including the apparently paradoxical feat of laying rotten new-laid eggs, this being a most infrequent occurrence. The egg, being unable to force its way through the fatty oviduct, is retained two or three days near the mouth of this organ, and, if a fertilized one, the heat of the hen's body tends to putrefy it, and when ultimately laid it is in an added condition. To other causes, but principally diseased organs, is due a departure from normal in the way of color. A hen's egg is white or brown, eggs on rare occasions produce one almost black, and in most instances, the shells are rough, wavy, corrugated, or otherwise irregular. Then there are instances of foreign matter being found in eggs, clots of blood being nothing unusual. This is the result of the breaking of a blood vessel internally, and, again, possibly the effect of overfeeding. Food from whatever cause producing any of the above mishapen or otherwise faulty eggs should at once be got rid of, for although in some cases a reduced diet may bring them back to their normal production, still the slightest cause will frequently prompt the organs to their previous irregularities.

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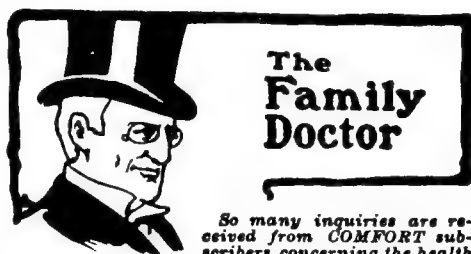


Given For A Club Of Three

THERE are so many occasions when a flashlight is a necessity it would be impossible to name them all but there is one thing sure—it is the handiest and safest means of illuminating ever devised. We offer here one of the best pocket flashlights made. It is known as the "Eveready" which is certainly an appropriate name as it is always ready when you want to use it. But the greatest feature of this flashlight is its safety around inflammable material. In the house it lights up the darkest rooms or clothes closets, dark corners in the basement, in the garret; it may be used around gasoline, or powder, in the stable, in the barn even in the house, and there is not the slightest danger of fire. It throws a shaft of steady brilliance right in the teeth of wind or rain. The mere pressure of your finger starts and stops the light at your will and it is so small and compact that you can carry it around in your vest pocket where it does not take up any more room than a cigarette box. The "Eveready" is beautifully finished in nickel and is certainly an appropriate name as it is always ready when you want to use it. But the greatest feature of this flashlight is its safety around inflammable material. In the house it lights up the darkest rooms or clothes closets, dark corners in the basement, in the garret; it may be used around gasoline, or powder, in the stable, in the barn even in the house, and there is not the slightest danger of fire. It throws a shaft of steady brilliance right in the teeth of wind or rain. The mere pressure of your finger starts and stops the light at your will and it is so small and compact that you can carry it around in your vest pocket where it does not take up any more room than a cigarette box. The "Eveready" is beautifully finished in nickel and is certainly an appropriate name as it is always ready when you want to use it. But the greatest feature of this flashlight is its safety around inflammable material. In the house it lights up the darkest rooms or clothes closets, dark corners in the basement, in the garret; it may be used around gasoline, or powder, in the stable, in the barn even in the house, and there is not the slightest danger of fire. It throws a shaft of steady brilliance right in the teeth of wind or rain. The mere pressure of your finger starts and stops the light at your will and it is so small and compact that you can carry it around in your vest pocket where it does not take up any more room than a cigarette box. The "Eveready" is beautifully finished in nickel and is certainly an appropriate name as it is always ready when you want to use it.

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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

F. M., Angellie, Wis.—If the wart is of the ordinary kind it may be removed by applications of lunar caustic, to be had at any drug-store. Be careful in using not to get it on the skin as it will burn painfully. If that will not remove it you should consult a doctor, as warts sometimes are more serious than they look.

E. F., Limestone, N. Y.—Your fainting when you hear sickness talked about is an idiosyncrasy for which there is no clear explanation and no cure. Some people faint at the sight of blood, the great Napoleon turned pale at the sight of a cat and thousands of others for some reason or other unknown are affected in one way or another as you are by hearing sickness spoken of. The only remedy is to keep out of hearing when such a subject is being talked of.

M. M., Leon, Iowa.—Acne is an inflammation of the follicles generally affecting the skin at the time of going from childhood to maturity and when the permanent hair of the body is being developed. This inflammation, called folliculitis, causes pimples and other skin eruptions, appearing usually on the face, but as well on the breast, shoulders and back in many cases. The exact cause is not known fully, but it is influenced by conditions of the stomach, bowels and blood. It is at its worst between the ages of thirteen and thirty, but rarely shows in older people. Acne is of two kinds, simplex and rosacea, which is its adult form. There are cases of acne, which develop into skin disorders of a serious character, but ordinarily simple lotions for external use, cleanliness and a proper regard for diet is the treatment. Any physician of average intelligence should be able to get the treatment necessary in simple cases. Complicated, or chronic cases require much more careful and intelligent handling.

Mrs. E. T., Hinsdale, Mont.—A sharp pain starting in the pit of the stomach and going through under the shoulder blade is one sign of indigestion, but as you have had it only twice in five years, you have nothing to worry about. These casual pains, even though they are very disagreeable for a short time are the result of some temporary disorder and have no after effects.

Mrs. M. O., Kahoka, Mo.—No substitute has been found for alcohol in the compounding of drugs and other uses and you need not fear that any legislation, however "dry," will prevent its use in those connections. There is a very considerable difference between pure alcohol and the usual alcoholic beverages classified as the Demon Rum. (2) The electric needle we believe is the most thorough depilatory. There are numerous chemical depilatories, but we fancy none is better than the unsatisfactory one you used, because they give all more or less troublesome and we imagine you want something that isn't a trouble.

L. H., Scotts, Nebr.—It is foolish for one to suppose because there is a pain around the heart that

there is organic heart disease, as many do on the slightest discomfort in that delicate region, but when the heart beats as yours does and there is soreness and dizziness, it is time you were having a doctor examine you and determine what is wrong and make it right if he can. Unless you attend to this properly under a physician's care, one of these days you will have a spell and you will not need anybody except the undertaker. A stitch in time very often saves the whole cloth.

Auxious, Athens, Ga.—We don't believe you are half as much in danger from consumption as you are from indigestion. The doctor, who told you nothing was the matter with you and to eat a plenty, should at the same time have told you what to eat in order to prevent indigestion. Suppose you ask him to prescribe a healthy diet for you as he knows your case and we do not. A seventeen-year-old girl ought to live for sixty-five years yet and have average health to the end. If she does not, she is more at fault than anybody else.

J. O. P., Belvidere, N. Dak.—Chilblains are caused by a feebleness of circulation and while that continues you will be subject to them in variations of temperature, and care should be taken to prevent exposure to cold. The system should be built up with plenty of nourishing and digestible food, and no tight shoes, corsets or other garments to impede the circulation should be worn. Dress loosely. A liniment of equal parts of turpentine and camellia may be used if the skin is not broken. If the skin is broken a preparation of collodion—ask your druggist for it—may be used as a protection. Though you say you have seen doctors and they could do you no good, we tell you that if they cannot, nobody can. You certainly cannot.

D. B., Union City, Tenn.—The symptoms of itch are a terrible itching caused by a microscopic bug, acarus, boring into the skin. The scratching results in pimples where the bug is and it may extend all over the body, though it is confined frequently only to the hands. The itch is not a blood disease and the treatment is by applications to kill the parasite. Sulphur ointment is the usual remedy, but something more searching is a preparation of flowers of sulphur, one dram; ammoniated mercury, fifteen grains; olive oil, half ounce; lard, two ounces and a half. This should be thoroughly rubbed in, after a bath in hot water and soap and continued night and morning for three days, to be followed by another hot bath. It should be remembered that sulphur is very irritating to the skin of children. Itch is primarily a dirt disease and cleanliness is one of the requisites for its prevention and cure.

Ignorant, Townsend, Fla.—As dryness of the air is the first consideration of climate for consumption and catarrh, the high dry regions of the West and Southwest are preferable to Florida which is lowland surrounded by the sea. Arizona and New Mexico are the hot, dry states recommended, while Colorado is cold dry. The mountain climate of North Carolina and the Adirondacks of New York are also favorite resorts of consumptives. Asheville is in the center of the North Carolina region.

E. M. W., Oakland, Cal.—The tobacco chewer, unless he grossly overdoes it, is not likely to harm himself nearly as much as he must disgust his friends, at least his women friends. There are various "cures" for the tobacco habit, but the surest cure is for the chewer to stop it and stay stopped, even though he must fight the devil for months.

S. W. T., Antioch, W. Va.—If your doctor prescribed iron, take it as he prescribed it and don't try doctoring yourself with patent medicines you know nothing about. The doctor knows better than you do what is needed in your case. Why go to a doctor, if you know better than he does how to treat yourself?

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Mrs. T. L., Auburn, Iowa.—Relief is about the best that can be done for neuralgia. It is not a definite and distinct disease, but a symptom of various disorders of organs and nerves and these must be cured if the neuralgia is to be prevented.

Mrs. J. F. T., Elkton, Va.—Rheumatism is as yet beyond the control of medical science, but there are temporary remedies and if you could go to Hot Springs you might get great relief, as thousands of sufferers have done. We can not say positively that you would be benefited, but we would recommend that you give the Springs a trial, if you can afford to do so.

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1 Large Lace Monitor Top Two Leaf Valentine Folder in a pretty heart and flower embossed Valentine envelope, 1 Large Lace Periscope Heart Canopy Two Leaf Folder in envelope, 1 Large Novelty Card Lace Pergola Valentine in envelope, 1 Marie Turnover Valentine, 2 Pretty Heart Folding Valentines, 4 Assorted Valentine Novelty Cut Outs, 2 Juvenile Valentine Hearts, 1 Handsome Embossed Valentine Folder, 1 Embossed Flower, Heart and Cupid Panel Valentine Bookmark, 3 Beautiful Gold and Color Embossed Valentine Post Cards.

February 14 is considered as St. Valentine's Day although Valentines are sent all through the month. It is a beautiful custom that appeals to all both young and old—the exchange of these sentiments of friendship, affection and love, these tender Cupid dart missiles between husband and wife, sweethearts, near and dear friends and relatives, and of course, the school children like to exchange with their little friends these dainty love tokens beginning on the fourteenth of February, the month when birds are supposed to choose their mates. Most of the schools now have Valentine Boxes in which the children drop their Valentines to be distributed later in the day, an hour or more being set apart by the teacher for that purpose. And not only the children but the older people as well still are keeping alive the spirit of youth by sending on St. Valentine's Day some appropriate token of remembrance to husband, wife, sweetheart or friend.

The befrilled and lace cards with raised cupids and crimson hearts of which a fine assortment is included in this collection have been used much of late but the prettier and more original style of full lace Valentines are returning more in favor each year. We give you several special exclusive designs of the most beautiful lace Valentines obtainable, also the new Novelty Cards which are cut out by a specially constructed die of a very unique pattern.

Our illustration gives you a very fair idea as to what you may expect as regards quantity but it falls far short of showing you the size and quality of the different cards, novelties, etc. The large beautiful lace Valentine is actually 8 inches long and nearly 5 inches wide, of the well-known Monitor top pattern of pretty and fine lace work raised two inches on an accordion platted standard with a heart and gold decorated base and a charming illustrated sentiment of verse on the inside.

Two other handsome lace Valentines are also exclusive designs made expressly for us—one of them a dainty lace pattern on an embossed card over 8 inches long and nearly 3 1/2 inches wide, over the pretty face of a young maiden thus giving the fine Pergola effect so popular in the olden days. The other is a pretty periscope heart-shaped canopy of elevated lace paper on a background on which is shown standing a

childlike figure and on the inside you find an illustrated verse of proper sentiment. A most pleasing novelty is the magic Turnover Valentine which first appears to be an ordinary folder, then presto—a flip of the finger and it unfolds and shows a smiling little girl sitting on a stile and an expectant youth standing at a short distance, all of this being handsomely printed in colors with an appropriate verse underneath. This also makes a very handsome mantelpiece ornament as it is quite large and stands without support.

In addition to these very latest Novelty Valentines which we have taken pains to describe so that you will understand something of their real beauty and attractiveness, we also include in this remarkable collection two very pretty embossed heart-shaped folders with verse inside, four choice assorted Valentine Novelty Cut Outs of little children, two red and gold illustrated and inscribed Valentine Hearts, one beautiful embossed Cupid and Heart Floral Bookmark, printed in bright colors on a tinted background and many handsome Valentine Post Cards embossed in gold and many bright colors showing flowers and children at play each having the proper sentiment expressed by an appropriate verse underneath.

Thousands of our readers are going to send for this fine large Valentine assortment of the latest and prettiest Valentine Cards and Novelties and although we have a large supply yet we fear we have not enough to go around so take no chances of being disappointed but send in your order at once. You will be simply delighted with what you get and you will say that they are the prettiest, most original Valentine Novelties you ever saw. You may not be able to use all of them yourself but you can easily sell some of them or maybe you had rather give them to some member of your family, or to your friends or keep them until next year.

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Offer No. 7291 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and ten cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you this Valentine assortment free and postpaid. **Premium No. 7291.** Address COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

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These wonderful barking dogs come from Japan where they make some of the finest mechanical toys in the world. In spite of the war we managed to import a limited quantity of them and while they last we are going to send them free to COMFORT homes where there are little boys and girls. Doggy looks so lifelike and his sharp yelping bark sounds so natural we know he will surely delight the children more than anything else you could possibly get for them. We will send you this fine barking dog exactly as illustrated and described free upon the terms of the following special

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Children's Happy Hour

Dorothy's Forest Friends

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ALL the neighbors like Dorothy because she is sweet and kind and not a bit saucy. She loves to help others and particularly an old lady who lives in a lonely little cabin not far from the main road. There is a small strip of woods to go through before reaching the cabin and, when Dorothy is traveling alone, she runs along quickly so the squirrels and chipmunks will not take the good things she is bringing to the poor woman.

Not long ago, while hurrying under the trees with a nice basket of lunch, she tripped on a vine and fell. More stunned than hurt, she lay there for quite a while and, strange to say, fell fast asleep. When she awoke the food had all been eaten by the hungry birds and animals and it was quite dark.

"Mamma, mamma," cried Dorothy, in alarm. Nearby was a little garden she had planted herself and the flowers growing there tried to comfort her. A pretty chrysanthemum said: "Tell me your trouble, little girl and perhaps I can help you."

"Dorothy's dress was badly torn and she sobbed out the story of her fall and how she was to go away with her folks and now could not go because her best dress was ruined and she was too poor to get another for many weeks to come.

Now the tall chrysanthemum wanted to help Dorothy but she could not make a dress alone, so she called out: "Flowers, attention! all you who wish to help this good, little girl, nod your heads and say, 'I do.'"

In less than a second, every flower bent low and whispered, "I do."

The tall one gathered her sisters together and made the chrysanthemum dress you see Dorothy wearing in the picture.

The oak leaves and acorns had been watching and listening and now they called out: "Oh, please Miss Chrysanthemum, make us into a dress for Dorothy! We love her, too."

With rare skill, the seamstress wove them into the pretty gown you see in the right-hand corner.

"Meow, meow, I want to help too," wailed a kitten that our little friend had been kind to on several occasions.

All the woods people laughed, but the wise chrysanthemum chided them and said: "No one who wants to be kind shall be disappointed. I will paint kitty's picture many times for the trimmings of a dress and Dorothy can carry her home in a hand bag."

Dorothy thought the pussy dress was the cutest of all but she was sad because it was late and she had to bid Miss Chrysanthemum good by. Really, it would be lonely for the flower, for all her sisters were on the dress and would soon be gone.

For quite a while they stood facing each other, unwilling to part, then suddenly, Miss Chrysanthemum brightened up and said: "I will be your bonnet dear, if I may!"

Reaching up, she fitted her petals prettily about Dorothy's head, and then as the happy child turned to go home, who was standing there, but her own darling mother. In a second our little friend was safe in her mamma's arms telling her of the wonderful clothes provided by her forest friends.



Cut-Out Doll Directions

Paste the entire picture on a piece of cardboard (using boiled flour paste) and smooth, with the hands from the center towards the edges. Put it in a large book to dry and let it remain there at least three hours. Cut out each doll, dress, hat and other articles with scissors and color them with crayons, chalk or water colors. This is a double doll. It has a front and a back. Paste the front and back parts together

to form one figure. To put the dresses on, bend back the little flaps. The flap "A" on the pussy handbag fits into a slot "A" on the dotted line near child's hand on the pussy dress. To put the hats on, cut out the central portion, inside the dotted line and hold them to the head by bending back the little flaps. To make the doll stand alone, bend back the base strips near the ends to form corners or angles.

Whiskey's Decreasing Tax on Thrift

Whatever may be the consensus of opinion as to the necessity for and desirability of alcoholic liquors as beverages, no thinking man will deny that drinking is an expensive habit, costly both to the individual and to the State. A dollar can be spent quicker and with less to show for it at the bar than in any other way, and the man who is a "good spender" and keeps pace with the crowd around the social glass must keep a pace that kills.

Of late years the production and consumption of liquors and beer has increased enormously, and from observation one would conclude that everybody drinks a little and most people too much. The resultant evils are widespread and far-reaching, even to the third and fourth generation, for the cost does not end with the waiter's check, but with the bills for police, almshouses, prisons and Potter's fields.

The man who indulges this habit must realize that he is putting a self-imposed tax upon his thrift, as well as a tax upon his energies. Of what avail to work hard and then spend to no useful end? Why work for the man who stands behind the bar? Why spend a day's wages in half an hour and get nothing for it but a thrill? If the State should put the same tax upon his income that he puts upon himself, he would rebel. Then, too, he who spends his money thus must realize that he is simply putting money in the bank for the other fellow. It may take a circuitous route to get there, but eventually it will find lodgment in some bank, where it will work for somebody, perhaps harder than he worked for it. And the easiest way to get it in a bank

quick—to the other fellow's account—is to buy the drinks for the crowd.

Cheering news along this line comes from Government reports on the consumption of liquor for recent years. Alcohol is lessening its tax upon thrift. The consumption of liquor in 1913 was 143,220,056 gallons. In 1914 it was 139,138,501 gallons, while in 1915 it was 125,155,178 gallons, a net decrease of 18 million gallons in two years. Likewise in the matter of tobacco. In 1915 we burned up six hundred million less cigars than heretofore in a single year, and the Government's tobacco revenues decreased \$2,500,000. One hundred and eight distilleries went out of business in 1915 and forty-one breweries ceased to brew. Forty per cent of our Government revenues have been derived from liquor taxes, and in 1915 these revenues fell off over twenty-two million dollars.

Whatever may be the cause for this commendable showing—whether because of the thoughts of war and what it might mean, or whether as a people we are beginning to realize that this is a tax; or whether it is because in many places you can't get a lawful drink, the fact remains that we are drinking less and saving more.

Whether a man figures that drinking is expensive, or harmful, matters little as long as he stops. This conclusion is very apt to fatten his pocketbook somewhat and pad his pay envelope and make him a better citizen. When he concludes that indulgence in any form of extravagance can get him nowhere but downwards, and that thrift will surely get him upwards, he has chosen well: for thrift consists not only in doing some things, but refraining from doing others, the chief of which is that habit which takes your all and gives nothing in return but regret, and regrets are costly emotions.

AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION.

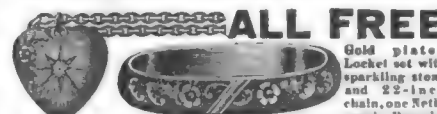
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Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 50 cents each. Bonus Book 30 cents. Address: UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Voice Throver 10 cts

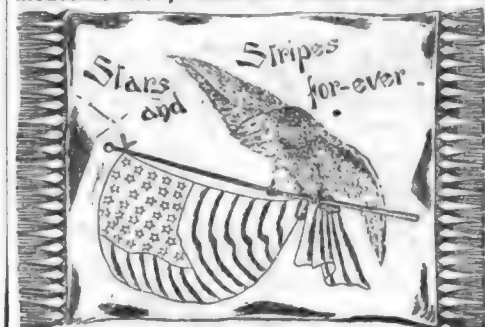
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Three Handsome Pillow Tops!

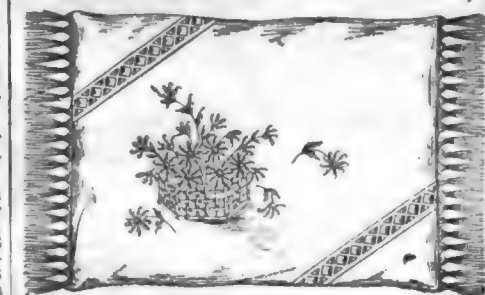
INCLUDING BACK, FRINGE and EMBROIDERY COTTON



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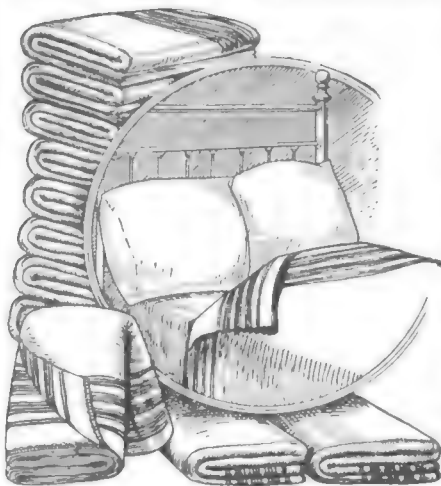
Premium No. 7242

One Given For Two Subscriptions!

YOU CAN have your choice of the American Flag, or the Rose, or the Daisy Pillow Top, or you can have any two of them or all three of them if you desire. Each top is 17x21 inches in size, made of good quality art cloth that will stand lots of wear and the designs are stamped and tinted in colors that are correct and true to nature. We include free the back, three-inch wide fringe and embroidery cotton. No home is complete without lots of pillow tops, scattered about living-room and parlor and no matter how many pillow tops you may already have you certainly can find room for three more, especially as these are bright, new attractive designs. You may have your choice of any or all of them by accepting the following

Club Offers. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you your choice of one pillow top free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or for a club of three one-year subscriptions, we will send you two pillow tops, or for a club of four, three pillow tops. Remember, that with each top we also give you the back, a yard of three-inch fringe and a good supply of embroidery cotton. When ordering be sure to specify number or numbers of tops wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Pair White Blankets

Premium No. 4276

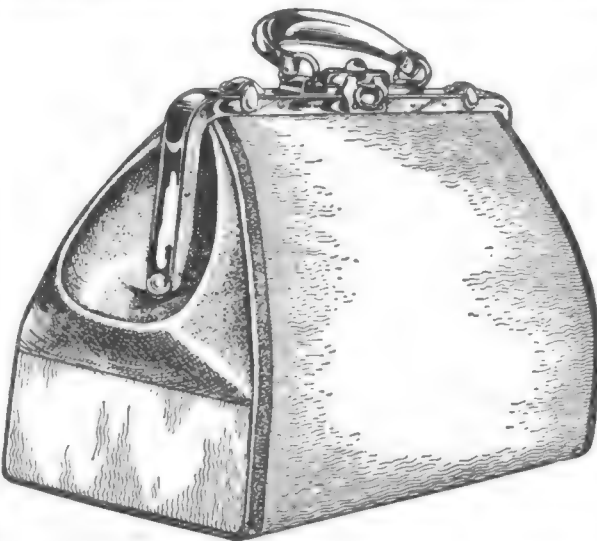
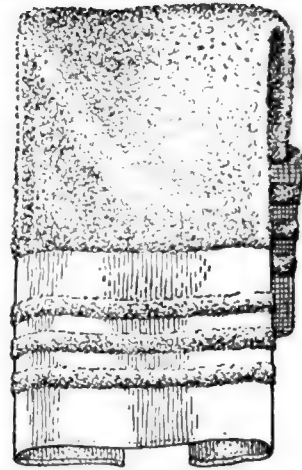
These fine double blankets are 72 inches long and 55 inches wide, extremely well made and finely finished. They are white in color and come with either blue or pink borders. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. We will send you, prepaid, one pair of these Blankets for six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 4276.**

Pair White Bath Towels

Premium No. 7302

Beautiful white heavy towels, will wear for years. This is a bargain never before offered as real Turkish Bath Towels in this white, durable material have been quite expensive and beyond the average purse.

We will send you, prepaid, one pair of these fine Towels for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents. **Premium No. 7302.**



Light Weight Fiber Grip

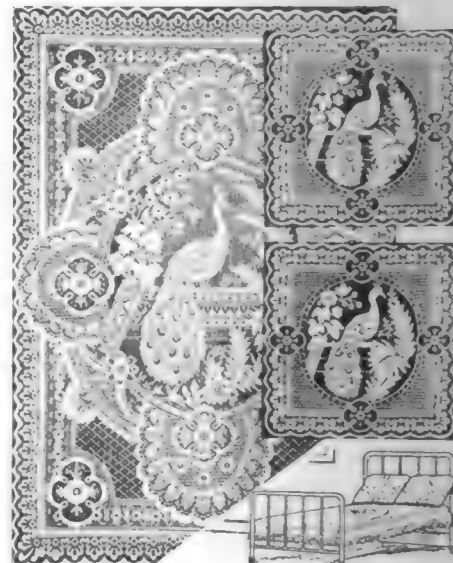
Premium No. 7266

This popular new grip is over 16 inches long, 8 inches wide and stands 12 inches high. This gives room for carrying an entire outfit for the man or woman. The great beauty in this new grip is the strong construction yet extremely light weight. The sides are made of twisted and woven light colored fiber or grass. The ends are dark brown leatherette where the wear comes. The frame is solid metal with brass lock and snaps with a strong handle. Beautifully lined in figured flower design and 4 brass feet to stand on. We will send you, prepaid, this Grip for six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 7266.**

Three-Piece Lace Bed Set

Premium No. 5036

The illustration only gives you an idea of the size and general appearance of this wonderful lace-work Bedsread and Shams. You must really see them to appreciate the delicate lace-work design on the border, with the beautiful pattern in conventional design surrounding the medallion in the center, with the peacock standing out in all the grandeur of grace and beauty. Words fail to describe this wonderful lace-work and the same pattern is fully carried out in each sham. We will send you, prepaid, this full size Bed Set for six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 5036.**



Rich Woods Violet Dinner Set

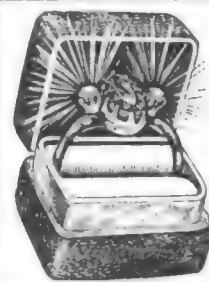
Premium No. 46112



This splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters and large Meat Platter all handsomely decorated with clusters of purple wood violets surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold. Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set is (with the exception of the decorations) snowy white in color, dainty in design, light in weight and finished with a Haviland glaze which gives it that smooth, velvety appearance so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because being burned into the ware and underneath the glaze it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show up the pleasing color combination of purple, green and gold which is so finely set off by the flawless white of the ware itself. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will more than please every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live (if it is not outside the United States), we will ship you this set direct from the pottery in Ohio by express, all charges prepaid. We will send you, prepaid, this Dinner Set for twelve one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 46112.**

LADIES' RINGS

Premium No. 7882



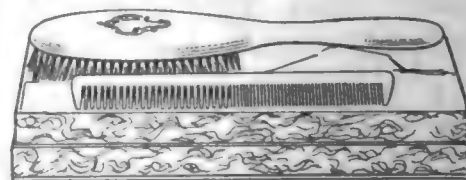
Genuine solid gold shell, guaranteed to wear three years. You may have your choice of opal, emerald or ruby. Each one is set with two brilliant rex diamonds contained in a beautiful ring case. Be sure to mention size and stone wanted. We will send you, prepaid, this stylish ring for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 7882.** Please mention size and stone wanted.



Ivory Finish Set

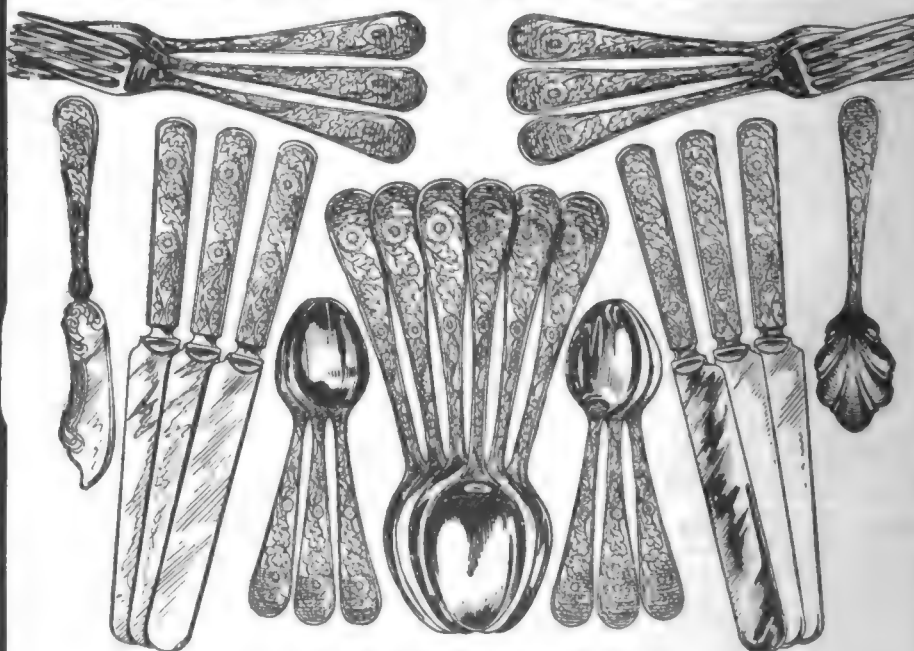
Premium No. 7313

Beautiful white comb and white brush in elegant fitted case. First class in everything. Stylish and durable. We will send you, prepaid, this Set for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. **Premium No. 7313.**



26-Piece Daisy Silver Set

Warranted for Five Years. Will Wear Like Solid Silver

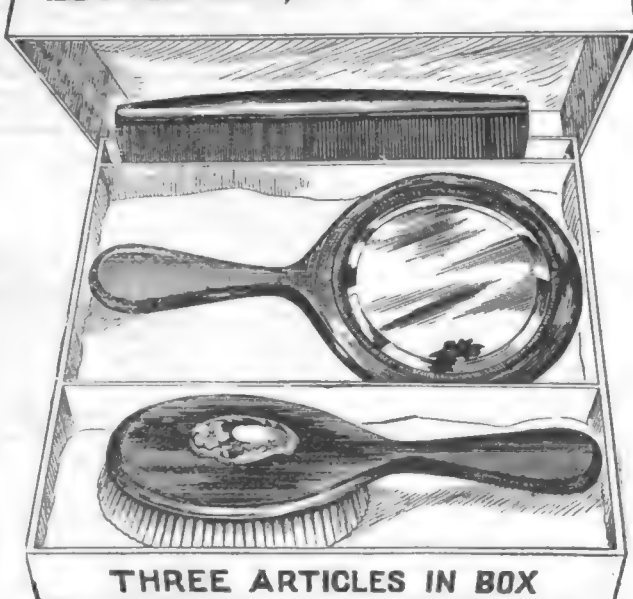


Premium No. 6806

This Set which we offer you here is silver plated on a white metal base therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful Daisy design which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. We will send you, prepaid, this 26-Piece Set for six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 6806.**

EBONIZED BRUSH, COMB AND MIRROR SET

Premium No. 2605



For Five Subscriptions

THREE ARTICLES IN BOX

There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell dull black finished set. A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted bevelled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

The brush is nine inches long, 2 1-2 wide, firmly set white bristles, with shield of Silverine. Mirror is eight and one-half inches long, 4 1-2 inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely beveled glass set with rich Ebonyoid frame. Comb is seven inches long, 1 1-2 inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. We will send you prepaid this Three-Piece Set for five one-year subscriptions at 25 cents each. **Premium No. 2605.**

Address All Orders For Above Special Premiums To COMFORT, Subscription Dept. B, Augusta, Maine

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

M. S., New Mexico.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the separate property of the husband is not chargeable with the debts of the wife contracted before marriage.

B. T., Mass.—I think that if your friend procured the one hundred dollars from you for stock of some company which he has been unable to give you, you are entitled to the return of the one hundred dollar check you paid him and also to the return of the subscription for the stock which you say you signed and gave him.

Mrs. S. P., Ala.—Under the laws of your state, I am of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a widow and more than four children, his widow would receive a dower of a third interest for life in his real estate and one fifth of his personal property after payment of debts and administration expenses absolutely, the remainder of the estate going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share, so that upon the death of the man you mention who left eleven children, if the son who died predeceased his father and his father left no will, his children would receive his portion of his father's estate, which in other words would mean that each child, if he left three, would be entitled to one third of their father's share, but that if, on the other hand, he survived his father, and neither left a will, his share of his father's property, would be divided under the law as his estate and his widow would come into her share which, of course, would be dower of one third interest for life in his share of the real property and in case there were only three children, she would receive absolutely a child's part in the personal property which in this case would be one quarter of her husband's share from his father's estate. The distribution of this personal property being different under the laws of your state, where the decedent leaves only three children, from what would be the case in the father's estate where he left eleven children. Of course, in case of a will, the property would go according to the terms of the will, if the same were a valid will.

Mrs. A. E. McC., Wash.—Under the laws of your state, I am of the opinion, that all property, both real and personal, owned by the wife before marriage and that acquired afterwards by gift, devise or descent is her separate property and that she can dispose of same without the consent of the husband. I think that in the case you mention, if the property was bought thirty-five years ago and deeded to the father of the wife and afterwards devised to her by her father and that if this took place a long period of years ago, her husband would now have great difficulty in establishing an oral agreement made at the time of purchase with the wife's father, that the husband should have a privilege of repurchasing the property from him, provided, of course, no steps have ever been taken in this long period of years to carry out such agreement. I think it possible that the lawyer who you say advised this husband that he had an interest in this property, thinking of such community property as this husband and wife may own, and, of course, as to that the husband would be entitled to his community interest in same, but I do not think that this rule would hold as to the separate property as above defined belonging to the wife.

Mrs. N. DeV., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and at least one child, his widow, next of kin, his widow would receive dower of a one half interest for life in his real estate, and one half of the personal property absolutely after payment of debts and expenses of administration, the balance going in equal shares to the children; we do not think the minor heirs could give a good deed or convey good title to their share in the estate without the proper court proceeding being had for the purpose of disposing of their property; we think unless there is some other objection, it would be more economical to wait until all the heirs become of age before disposing of the property, provided, of course, you will not have to wait too long.

Mrs. M. C. C., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that any married woman may receive real or personal property by inheritance, nor by gift, grant, devise or bequest from any person, and to hold to her sole and separate use and convey and devise the same.

A. M. P., Maine.—Under the laws of Massachusetts we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man or woman, leaving no will, and leaving no husband, widow, parent, descendant, brother or sister the estate would go to the issue of brothers and sisters in equal shares if they are all in the same degree of kindred, otherwise by right of representation.

Mrs. M. T. G., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that legally adopted children have the same rights of inheritance as the other children of their foster-parents; that children can be disinherited by will, but that under the community system which prevails in your state neither husband or wife can dispose of more than one half of the community property; we think that upon the death of either the husband or wife one half of the common property goes to the survivor and the remainder to the child or children of the deceased. We think under the laws of your state, upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children, his property, over and above community property, would go one third of the personal property absolutely and one third of the real estate for life to the widow, and the balance in equal shares to his children.

Mrs. J. L. Y., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the time, within which to bring an action in ejectment for real estate, is limited to ten years.

Mrs. J. J., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that in the absence of a will, a daughter-in-law would have no interest in the estate of a parent of her deceased husband.

E. N., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your sister had a legal right to leave her property by will to the institution you mention, provided she possessed testamentary capacity and no undue influence was exercised upon her.

Mrs. A. E. H., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the signature of the husband is necessary to the conveyance of his interest in the real estate belonging to his wife. We think this would apply to either a mortgage or deed.

E. M., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man cannot disinherit his wife by will, and that she has the right of election to either take the share allowed her by the terms of the will or to take the share allowed her by statute.

Married Woman, Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property acquired by owner's title during marriage becomes the community property of the husband and wife, and during the marriage may be disposed of by the husband without the consent of the wife, and that upon the death of either, without a will, one half of such community property goes to the survivor, and the remainder to the child or children of the deceased. We think that in case of the separation of the husband and wife the court, before which the matter comes, exercises very general jurisdiction over the property and children.

Mrs. M. S., Missouri.—In the absence of a will, we do not think that the divorce of the parents in any way affects the inheritance rights of the children.

Mrs. L. M. B., Colo.—Under the laws of your state I am of the opinion that an exemption is allowed to a debtor who is the head of a family or his wife of sixty per cent of all wages or earnings when such family resides in the state and is dependent in whole or in part upon such earnings and all wages are exempt when they do not exceed five dollars per week. I think from your statements, that you should be able to compromise the claim you mention.

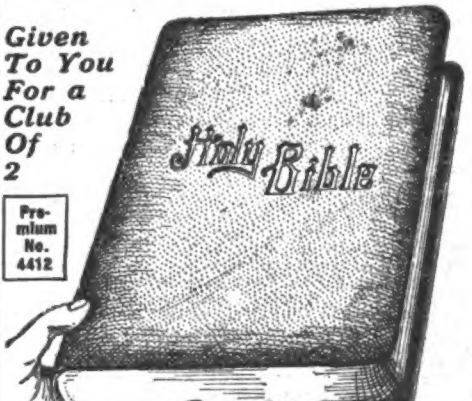
L. M., Ala.—You do not supply me with enough information for me to form an opinion as to just what would be necessary for you to sell the goods you mentioned. I do not think that you have any legal right to sell a patented article as your own composition, without procuring the right from the person or persons owning the patent. I think also that before selling drug articles, it is necessary to comply with the conditions of the Pure Food and Drug Act of the United States government in regard to labeling same. Of course, if you are simply a distributor of these goods, such law may have been complied with by the manufacturer. I think also that there are many laws restricting the sale of drugs containing some ingredients, and I can form no opinion as to your right to sell the drugs you mentioned without any knowledge as to what such goods are, as you must understand that the sale of poisons and narcotics is much restricted by law.

Mrs. C. A. P., Mont.—Under the laws of your state, I am of the opinion, that if upon the proper showing you can establish that you did not leave or abandon your husband except for good cause, you would be entitled to support from him. I think that the custody of the children in case of the separation of parents, is a question for the court before which such an action might come to decide. I think that a husband can bar by will his wife from all interest in his estate upon his death, except dower of one third interest for life, and that he can disinherit his child by will, if he so elects. I do not think that a husband can be compelled to support his wife living separate or apart from him, unless she leaves him for some good cause. She would, of course, be entitled to support from him if he deserted her without a good cause.

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To You
For a
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OVER 800 PAGES,

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ALTHOUGH this elegant little Bible is small enough so that it can be carried conveniently in the hand or in the pocket or hand-bag, yet it is complete and unabridged containing full books of both the Old and New Testaments in the King James Version, and in addition there are several colored maps illustrating different interesting portions of Palestine and surrounding country. It is 4 1/2 inches long, 3 1/2 inches wide and one inch thick, beautifully bound in flexible pebbled black leatherette and contains over eight hundred pages, with round corners and finished with red edges. The name "Holy Bible" is stamped in gold on the front cover. This is an unequalled opportunity for Sunday School workers, teachers, in fact all Bible students at home or in church to secure a small yet complete Bible without cost and we feel that among COMFORT'S readers there must be thousands who have been waiting for us to make just such an offer as this. Remember that you are not going to receive a small, cheap paper bound or cloth bound book, but a splendidly made Bible, finely printed, handsomely and durably bound, and absolutely refigured and perfect in every detail. We will absolutely refund and perfect in every detail. We will send to any address this fine Bible exactly as illustrated and described upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you this Bible free by mail postpaid. Premium 4412. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

New Non-leakable SAFETY FOUNTAIN PEN

Of Solid 14K Gold
Finished With An

IRIDIUM POINT

Premium No. 2344

The cut shows the pen in the exact size when opened and ready for use. The larger cap unscrews and when the pen is encased into its smallest compass it measures only four inches in length. By a late patented device it is an utter impossibility for there to be any leaking of ink and it is so constructed as to be carried in any position, either in a pocket of a coat or vest or in a lady's handbag, without the least possibility of spilling valuable contents or garments by daubing them all over with ink.

The ink bottles are fast being discarded. It is so much more handy to use a fountain pen than the old-fashioned pen-holder and bottle of ink which is either being constantly tipped over and spilled or frozen. Now all women in their homes, teachers and children at school, lawyers, doctors, clerks and persons in all walks of life prefer to have a bottle of ink always on tap in the shape of a good, reliable Fountain Pen. These Pens will always be found in unbreakable, workable condition.

While the entire article is the petite size, it holds enough ink to write a lot of letters and does not have to be refilled for a long time. The holder is hand-turned and made from the finest rubber and with its wavy lines of embossed engraving makes a beautiful appearance. Heretofore first-class fountain pens have sold for several dollars each, but this pen is made by a very large manufacturing concern who are anxious to introduce every new working principle to COMFORT readers, and have made up a quantity at a remarkably low rate.

If you have been disappointed in previous fountain pens you may have owned or have been thinking of trying this handy way of using pen and ink, don't fail to take advantage of this offer.

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send this Safety Pen, including a Glass Filler with rubber bulb, and directions packed in sliding case box, free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 2344.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Tons of Rust

When you see a coat of rust on a tool you can conclude that it has begun to oxidize or go back to the original form in which it was dug from the earth. In a few years a bar of iron will disintegrate and become iron ore again. The finest steel implements will do likewise, and because of this fact, we are unable to decide whether or not ancient races were iron producers. If they did leave articles of this material, they would long ago have returned to earth again. A prominent engineer of a leading railway system estimates the daily loss of his company, by rust alone, as eighteen tons. Wherever possible, metal surfaces are covered with suitable paint, and this is no small item either, the cost of painting one large bridge, being ten thousand dollars a year. On the famous Brooklyn bridge, a corps of painters work every day in the year, for when they reach one end, the other is in need of repainting. It will be a boon to mankind when some patient scientist succeeds in producing a non-rusting iron.

COLLEGE COURSE IN MANNERS.—Students of New York University are to have an opportunity of learning how to behave with propriety at dinners, parties, banquets and pink teas. Professor Arthur H. Nason, of the English Department is in charge of the new course of "Social Etiquette for Men."

THIS SUIT FREE

To Introduce Our Nobby Clothes in Your Town

It's the very finest suit you ever saw. \$30 couldn't buy a better one, but you can get it free. It's made to your measure from the most beautiful cloth. Don't fail to get one of these suits. You can earn it while you wear it and make

\$50 a Week

by taking orders. Drop us a postal for latest sample outfit, select the style you want and the cloth. Let us prove our amazing offer. We send everything free the same day your request is received. Address

Paragon Tailoring Co. Dept. 207 Chicago

THIS FREE
Air gun or this Le Valler given for selling 20 art pictures at 10c each or 8 boxes of our Household Products at 25c each. When sold return our \$2.00 and we will send the premium you select. We trust you. Send for your choice of goods to sell. Penny Supply Co., Dept. F, Pittsburgh, Pa., N. S.

Someone Will Get This Auto Free

And The Money To Run It

A Whole

Season!



Why Not You?

Wouldn't you like to drive you own Automobile

—to be able to travel where you please, when you please—to ride comfortably, safely with family or friends, across country, to the city, or wherever you want to go?

Then why not enter this free-for-all contest and make a try for the splendid 5-Passenger "Overland" we are going to give away? This brand new 1917 Overland Touring Car with complete equipment will actually be given free and freight prepaid to the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions to COMFORT up to and including April 30, 1917. And this is not all! The man, woman, boy or girl who wins this car is also sure to win enough money in Monthly Cash Prizes to easily pay the expense of running it all next summer—very likely two summers.

As explained below the Monthly Cash Prizes are entirely extra and in addition to the Auto and 61 other Grand Prizes. We are paying them to the contestants

who send in the most subscriptions each month—up to and including April 1917. And as the Auto and other Grand Prizes will go to those who send in the most subscriptions during the entire six months (beginning November 1916) you will readily see why the winner of the Car—who has already won a large number of the Monthly Cash Prizes—will also have the money to pay for "gas" and other operating expenses for a long time to come.

Now is the time to make a start if you want a chance at this splendid \$635 "Overland" and the other magnificent prizes named below. Remember—the Contest has three months to run yet—and it is not too late for you to enter and win if you will start after your first Club today.

Hundreds Of Dollars In Cash Prizes Besides The Auto!

The 62 Grand Prizes, a list of which is given below, will be given in their order to the 62 contestants who send in the most subscriptions up to and including April 30, 1917. The \$635 Overland Car will go to the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions. The \$200 in cash will go to the one who sends in the second largest number. The \$150 in cash will go to the one who sends in the third largest number, and so on.

The Monthly Grand Prizes ranging from \$180 to \$2.00 are awarded and paid each and every month—up to and including April 1917. They are given to the contestants who send in the most subscriptions during each month. So you see this gives you the opportunity to win one or more Monthly Cash Prizes—besides one Grand Prize—either the Auto or a Grand Cash Prize. Following is a complete list of the Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Prizes.

Monthly Cash Prizes!

The November and December Monthly Cash Prizes have been paid. The names of the November prize winners appear in January COMFORT. The names of the December prize winners are published elsewhere in this issue. The January prizes will be paid on or about February 8, and the winners announced in our March issue.

FEBRUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

First Prize \$30 to \$120 Next 3 Prizes \$5 to \$15 each
Second Prize 20 to 60 Next 4 Prizes 3 to 9 each
Third Prize 10 to 30 Next 5 Prizes 2 to 6 each

MARCH MONTHLY PRIZES

First Prize \$30 to \$150 Next 3 Prizes \$5 to \$15 each
Second Prize 20 to 60 Next 4 Prizes 3 to 9 each
Third Prize 10 to 30 Next 5 Prizes 2 to 6 each

APRIL MONTHLY PRIZES

First Prize \$30 to \$180 Next 3 Prizes \$5 to \$15 each
Second Prize 20 to 60 Next 4 Prizes 3 to 9 each
Third Prize 10 to 30 Next 5 Prizes 2 to 6 each

You Get Your Premiums Sure!

This is not a contest in which a few contestants win all the prizes and the others receive nothing in return for their efforts. Every club will entitle you to a fine premium which you may select from our regular Premium List or any issue of COMFORT. And we will place the very same club to your credit on the Monthly Cash Prizes and the Auto and other Grand Prizes. If you do not care for premiums, we will pay you a liberal cash commission. If you choose premiums they will be sent to you promptly upon receipt of every club you send in. If you prefer the cash commission you may deduct and retain 40 per cent of the subscription money and remit the balance when you send in your club. In this way you are absolutely sure of being rewarded for your work and in addition YOU may win one or more of the Monthly Cash Prizes and become the proud owner of the fine \$635 Five-Passenger Overland Touring Car April 30, 1917.

List of Grand Prizes!

First Grand Prize, \$635 Five-Passenger Overland Touring Car.

Second Grand Prize, \$200 Cash.

Third Grand Prize, \$150 Cash.

Fourth Grand Prize, \$100 Cash.

Fifth Grand Prize, \$75 Cash.

Sixth Grand Prize, \$50 Cash.

Seventh Grand Prize, \$25 Cash.

Next Ten Grand Prizes, each \$15 Cash.

Next Fifteen Grand Prizes, each \$10 Cash.

Next Thirty Grand Prizes, each \$5 Cash.

In case of a tie for any prize (a Monthly Cash Prize or a Grand Prize) prize exactly like the one tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

Start Now With a Small Club!

Don't wait and let others get ahead of you but hustle around for your first club and send it in as soon as possible, returning the coupon printed below. Remember you have everything to gain and nothing to lose. You are sure of your premiums anyway—or your cash commission if you prefer—and even a small club will start a prize your way. Start a club today. Get all your friends and acquaintances and everybody you see to subscribe or renew their subscription to COMFORT. They will be glad to help you out. Just as soon as we hear from you we will mail you free and prepaid full information regarding the contest, rules and conditions, etc., and everything else you need to help you make a successful start. Mail us the special contest blank with your first club right away and let us enter your name in this Grand Contest for the \$635 Overland Car and other Prizes.

To COMFORT'S Prize Contest, Augusta, Maine

Date 1917

Please enter my name in the Contest. I send herewith \$_____ and

subscriptions to be placed to my credit on the Automobile and other prizes.

Send me Premium No. _____ My Name is _____

Street and No. _____ R. F. D. No. _____ Box No. _____

Post Office _____ State _____

Write your subscribers' names and addresses on a separate sheet of paper and pin this coupon to it

6 Months To Pay 6

Tailor-Made-To Order

This is the most sensational Tailor-Made-To-Order Suit Offer ever made. You can now have any suit you want—cut and fit in the very latest style—from your own choice of the season's latest patterns—and take it in 6 months to pay for it, if, after trying it on, you desire to keep it. Further, more, we will make you any suit you may want on receipt of

Only \$1.00

Write name and address on postal for free book which explains full particulars of this offer. No matter what price, style or pattern suit you want, we will make it to your order and send it to you on receipt of Only \$1.00. After suit arrives and you are convinced that it is the biggest bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the balance of our rock-bottom price on the easiest, most liberal credit terms ever devised. We also

Save You \$15 to \$25

We buy all our materials in enormous quantities, direct from the mills, at rock-bottom prices. We do our own designing, cutting and tailoring. And by making every suit in our mammoth establishment and selling direct to the man who wears the clothes we eliminate all waste and save you the dealer's profits.

Big Style Book FREE

Send for this wonderful free book. It shows latest styles in men's garments and a wonderful assortment of actual fabrics—the very pick of foreign and domestic mills. Mail postal for Free Book and Samples today.

STANLEY ROGERS CO.,

1015 Jackson Blvd.,

Dept. 522 Chicago, Ill.

STYLISH BOOK

Send for this wonderful free book. It shows latest styles in men's garments and a wonderful assortment of actual fabrics—the very pick of foreign and domestic mills. Mail postal for Free Book and Samples today.

STANLEY ROGERS CO.,

1015 Jackson Blvd.,

Dept. 522 Chicago, Ill.

SIX ELEGANT LACE CURTAINS FREE TO LADIES

Send no money. Simply name and address. We will send you, postpaid, 12 boxes of our famous White Cloverline, also 12 beautiful Art Pictures, 10x20 in. Sell the Cloverline at 25c, each and give one beautiful picture free with each box. Return us \$3 collected and we will immediately send you six (three pair) beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains nearly three yards long. You will be proud of them. Everyone buys after you show pictures—stores usually charge \$1 each for them. A doctor discovered "Cloverline." Millions using it for Cuts, Eczema, Piles, Colds, Catarrh. Write today.

The Wilson Chemical Co.

Carleton Dept. No. 705, TYRON, PA.

You May Win This Gift

13 25
1 21 20 15

Each square here represents a letter—but figures are used instead of letters. There are 26 letters in the alphabet. Letter A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. The six squares make six letters and spell two words which will interest you mightily. If you can make out the words send them with a 2c stamp to cover postage—agree to show my offer and make to your friends and I will send you a gift package that will surely please you. Send 2-cent stamp quick.

THE GIFT MAN, 518 New Ideas Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

BIRTH STONE RINGS FREE

14K Gold filled, guaranteed to give satisfaction, with stone for any month, to introduce our catalogue. Send 12c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. Send size, Eagle Jewelry Co., Dept. 51, East Boston, Mass.

A BEAUTIFUL neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package which transforms instantly. Look your best in spite of moles, sallowness, blotches, freckles, wrinkles, blackheads, etc. If you want to be charming and attractive order at once. Warranted absolutely harmless. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Dept. A, Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

Six Rogers' Silver Teaspoons

Warranted to Wear Ten Years

Premium No. 3864



Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure A I Brand made by the famous Wm. A. Rogers and every teaspoon is so stamped on back. This silverware comes in the popular Grape or Vintage Pattern, which is the very latest and prettiest design in silverware. The picture hardly shows you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of Grape or the finely executed leaves growing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These A I Rogers' teaspoons are guaranteed to be full standard extra plate upon the finest quality of 18 nickel silver base, and with ordinary care will last ten years. Some families are using Rogers' were twice this time. Everybody loves new, bright silverware. Nobody ever had too much, especially of Wm. A. Rogers' manufacture, as the expense was always and is now, too high but COMFORT's plan makes it possible for every woman to own these six Rogers' teaspoons free.

Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you a set of Six Teaspoons exactly as illustrated and described above free by parcel post prepaid. PREMIUM NO. 3864. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

When Thomas Haines Understood

By Ellen Gray

RACHEL HAINES was dead. Her husband, looking down at her as she lay in placid repose in her coffin, could scarcely realize that she was more than sleeping—her posture was so like that she had always assumed while taking her Sunday afternoon nap on the parlor couch. She had been an orderly woman, doing her housework in a quiet, capable manner, and even taking her rest so.

"She had no thought beyond her family and her work," her husband mused, as he stood stroking his beard and scanning her features for the last time.

Village custom decreed that the bereaved husband or wife should spend a half hour or so alone with the dead before the funeral, and Thomas Haines, with a mental shrug, had complied with the custom. Already he felt bored. At her best, he had never considered Rachel brilliant company, and alone with her now he felt a sort of vague pity for her—a pity for her dullness and her humdrum life.

"She was too good to ever have much fun," he thought. "It's funny how this world seems to be made for the jolly, care-free sort. Now, there's Joan Hammond— With a bound of relief his mind leaped from the contemplation of Rachel Haines' colorless past to the brilliant present and future of sprightly Joan Hammond. She it was who presided over the village millinery store. Joan was a large, fresh-faced, crinkly-haired woman of forty or thereabouts, with a jolly laugh, and blue eyes that could sparkle joyously at a well-placed gibe and flash ominously at a too broad compliment. Since she had dropped into the village some five years before, she had been an enigma to Thomas Haines with her hearty laugh and undisguised fondness for masculine company, coupled as they were with her unimpeachable reputation for modesty and virtue. That a woman could be a jolly companion and also a virtuous woman was a great surprise to Thomas, who had known only two classes of women in his life—the quiet, vague, drab-lived matrons like his wife and a remarkable large number of the ladies of shady reputation, whose acquaintance he had made notwithstanding his marital bonds. As he thought of these latter he almost squirmed, then gave himself a mental shake as he thought:

"Why should I bother my head about what's past and gone Rachel, poor soul, was far too slow to ever learn of any of my escapades. Now, if she had been like Joan— But he refused to think further of independent, clear-sighted Joan. Somehow it seemed not quite decent to think so well of Joan in the presence of his dead wife—a tribute he had not paid her while alive. At the same time he knew in the back of his mind that he would devise every scheme possible to foil his well-meaning niece who were determined he should make his home with them. Instead, he would move his belongings to the inn where Joan also resided, and so be near her at least three times a day. Not that he had any serious idea of marrying Joan. He must investigate her character more thoroughly before deciding about that, for this little, grizzled-faced roue, with his back bent from carrying his carpenter's tools, was most particular about the antecedents of the woman who should take his name. Still, the task of investigation promised to be a pleasing one, and the coming years spread themselves out in delightful perspective before his inner vision.

The creaking of the door brought him out of his day-dream, and there came into the room a wrinkled sour-visaged, little old woman, a cousin of Rachel's, who advanced toward him with something white in her outstretched hand. "She left it for you," she said, and started out.

"Who?" asked Thomas, with dazed thoughts still running on Joan.

"Her," inconceivably replied the old woman, pointing to the silent form in the casket. Then she closed the door, leaving Thomas with a sealed letter in his hand.

"Some little love token, I suppose," he thought, as he broke the seal. "She used always to be putting little notes into my pocket when we were first married, and she even sent me valentines and funny little verses through the mail. She was such a chirky little girl when I married her. It's a pity she should have allowed herself to change so."

He moved nearer the light, for her writing was uneven and dim.

"Dear Thomas," he read. "I have had some things to say to you for several years, but thought you'd be more forgiving if you didn't hear them until after I was dead."

"Forgiving," ejaculated Thomas Haines, as he grasped the sheet more closely. "What on earth should I forgive her for? Some little fancied wrong she had done, I suppose."

"I never meant to do you any harm," the letter went on. "That is, I never meant people to know I cared for him, and especially when he was one of your friends. Of course, I knew it was wrong to love another man—"

"God," cried Thomas Haines.

"But he was kind and good to me, and sort of made up for the things I missed in you. We were very careful about showing our love for each other—"

"Oh, you unspeakable thing," breathed Thomas.

"—and I don't think more than half-a-dozen people in town know of it, and they are all such good friends I don't think they'll ever tell. I guess I can't hardly ask you to forgive me, but I wanted you to know what I have been doing. I had intended telling you the man's name, but I think I'd better not, for he is one of your friends, and you might do something rash."

"Something rash," I guess I would do something rash," raged Thomas. "I'd have killed him like the dog that he is, and her along with him. Oh, God, don't let me look at her, or I'll be tempted to curse the dead."

For minutes—it seemed hours to him—the little man raged and fumed. He was like a maniac, and yet with it all he remembered not to make any demonstration that would call in the neighbors and relatives in the adjoining room. He now felt that they knew his shame—had known it, perhaps, for years, and all of the time he had supposed them to be pitying Rachel for having so gay a spouse. Instead they had been secretly pitying him for his wife's amours with one of his friends.

"God in Heaven, why are such women allowed to cumber the earth?" he wondered. He hated every woman that had ever lived. He tried to recall the looks and tones of his acquaintances when they had spoken to Rachel in the past, but his brain seemed too numb to perform the task. He had sometimes worried for fear she might be hurt by some stray gossip regarding himself, when he should have been investigating her own behavior.

She had said one of his friends was the man. Which one could it be? He would be suspicious of all until he had ferreted out the culprit. He would not dare make any inquiries of any of them, for he might be speaking to the traitor himself. But surely, in some way, God—God whose especial duty it was to reveal the way of revenge to a righteously angry husband—would point out the guilty man. And then, so he swore with a mighty oath, there should be an accounting. No man could drag his name through the mire unpunished. He cared not what punishment he might receive for his deed. To be in prison would be a relief. Then none of the villagers could see him and gloat over his

6 Wheel Chairs in January

388 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The six January wheel chairs go to the following applicants. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

H. R. Smith, Yuma, Colo., 210; Millie Catherine Barnes, Columbia, N. C., 140; Mrs. Naomi Moad, Carpenter, Okla., 132; Vernie May Williams, Fairview, Okla., 104; Ben Brown, Grapeland, Texas, 101; Mrs. Thomas B. Christian, Grady, N. M., 100.

H. R. Smith, age 39, is crippled in his lower limbs as a result of the stroke of paralysis suffered four years ago.

Little Millie Barnes, age 6, has been afflicted all her life with spinal trouble, so that she has never been able to stand or walk and has to be cared for like an infant, which severely taxes her mother's strength. Mrs. Barnes writes that she is very desirous of the wheel chair as she expects it will be a great help to her caring for her unfortunate child.

Mrs. Moad, age 53, has obtained nearly all the subscriptions for her chair herself and deserves to be rewarded for her persistent efforts.

Vernie May Williams, age 8, is crippled in her lower limbs by rickets from which she has suffered ever since she was seven months old.

Ben Brown, age 35, is crippled by rheumatism. His legs are drawn up in a sitting position and his arm joints so stiffened that he cannot feed himself. His wife supports the family.

Mrs. Christian, age 28, is crippled by what the doctors call inward goitre which caused her muscles to shrivel until she has so little strength that she is almost helpless. The poor woman is dependent on her husband to lift and carry her about. He is very kind and attentive but, as they can't afford to hire help, she has a hard time when he is at work as he has to be to earn a living. She writes that she will be very glad when she gets the wheel chair which she needs so much.

Now, good friends, open your hearts and do your best to help the other poor shut-ins on our list who are suffering for a wheel chair and are bravely struggling to earn one.

For a cripple to suffer for a wheel chair is a disgrace to the community in which he lives because COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club offers the means of obtaining wheel chairs free of expense.

Our Roll of Honor and the touching letters of thanks below will interest you.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little later each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair a Great Help to Mother in Caring for Her Crippled Boy.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I received the wheel chair a few days ago and my son was very much pleased with it. It is a great help to me as he can lie and sit in it and I can easily take him from room to room, and it will be so much help when he is sick. His little six-year-old brother, William Jennings Bryan, who helps take care of him, is highly pleased with the chair and says he loves it. He wheels Jesse about and plays with him. I appreciate the chair so much that I shall get more subscriptions whenever I can so to help other shut-ins to get the chairs they are trying for. With a thankful heart, I remain, Yours truly,

MRS. R. W. BRYAN.

A Much Better Chair than She Expected

LOUISVILLE, MISS.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

The wheel chair came in good condition and I am much pleased with it. It is a much better chair than I had expected it to be. I am still working getting subscriptions so to help others who need wheel chairs. May your good work go on.

Yours truly,

MRS. H. J. BALL.

Much Pleased with the COMFORT Wheel Chair

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

The wheel chair for Ediel was duly received. We are all very pleased with it and thank you ever so much for it. Any time I have a chance I shall get you some subscriptions. Enclosed you will find two with 50 cents to pay for them. Again I thank you for the beautiful chair.

Respectfully yours,

ANTONIA HERNANDEZ.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

H. R. Smith, Colo., for own wheel chair, 127; Lula M. Williams, Okla., for Vernie May Williams, 104; Mrs. F. N. LaChapelle, Conn., for Wilhelmina Moore, 100; Mrs. Mary Brown, Texas, for Ben Brown, 100; Mrs. J. S. Hancock, Ga., for Tavia Culpepper, 79; Mrs. Naomi Moad, Okla., for own wheel chair, 51; Mr. Willie W. West, Va., for Catherine Barnes, 30; Mrs. C. L. Brown, Iowa, for Catherine Barnes, 21; Mrs. Frank Andrews, Kans., for Mark Clark, 20; Mrs. E. O. Strong, Neb., for Nada Pearl Strong, 20; Mrs. J. W. Sifford, Mo., for Willie Sifford, 17; Mrs. A. W. Barnes, N. C., for Catherine Barnes, 15; Mrs. C. P. Howard, Ark., for Jerome Morris, 13; Mrs. Chas. Johnson, La., for Mrs. Lucinda Sissons, 13; M. A. Williams, Ark., for Callie Williams, 12; Mrs. Laura Mansfield, Miss., for Mabel Foster, 12; Mrs. Ida Goode, Okla., for Mrs. T. B. Christian, 11; Miss Mae Floyd, S. C., for Ada Pigate, 11; Mrs. S. A. Strong, Oregon, for Nada Pearl Strong, 11; Mrs. S. W. Walker, N. C., for Herbert Walker, 11; Edward H. Obert, N. J., for Mrs. Phillis Garrison, 11; Mrs. J. S. Doyle, S. Dak., for Mark Clark, 10; J. B. Henderson, Fla., for Catherine Fraisure, 10; Mrs. T. A. Hancock, Va., for Thomas Hancock, 10; Charles C. Morgan, S. C. Morgan, S. Dak., for Mark Clark, 10; Miss Calice O'Dell, Ark., for Callie Williams, 10; Carrie Titter, Iowa, for General, 10; Mrs. Maud Waggoner, Ind., for Preston Morgan, 10; Mrs. C. G. Andrews, Me., for Edith M. Cole, 9; Mrs. Thos. M. Blount, Mo., for Mrs. Malinda Gillem, 9; Leithor D. Darter, Tex., for own wheel chair, 8; Mrs. Martin Coleman, Del., for own wheel chair, 8; Mrs. Freda Krapf, Pa., for General, 8; Mrs. J. H. Valtas, Wash., for Walter Nickum, 7; Mrs. Lydia Pigate, S. C., for Miss Ada Pigate, 7; Mrs. Lonie Scarbrough, Ky., for Mollie Graham, 6; Kate Harris, Ga., for own wheel chair, 6; Mrs. Pearl Ivey, Ga., for Miss Ann Allen, 6; Mrs. Annie M. Strang, Mich., for General, 5; Selma Molander, Colo., for Mrs. B. Leland, 5; Mrs. W. R. Ledford, Ga., for Miss Ann Allen, 5; Mrs. J. W. Dickman, Colo., for Preston Morgan, 5; Mrs. Otto Kinzel, Ill., for General, 5; Mrs. Ida Dolen, Neb., for Mark Clark, 5; Mrs. Elsie Comfort, Pa., for General, 5; Miss Dell Bigler, N. Y., for General, 5; Mollie Andrews, Okla., for Ruel Hibbard, 5; Mrs. Nina Beach, N. Mex., for own wheel chair, 5; Mrs. E. C. Roark, Okla., for General, 5; Eugene Mize, N. C., for John B. Smith, 5; Mrs. Fannie Land, Neb., for Leithor D. Darter, 5; Mrs. Jas. A. Graham, N. Dak., for General, 5; Mrs. Emily Ehret, Pa., for General, 5; Lillie Smith, Ariz., for General, 5.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Here's The Best Line of food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations, etc., ever offered. Complete outfit furnished free to workers. Write today for full particulars. American Products Co., 9315 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. (Good profits). Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories". Book free William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents: Enormous Profits. Over 90 Fast Selling Household Necessities. Big Repeaters. Outfit Free. Permanent Business. All or Spare Time. Write Quick. Duo Factories, Dept. E, 40, North Java, N.Y.

Agents—Steady Income. Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Linens. Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Every Home on Farm. In Small Town or suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Lamp. (coal-oil) mantle lamp. Five times as bright as electric; tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading universities; awarded gold medal; one farmer cleared over \$500 in 6 weeks; hundreds with rigs or autos earning \$100 to \$300 per month; no capital required; we furnish goods to reliable men; write quick for distributor's proposition, and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 610 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago.

Agents: Cooper made \$314 last month, \$91 last week selling "Kantleak" Raincoats. New proposition. We deliver and collect. Sample coat free. Comer Mfg. Co., 16 Opal St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents: I've a new soap game that's a dandy. New stuff, 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lucassian Co., Dept. 50, St. Louis, Mo.

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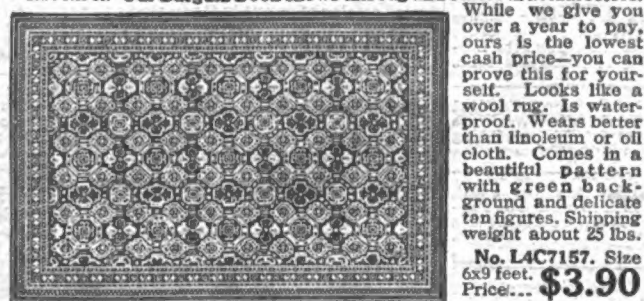
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